

TWELVE IMPORTANT DATES

- | | | |
|------------------|---|--|
| About 4,000 B.C. | { | The Egyptians
make the <i>first</i> Calendar. |
| About 2,000 B.C. | { | Hammurabi and Abraham
living about this time. |
| About 400 B.C. | { | The Great Age of the Greeks |
| 55 B.C. | { | Julius Caesar
comes to Britain. |
| BIRTH of CHRIST | | |
| 597 A.D. | { | St Augustine
comes to England. |
| 800 " " | { | Charlemagne crowned
Emperor at Rome. |
| 1066 " " | { | William of Normandy
becomes King of England. |
| 1492 " " | { | Columbus finds a New World |
| 1529 " " | { | Henry VIII
breaks with the Pope. |
| 1776 " " | { | The Birth of the U.S.A.
(George Washington) |
| 1825 " " | { | The First Railway.
(George Stephenson) |





THE KING OF ROME.

(From the painting by Gérard at Versailles.)

This little boy was the son of Napoleon Buonaparte, whose story begins on page 148. He was only four years old when his father was beaten at the great Battle of Waterloo, and he was never really a king. He died in his twenty-first year, eleven years after his father had died on a lonely island in the Atlantic, where he had been kept as a kind of prisoner.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF HISTORY

BOOK D—PILGRIMS AND ADVENTURERS
PART II

BY
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KINGS AND QUEENS

from Henry VII. to George VI.

HOUSE OF TUDOR

	Began to Reign
HENRY VII.	1485
HENRY VIII.	1509
EDWARD VI.	1547
MARY I.	1553
ELIZABETH	1558

HOUSE OF STUART

JAMES I.	1603
CHARLES I.	1625

<p>THE COMMONWEALTH from 1649-1660; OLIVER CROMWELL Protector until 1658.</p>

CHARLES II.	1660
JAMES II.	1685
WILLIAM III. with MARY II.	1689
ANNE	1702

HOUSE OF HANOVER

	Began to Reign
GEORGE I.	1714
GEORGE II.	1727
GEORGE III.	1760
GEORGE IV.	1820
WILLIAM IV.	1830
VICTORIA	1837
EDWARD VII.	1901

HOUSE OF WINDSOR

GEORGE V.	1910
EDWARD VIII.	1936
GEORGE VI.	1936

TO THE READER

1. *On the opposite page you will find the dates of the kings and queens of England from Henry VII. to George V. Take two sheets of paper and fasten them together at the ends. Rule the sheet you have made into three columns lengthwise. In the first column put the dates of the kings, letting half an inch stand for ten years. In the second column put the names of the kings opposite the date at which they began to reign. As you read each story, notice carefully the date or reign given you. You can now put the name of the man or woman of whom you have been reading into its right place in the third column. You might underline the name of English men or women in red, French in blue, Spaniards in black, and so on.*

2. *The name of this book is "Pilgrims and Adventurers," but each story is only called by the name of some man or woman. It might have another and more exciting name. When you have read and thought about each story, write down the name by which you would like it to be called.*

3. *When you have finished the book, make a list of the stories in the order in which you like them.*

4. *Keep a list of all the boats whose tonnage is told you in these stories. Arrange them in order of size. Say to whom each belonged, and where it went.*

5. *When you have finished reading all these stories, write down in your own words why you think the book is called "Pilgrims and Adventurers."*



Aristofon faciem die quacunq̃ uenis :- Millemo cccc°
 Julia nup̃e die mox mala non moraris :- xxi° anno :-

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

(The earliest-known woodcut, made in Germany when Caxton was a baby.)

I. WILLIAM CAXTON

§ I

IN the fifteenth century, when this story opens, England was a very different country from what she is to-day. Monks still lived in the monasteries. Knights and nobles, dressed in heavy coats of plate armour, still went overseas to fight the French. Houses had very little glass in their windows, and only rich people could afford to have chimneys. The country folk lived in wooden or wattle houses. Their fields were undivided by hedges. They shared their ploughs and the plough teams among them.

In this quiet and simple England there lived a little boy whose name was **William Caxton**. We do not know who his father was. Perhaps he was a knight or a squire living in some stone-built manor house in the weald of Kent. Perhaps young William was taught to read and write by the parish priest, with the other lads of the village. Perhaps his father was rich enough to keep a chaplain who taught the boy Latin grammar, but taught him also to love French and English romances—the stories of King Arthur and his knights, of Godfrey of Bouillon, and English or French translations of *Æsop's Fables* and the tale of Jason and the Golden Fleece. Perhaps, however, it was his mother who taught him to love these, and also the legends of the saints. For love these stories he did, as his later history shows.

When he was nearly a grown lad, he left his country home and, travelling on foot or on horseback through the

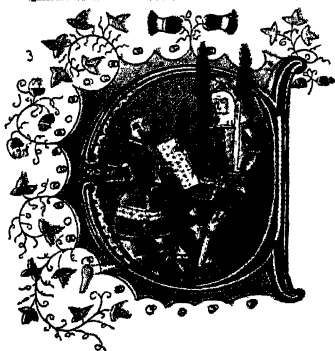
miry lanes of Kent, he topped the rise of Shooters Hill—let us hope without being attacked by outlaws in the woods—and saw shining below him the silver waters of the Thames, and beyond, through the blue haze of innumerable charcoal and wood fires, the walls, the spires, and turrets of London city.

Here he was apprenticed to one Sir Robert Large, a rich merchant who sold silks and damasks and cloth of gold. Probably his shop was dark. The street outside was full of garbage. The pigs grunted and scavenged in the gutter which ran down its centre. The signs by which men knew to whom the different shops belonged creaked and groaned in the wind. Only a narrow strip of sky was to be seen between the overhanging eaves of the houses on either side of the way.

But it must have seemed a wonderful city to the country lad. His master's dark shop was full of rich and lovely things, which came from distant lands where perhaps pagan knights and dragons and Saracens might still be found. Then, in other streets the goldsmiths had their shops. Here were goblets and knives and plates of wrought gold and silver, studded with jewels or enamel. Elsewhere were the cookshops, where hot pies and fine bread, as they came out of the oven, smelled delicious enough to make any boy's mouth water.

Best of all perhaps young Caxton sometimes had enough money to buy one of the rare and precious books of romance he loved so well. They cost a great deal, for every word had to be written by hand, and when the scribe had finished his fine and lovely writing, the book-binder got to work, stitching the pages together and perhaps decorating the leather back.

In some of these books there were wood-block pictures. For though men had not yet learned to use metal type for printing, they had discovered that if you carved a picture on a block of wood and covered the carving with ink and then pressed a piece of white paper



Here are some pictures from three of the old manuscript or written books in which Caxton delighted. The lady is the author of a fine book which was made for the Queen of France. In the smallest picture, portraits of King Edward III. of England and his son, the Black Prince, are shown in an initial letter. The picture to the right is part of a decorated border.



These are "supposed" portraits of Caxton before and after he became a printer. You will probably think that the making of books improved his appearance. In the first picture of the next page another artist of long ago has drawn Caxton, and he looks quite different.



An old Kentish manor-house built about Caxton's time. Perhaps he spent his boyhood in a house of this kind.



This picture shows a nobleman presenting one of the fine new books which Caxton had printed to King Edward IV. The kneeling figure to the left is supposed to be Caxton himself.



A view of Cheapside about the time of Caxton, showing Cheapside Cross and some houses and shops.



A fine lady of the time of Caxton wearing a forked head-dress ; a black velvet cloak lined with blue satin, edged with ermine ; a dress made of silk interwoven with threads of gold, and stamped with gold devices ; and jewelled ornaments, one hanging by a gold chain. The lady would buy these fine things in one or more of the London shops such as Caxton worked in as a boy.

over it, the raised parts of the wood would make a black impression on the paper, while the parts in between would remain white.

In spite of the excitement of city life and his love of books, Caxton seems to have been a good apprentice. His master appears to have trusted him, for when he died he left him a small sum of money. And now that he had served his time and become a master mercer, he left London to make his way across the sea to the Low Countries or Netherlands.

§ 2

The journey was a dangerous one. Not only were there outlaws in the woods, but many English soldiers had come back from fighting in France. Many of them had become used to a life of adventure, to long weeks of idleness when there was nothing to do but plunder the Frenchmen's houses, and carry off their feather beds or their silver candlesticks.

These old soldiers would not go back to the quiet life of the fields or the laborious life of shops. They became the men or **retainers** of the nobles under whom they had fought in France. They wore their badges upon their coats—the swan, or the dog, or the bear. They had nothing to do, so they fell on unoffending travellers, or went to the Sessions House where the Justices were holding their courts, and frightened the juries; or even sometimes drove men's wives out of their houses when their husbands were away. Let us hope that Caxton escaped the attacks of all such men, and also of the pirates who haunted the "narrow seas" between England and the Low Countries.

However this may have been, he seems to have lived in the city of Bruges, where Englishmen and Flemings met to trade. Here the English sold their fine scarlet cloths,

and sometimes the least fine of their raw wool. They took in exchange the silks and damasks and brocades of the East, which the Flemish merchants had bought from the men of Genoa and Venice.

As Caxton grew older he became wealthy, and was much respected. He was made a livery-man of the Mercers' Company or Gild. This meant that he wore a special gown and hood, and when he was in London he could go to the Mercers' Company's feasts. His brethren of the Gild would help him if he were sick or in trouble. His ships and theirs travelled together for protection against pirates.

At length the King of England, Edward IV., needed some one to take an important message to Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy, who was the ruler of the Low Countries. Who, men said, could be found fitter to do this than William Caxton? So William was chosen. The duke was pleased with him. So was his wife, the Duchess Margaret, who was sister to the English king. They talked. The duke and duchess found that Caxton loved books. They were so pleased with his manners, his wit, and his learning that they allowed him to read in their great library. There Caxton found the most wonderful collection of books he had ever seen—all written by patient and loving hands, with beautiful illuminated letters, and little scrolls, and flowers, and peeping faces, and grotesque animals in the margins—blue and gold and red and green.

Other noblemen heard of this lover of books, and allowed him to see their books. The one he loved best was one which the Duchess Margaret did not possess. It was called *The Recuyell* (or Recital) of the *Histories of Troye*, and told the tales of Helen and Paris and the Wooden Horse of Troy. It was written in French. Caxton turned or translated it into English, making a beautiful copy with his own hand, which he gave to the Duchess Margaret. Many of Caxton's friends read it

and loved it. It was a beautiful tale, they said. They begged Caxton to make copies for them. At first he did this gladly, he loved the tale so much himself, but by-and-by, as he made copy after copy, his hand and eyes grew tired.

§ 3

Now Caxton heard of a wonderful thing. His business had taken him to the great city of Cologne upon the Rhine. When he was there some one showed him a book. They told him that it had not been written by hand but printed in much the same way as the wood block pictures were printed. Here was a wonderful thing! How full the world might be of books! How cheap they might become! Even poor apprentices could buy all they wanted if, instead of each copy being written by hand, sheet after sheet could be pressed on to the inky letters and come off as a printed page!

Caxton asked more about this matter. Soon he learned that some one, we do not know who it was—perhaps several people thought of the same thing at much the same time—had thought of cutting out the separate letters of the alphabet in metal and setting them in frames or trays, so as to make words and sentences and paragraphs. Over the letters ink was spread. The sheets of white paper were laid on the top of the metal type and clamped down with a heavy screw. When the screw was undone and the paper raised there was the printed page! When a new page was needed the letters could be taken out of their frames and re-arranged.

Caxton determined that Englishmen should have this great gift of printed books. He gave up being a merchant. He came back to England, bringing with him a Flemish lad called Wynkyn de Worde. He bought or made a printing-press for himself. He hired a house near to the almonry of Westminster Abbey, where the poor

came to receive the broken meats and cast-off clothing of the monks.

There he hung out a sign—a Red Pale, or bar, upon a white ground. He and Wynkyn de Worde set to work. Many of the books which Caxton loved best were written in French. These he first translated into English, so that he was master printer and translator in one.

From that time until he died, in 1491, an old man



A picture from one of Caxton's books, showing Noah in the Ark.

of perhaps seventy years of age, he led a busy life. He printed copies of ninety-six separate books. Some were service books for the monks and priests. Some, such as *The Golden Legend*, contained lives of the saints. Others were the romances and tales of chivalry that Caxton loved — *The Morte D'Arthur*, *The Story of Count Godfrey of Bouillon*, *The History of Jason*, *The Tale of Reynard the Fox*, and others.

It is more than four hundred years since Caxton died. Printing is a much quicker and cheaper process now than it was in his day. London printing presses print thousands of copies of newspapers several times a day. Men have learnt too to print in colours. But it was Caxton who, so long ago, took the first step towards making it possible for us to buy books worth reading for 2s. or even less. Yet no book is more carefully printed to-day than those which he so lovingly and so laboriously made at the Sign of the Red Pale in the City of Westminster.

2. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

§ 1

ABOUT the time when young William Caxton was leaving his Kentish home to seek his fortune in Flanders, there was growing up in the city of Genoa a little Italian boy whose great discoveries were to make as much difference to the world as the discovery of printing. This child's father was called Colombo, or, as we say, Columbus. He was a wool-comber by trade.

The town in which he lived was very unlike the English towns we know to-day. The streets were steep and narrow, for no one wanted to drive motors or even carts along them, and there was plenty of room for foot passengers or pack horses to pass. The tall houses were painted pink or yellow, and their roofs were covered with lovely brown tiles, so that if you looked down upon the city from the hills above it, it looked the colour of a little brown mouse, with here and there a splash of vivid green where some one had planted a tree or a little grove of oranges.

The streets sloped down to the blue Mediterranean, and to the stone quay where rode the merchant ships which brought silks and spices and camphor and ivory from the East, and fine cloth, timber, and amber from the North. Some of the goods were set out for sale in the open-fronted shops of the city. Others were carried on pack horses to Rome, or Pavia, or Milan, or over the Alps to France and Burgundy and the great cities on the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Baltic.

No gay and costly wares were set out in Colombo's shop. In the great storerooms on the ground floor and in the cellars were stacked many sacks full of wool, which Colombo and his journeymen and apprentices washed and combed until all the separate threads were disentangled, and it was ready to go to the spinners to be made into yarn.

In and out of the house and up and down the street all day long four children, three boys and one girl, ran and played. The eldest was called Christopher, after the saint, who on a stormy night had unknowingly carried the Christ child across a swollen river. Christopher was long-limbed. His hair was fair, and his face tanned and rosy with the fresh sea air and the sun.

When he was still quite a little boy, he was sent away to a famous school in the city of Pavia. He would be greatly excited as he watched his mother pack his bundle with his long hose, his new doublet, and his fine lawn collars, ready for his first journey; but at the end of it, when he laid his head upon his hard bolster in Pavia and pulled the coarse coverlet over him, the little boy's heart must have ached for the voices of home, for the sound of the sea-water lapping against the quay, for the smell of salt and fish and oils and spices, and the jolly yarns of the sailors as they sat over their wine when the day's work was done.

Until he was fourteen years old Christopher sat day after day on the school benches, while learned men taught him to read and dispute in Latin, to know the stars and the planets, and the strange beliefs about their influence on the lives of men. He learnt also about angles and circles, and how to find the direction at sea with the compass or by the stars, and how to make charts and simple maps of the world as men then knew it. He may have learnt in school, or he may have read for himself, of the wonderful journey of Marco Polo to the far land of Cathay or China.

Christopher dreamed and dreamed that when he was a man he would have a ship of his own like the ships in the harbour at home. These ships never dared venture far from the shore. They coasted from port to port, with badly made charts and maps which showed great blank spaces of unknown land. Christopher dreamed that he would take his ship on a very different voyage. His master and the most learned men who taught in Pavia said the world was round. If that were true, and you sailed on and on and on you could never sail over the edge, and if you went far enough towards the setting sun you must surely come at last to the east again, and reach Cathay by travelling in exactly the opposite direction from the one in which Marco Polo had travelled.

§ 2

When he was fourteen Christopher came home again. He did not want to work at wool-combing in his father's shop. He was allowed to go to sea with his uncle. It was a hard and exciting life. The ships cruised about the Mediterranean, chasing Moorish pirates. Sometimes there was little food and water, and much fighting with the Moors—grappling of ships, boarding or being boarded by the enemy, fierce fights with swords and knives, while the decks were slippery with blood, and the ships heaved on the waves.

Christopher worked hard and grew tall and handsome. He had the look and bearing which made every one obey him. Ever in his heart he cherished the dream of the voyage he would make some day. He believed that he had been chosen by God to find that western way to Cathay.

When he grew to be a man he left his uncle and went to live in the town of Lisbon in Portugal. This was the land where Prince Henry of Portugal, known as the

Navigator, had lived. Men who had sailed with him down the coast of Africa were still alive. Christopher used to go to their houses, and over their wine they would talk of the wonders of the sea, and of the courses of the stars. Strange stories were told of a land whose coasts had been seen far to the west. Sailors were said to have picked up pieces of strangely carved wood drifting far out upon the ocean.

By-and-by Columbus married the daughter of one of these sea captains, but they were very poor. He earned what money he could by making maps and charts. He sailed in other men's ships to Madeira and the Azores, and even into the Polar seas. But there was never enough money to fit out ships to go in search of the road to Cathay and at the same time to buy bread and meat and clothing for his hungry children.

He determined to ask the King of Portugal to help him, but the king kept him waiting many months, and then deceived him. Columbus, therefore, sent his brother to King Henry VII. of England, who sent for Columbus to come to England; but meanwhile, as we shall see, Columbus had found other helpers.

One day he and his little boy were wandering on foot through a town in Spain. They were hungry, and stopped, as men did in those days, at a house of the Grey Friars to ask for food and lodging. As the good brother who kept the gate was talking to them, the prior passed by. He looked at Christopher. Something about his tall figure, his grave and courteous bearing, his look of purpose and of dignity, his hair already white with sorrow, made him stop.

He took him into his own lodging, and soon Columbus had told him all his plans, and how he believed that God was driving him forth to find that new way to Cathay. He believed that when we gasp with wonder at something new and lovely, or when we think and think and guess at something strange and as yet unknown, the



The Parting of Columbus with Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand.

This picture is from a book made within a hundred years of the death of Columbus. You can see the *Santa Maria* (100 tons), *Pinta* (50 tons), and *Nina* (40 tons), and the men pushing off in the boats from the port from which they sailed to America.



These pictures show Virginian Indians. In the first you see how they made their boats. They had no iron tools, but only shells which they used as scrapers. Trees were felled and cleared of branches by the use of fire. The second picture shows two warriors and two women or squaws.

Christopher Columbus

very hand of God is guiding us. The prior listened to his words. Columbus spoke so surely, so clearly, and so wisely that he felt he must help him, and at length he gave him a letter to take to the Queen of Spain, and promised Christopher that he would keep his little boy in the friary and that he should go to school there.

§ 3

But even when Columbus had been admitted to the presence of the King and Queen of Spain, his troubles were not over. They were too busy preparing for war against the Moors. Their nobles, too, scoffed at Christopher's idea. They said the world was flat, that he would certainly never find land if he sailed to the west, that his plan was a mad one, and he himself a vain, prating fellow.

For seven whole years they made him wait. He was growing older and older. At last in the year 1492, when he was about forty-six years old, Queen Isabella was persuaded to give him the money he needed. It was still difficult to find men who would hire out their ships, or who were willing to sail on so great an adventure into those uncharted, unknown seas. What fierce men or dragons, what strange beasts and fearful storms might they not encounter?

But Columbus was confident. He knew that he would find his way. He knew that he should bring back rich stores of gold and pearls. He believed that he would meet heathen men, and tell them the story of Jesus Christ and the good news of the Kingdom of God. He believed that he would come back wealthy, and he vowed to spend his wealth on a Crusade to win back the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks.

At length his courage was rewarded. He found men willing to lend him three small ships and provide crews

to man them. On an August day they committed themselves to God, and, amid the weeping of their friends, sailed out of the harbour of Palos. At first they sailed south past the north-western coasts of Africa and the Canary Isles. Then they set their course due west. The last faint line of land fell below the horizon.

The three little ships were utterly alone on the vast waters. In the gathering dusk, fear gripped the hearts of the crews. A following wind drove them smoothly and swiftly towards the unknown. What horrible thing, they wondered, might loom suddenly in the dusk? What monsters might to-morrow's sun reveal? So they sailed day after day, sullen and afraid. Only Columbus knew that he would find his way.

Day after day the east wind blew them westwards. Some of the crew said, since the wind always blew from the east they would never be able to sail home again. Others wanted to turn home at once. Others muttered together, as they toiled at ropes and sails, that they would throw Columbus overboard.

Perhaps they might have done so; but just when things were at their worst, some one saw a strange bird which he was sure belonged to the land. They passed drifting masses of seaweed, then bits of floating wood. Land must be near. Who would see it first? All night Columbus kept watch from the top of his cabin. About ten o'clock a light gleamed and disappeared. An hour passed, and another and then another. At two o'clock the second boat, which was ahead, fired a gun. It was the signal that land had been sighted.

As the daylight increased all saw the faint streak on the far horizon. At length the rising sun lit up the lovely shores of a green, tree-covered island. Tall, tawny-skinned natives crowded the shore. The ships cast anchor. Columbus, wearing a long scarlet cloak and carrying the banner of Spain in his hand, put off in a small boat. As he stepped upon the shore he fell upon his

knees and kissed the earth. He thanked God for having given him his heart's desire. He believed that he had sailed west and reached an island off the coast of Asia.

To the day he died he did not know that he had done a yet greater thing—he had reached the island shores of a great new Continent. Those lovely islands, with their green and flowery valleys, their brightly coloured birds, their lakes and mountains and soft air, lay off the coast of North America.



This is a little picture from a map drawn by one of the pilots of Columbus. It shows the same subject as on page viii, but the "Saint Christopher" is Columbus himself, and he is shown carrying Christ (Christianity) across the sea to America.

3. ERASMUS

§ 1

IN the Dutch town of Utrecht there stands a great cathedral. It has a very ancient history. Five hundred years ago a choir of men and boys sang the daily services there. Candles winked and gleamed on the carved choir-stalls and the altar. The sweet strong smell of incense drifted down into the nave, where the folk who had come in to say their prayers knelt in the dim light upon the rush-strewn floor.

Among the little choir boys who went to the Song School belonging to the cathedral somewhere about the year 1473, was one fair-haired, blue-eyed child of about seven years old. When he sang his voice was like a silver bell. He had been christened by the Dutch name Gerhard, but learned men called him later Desiderius Erasmus, and he is usually spoken of in history simply as Erasmus, "Well beloved."

When Erasmus was nine years old he was taken away from the Song School at Utrecht and sent with his brother Peter, who was eleven, to a great school at Deventer. There were over two thousand boys in this school. Probably the two little new boys felt very shy at first. Their mother, whose name was Margarita, came to live in a house near them.

When the brothers had a half-holiday their first thought was to run home to their mother. Later, when they had made friends at school, perhaps they took them home with them. The masters at Deventer were very

particular as to the way in which the boys behaved. When they met any one older than themselves they must raise their caps. When they were spoken to they were to stand straight, and to look "neither doggedly, surlily, saucily, nor rovingly, but with a staid, modest, and pleasant air." At a feast the boys must serve themselves last. Never were they to tell or listen to vulgar stories or jokes.

Their lessons were mainly in Latin. The lads learnt long passages from the old Latin poets, Horace and Terence. But the headmaster knew some Greek. This was a wonderful thing in those days. Very few men in Western Europe knew that tongue, and the writings of the great men of ancient Greece, poets and prose writers and playwrights, were lost.

Erasmus loved the Latin poets. He liked the sound of the stately words. He learnt by heart as many of their poems as he possibly could. He was proud too because his headmaster taught him a little Greek as well.

But though he loved books and did better at school than most boys of his age, he loved games too. On fine summer evenings, when the day's work was done, he would go off to the tennis court or the bowling green with a friend, or out across the fields leaping with a pole. In winter the boys were allowed to follow the hunt across the flat fields and through the forest.

So four happy years passed away. Then, when Erasmus was thirteen, a plague came to Utrecht, Margarita died, and Peter and Erasmus were left to the care of their uncle, Peter Winckel, the schoolmaster of Gouda, whose school Erasmus had attended when he was a tiny boy of four years old.

§ 2

In those days boys were often sent to the university when they were only fourteen. Erasmus longed to go. He dreamed of sitting in the lecture rooms of Paris or

some university city in Italy, and learning more of the wonderful Greek tongue of which all men were beginning to speak.

Men told of the great philosopher called Aristotle. Nineteen hundred years earlier he had written wise and wonderful things about poetry and music, and about how states should be governed. He had written, too, about nature and the many strange and marvellous things which he had noticed about birds and plants. All these writings of Aristotle had been lost for hundreds of years, or known only in bad Latin translations of some of his books.

Now when we read a translation of what a man has written we never understand quite so well what he really meant as when we can read his own words for ourselves. Erasmus longed to be able to read Aristotle in his own Greek tongue. Then, too, there was another Greek philosopher whom men were just beginning to know about again. He was called Plato. He too had written books which Erasmus wanted to read for himself.

But Peter Winckel, though he was a schoolmaster, did not know or want to know any Greek. He was worried by his young nephews. He wanted them to be monks. He sent them to a monastery to become novices. Erasmus was miserable. The monks, however, were kind to him. When the bell rang at midnight the brethren pulled on their hoods and night boots and went down to the cold dark church to sing matins, but Erasmus was left asleep in the long dormitory.

When the other novices were busy learning to chant, or read, or were digging in the garden, Erasmus was allowed to go into the library. There, amongst the musty smelling books, with their heavy leather bindings, he read and dreamed and wrote poetry. But when the bell rang he must wash his hands and go into the refectory or dining room.

The food seemed to him to be always fish. The smell of it as he came in made him feel sick. When grace had

been said, and the monks had sat down at the long tables, he thought it horrible to see them gobble whatever was put upon their plates, and toss off cup after cup of wine or beer. There was supposed to be no talking at meals, but a brother read aloud from a little pulpit at the side of the room. Erasmus hated his droning, nasal voice. The ancient books he read from seemed to him to be ignorant and stupid.

On cold winter evenings a fire was lighted in the warming-room. The monks were allowed to gather round it and talk for a time before the last service of the day. Erasmus thought he had never heard such foolish gossip. Every one seemed to be envious of some one else. The most stupid people seemed to be the most admired. When he himself said clever or funny things every one thought he was conceited or fantastic.

At last it happened that the Bishop of Cambrai came to the monastery. He liked and pitied the clever lad. He asked the Pope to give him leave to take him away from the monastery, and when this was granted he sent Erasmus to college in Paris. Now at last, he thought, he would be able to learn more of the things he wanted to know.

But Erasmus was very poor. The lads in the college were given very little to eat. The eggs were bad, the wine was sour, the beds were hard. For any fault or none they were flogged. Even here the masters who lectured in the great classrooms knew little Greek. They were still arguing about things men had discussed for two hundred years.

Erasmus thought he **must get to Italy**, where the best Greek scholars were. But how was he to get the money? He was a grown man by this time. It was clear that he was a good scholar. Fathers asked him to teach and look after their sons. In this way he earned a little money—but still not enough to get to Italy. Amongst his pupils was a young Englishman whose name was

Lord Mountjoy; he learned to love Erasmus, and asked him to visit him in England.

§ 3

It was summer-time. The English country looked green and lovely. The sun shone on the grey stone monasteries and halls of Oxford, and on the river Thames winding amidst flowery meadows and tall green elms. In a very short time Erasmus had made many friends, for at Oxford and Cambridge in those days were certain scholars who loved Greek as much as the Italians did. At dinner at the long tables in the college hall the talk was now grave, now gay. Erasmus could speak no English. They all talked together in Latin.

Here jokes were made which were both clever and kindly, and here was learning such as he had longed for all his life. When he visited Lord Mountjoy or other friends in their homes he met ladies in ruffs and farthingales, with gracious manners and ready smiles.

One day at a dinner party his eye fell on a young man he had never seen before. His eyes were greenish, his hair a soft brown colour, and a smile played about his lips. So ready was his wit that it was a joy to talk to him. Who could he be? Suddenly Erasmus remembered that he had been told that the wittiest and cleverest of all the clever Englishmen of those days was young Thomas More, who was learning to be a lawyer.

"Either you are More," he exclaimed, "or nobody."
"Either you are Erasmus," came the quick answer, "or the devil." From that moment he and More became fast friends. They rode about the country together. They visited the great monastery of St. Mary of Walsingham, and the shrine of St. Thomas the Martyr at Canterbury.

The monks who were in charge of these shrines



DESIDERIUS ERASMUS.



WORKMEN OF THE TIME OF ERASMUS.



(1) MINSTRELS OF THE TIME OF ERASMUS. (2) A COUNTRY DANCE

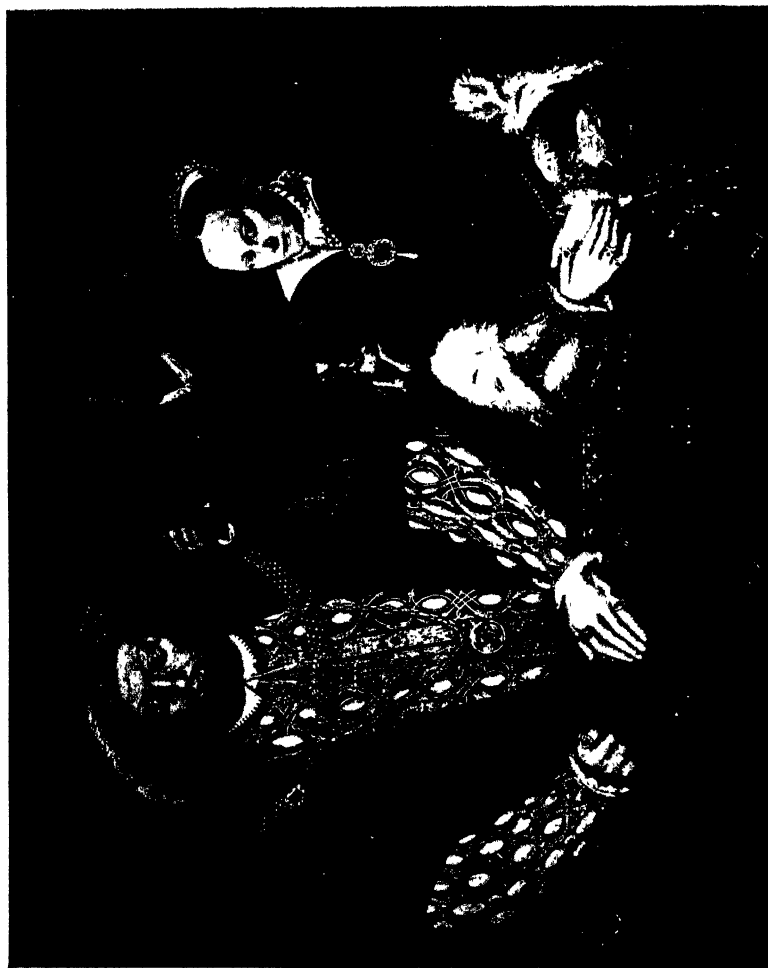
Anna Bolleyn Queen.



ANNE BOLEYN (*Holbein*).



SIR THOMAS MORE (*Holbein*).



KING HENRY VIII. AND HIS DAUGHTER MARY (*Holbein*).
The figure in the background is that of Will Somers, the King's Jester.

showed them many relics. This, they said, was St. Peter's finger, and that his handkerchief, and these things had power to heal the sick or give men safe and prosperous journeys. Erasmus and More were grieved about these things. The monks tried to make simple people believe them in order that they might pay money for being allowed to kiss them.

Both Erasmus and More loved the Church. They talked of what they could do to help men to understand the love of God and the teachings of the Church without believing such things as those.

Surely one of the best ways to know and love God, they thought, was by reading what men had written and thought about Him in the Bible, and, above all, what Jesus Christ had taught about Him in the New Testament.

Now a great part of the New Testament was first written in Greek, the language which for hundreds of years no one had been able to read. Even scholars and priests had to be content with a Latin translation. It was not a very good translation, and simple people who knew no Latin could not read it at all.

Erasmus determined that he would learn still more Greek. With his scholar friends at Oxford he set to work to teach himself all he could. Then he got all the copies of the Greek New Testament that he could find. Even some of these had mistakes in them. But by comparing one with another Erasmus got as near as he could to what had first been written. Work like this was known as "editing."

When he had done that he translated the Greek New Testament into Latin, and parts of it into English. He said it was the "key to the Kingdom of Heaven." "I wish," he said, "that even the weakest woman should read the Gospel. . . . I long that the husbandman should sing portions . . . to himself as he follows the plough, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their

stories the tedium of the journey.” It took years to finish the task, but when it was done, and the Testaments printed on one of the new printing-presses in Switzerland, Erasmus saw his wish fulfilled.

In two years three thousand three hundred copies were bought—three thousand three hundred people could, almost for the first time, read the Bible in something near its true form for themselves. It was not many years before King Edward VI. of England ordered a copy of the English translation to be placed in every church in England.

§ 4

It was about this time that a young German friar named Martin Luther was becoming as much grieved as Erasmus and More about some of the things which the priests were teaching people to believe.

Luther was much younger than Erasmus. He was, too, a hot-headed person who believed that when you see anything you think to be wrong you must say so at once in the strongest language you can. He wrote down what he thought about the priests, and nailed it to a church door. Then he wrote to Erasmus, telling him what he had done, and begging him “to greet this your younger brother in Christ,” hoping that Erasmus would approve of what he had done.

* Erasmus was sad at what Martin Luther had done. He believed that when we see things that we think are wrong we should not try to put them right by being hasty or angry. He thought, too, that young people following Luther’s example might be led to do even more violent things. He wrote to him as his “brother beloved,” but begged him to be serene and gentle.

But Luther did not listen. Thus began what is called in history the Reformation, which ended by breaking up the old Church into many different portions.

So it came to pass that whereas in old days every one went to the same church and listened to the same service Sunday by Sunday year in and year out, to-day there are many different churches, each with its own kind of service, not only in our country, but in other countries as well.



MARTIN LUTHER

4. SIR THOMAS MORE

§ 1

IF you had been in London in the days when Henry VII. was king you might have seen in Threadneedle Street, where the Bank of England now stands, a building known as the Hospital of St. Anthony. It was not a hospital in the sense in which we use the word, but a kind of almshouse, where lived twelve old men with a chaplain or priest to look after them.

One of the rooms of the hospital was used as a school ; to it came every day a little bright-eyed boy called Thomas More, who sat with his companions on the long hard benches while the priest at his desk taught them Latin grammar and bits of old Latin authors, and rapped their knuckles with his cane if they came to school late, or could not say their lessons. All these little boys wore long hose and short doublets with very full skirts, and little ruffs round their necks.

On saints' days or holy days, which were also " holidays " in our sense of the word, they brought cocks to school and set them to fight one another ; or, when the frosts were hard, tied sharp bones beneath their shoes and went skating on the ice.

In those days gardens and green fields came close up to the walls of London City. Early on May morning boys and girls went out to pluck green boughs from the hedges to decorate their houses. The outside walls of young Thomas More's home in Bread Street, and of all the houses of his friends, would be hung with tapestries and rugs and garlands ; the master and mistress and all

the maids would look out of the window to see the gay crowds go by.

Little Thomas did not stay very long at the school in Threadneedle Street. His father was a judge, and a friend of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In those days bishops and archbishops often had many learned men living or staying in their houses. They allowed the young sons of their friends to come and live there too.

In houses of this kind the lads learnt good manners, how to wait at table with bowl and napkin, and how to carve and serve the meat. They learnt, too, to listen to the grave arguments of learned men.

They heard much talk of what was happening in foreign lands. The bishop's chaplains would teach them Latin, and how to read what remained of the old Latin authors, and to write verses and dispute in Latin too.

Thomas's father asked Archbishop Morton to take his little son into his house. The lad was so bright and had such a merry wit that the archbishop learnt to love him. When Christmas time came round mummers would come to the hall. The great wood fires burnt brightly upon the open hearth. Candles burnt in sconces round the room. The players shouted and stamped and made merry. Perhaps St. George slew the dragon, or Charlemagne fought in single combat with a Saracen.

On one occasion young Thomas, who had been sitting, chin on hand, watching the play, suddenly darted in amongst the players, and making up a part as he went along, set all the onlookers laughing and applauding. Later, when the tables were set and the guests sat down to meat, grave and courteous he carried round the bowl of water and napkins for the guests to cleanse their fingers between the courses. "This child here waiting at table," said the archbishop to the guest who sat beside him, "whoever shall live to see it, shall prove a marvellous man."

§ 2

When Thomas More was still only fourteen his master sent him to Canterbury Hall in Oxford to be taught by other learned men. Other boys of his age were there. Many of them had plenty of money, and spent most of their time in games and sports. Thomas More had very little money, so he could not join in their amusements. Left alone by the lads of his own age he learnt to play the viol, which is something like a very simple violin, as well as the flute.

Wandering about the streets of Oxford and in and out of the lecture rooms he met older Englishmen who had travelled to Italy. They told him wonderful things. They said that there were scholars in Italy who had come from Constantinople and the East. They had brought with them copies of ancient books written many hundreds of years ago by great Greek scholars—Aristotle, Plato, and others. They were teaching Italians and even Englishmen in Italy to read Greek.

Learned men had always known the name of Aristotle. They knew that he had written wise and wonderful books about the different kinds of birds and flowers, and about man and the marvellous way in which his body is made. But for hundreds of years they had only known what other men said that Aristotle had said; now they could read for themselves his actual words. This was a wonderful thing. Young More quickly began to learn Greek. When he had learned it he could not only read Aristotle, he could also read the New Testament for himself in the language in which most of it was first written.

When More was a young man of twenty he came back to live in London and learn to be a lawyer. Everybody loved him. It was wonderful to hear his talk. He had such interesting thoughts, and often he expressed them

in ways which made every one laugh. Then, too, he was always polite and considerate. You have read how Erasmus came to stay in London, and of how he met More at a dinner party. Almost at once he loved him. "My affection for him is so great," he wrote, "that if he were to bid me dance a hornpipe I should do at once what he asked."

A few years later More married and had four little children. Margaret, or, as he loved to call her, Meg, was the eldest. Then came Elizabeth, Cicely, and baby John. When Meg was still only five years old her mother died, and she and her father and her little sisters and brother were left alone.

By-and-by a step-mother came to live in the house with them. The children thought she was rather ugly, and she certainly had a sharp tongue. They soon found, too, that she could not understand a joke. This seemed very odd to More's children. Their father was always saying funny things, and was always ready to laugh at what they said. The house might have become a sad one, full of scolding and quarrelling; but whenever their step-mother was cross their father put his arm round her and laughed at her. He made her learn to play the harp and the guitar and the flute, and practising these and keeping the house and looking after the children's clothes kept her so busy that she soon forgot to be cross.

The More family now went to live in the little village of Chelsea, just outside London. They had a lovely garden, where they kept a monkey, and rabbits, a ferret, a weasel, and a fox. All kinds of delightful people came to stay with them; astronomers came, and at night took them out upon the roof and taught them wonderful things about the stars and planets.

The great Dutch painter Holbein came and painted a picture of the whole family, including the monkey. Erasmus often came, and talked and played with them and watched the animals. He was a dear and delightful

friend. Sometimes the king himself would come—not Henry VII., who was king when More was a little boy—but his son Henry VIII., a lively and handsome young man, with a fair skin and a golden beard.

The king would come quite unexpectedly to dinner, and throw poor Mistress More into a flutter of preparation. Sometimes he would walk for an hour in the garden with his arm round More's shoulder, talking to him of astronomy or geometry, of God, or of affairs of state. He, too, loved More for his wisdom, his courtesy, and his ready wit. He trusted him so much that at last he made him Lord Chancellor.

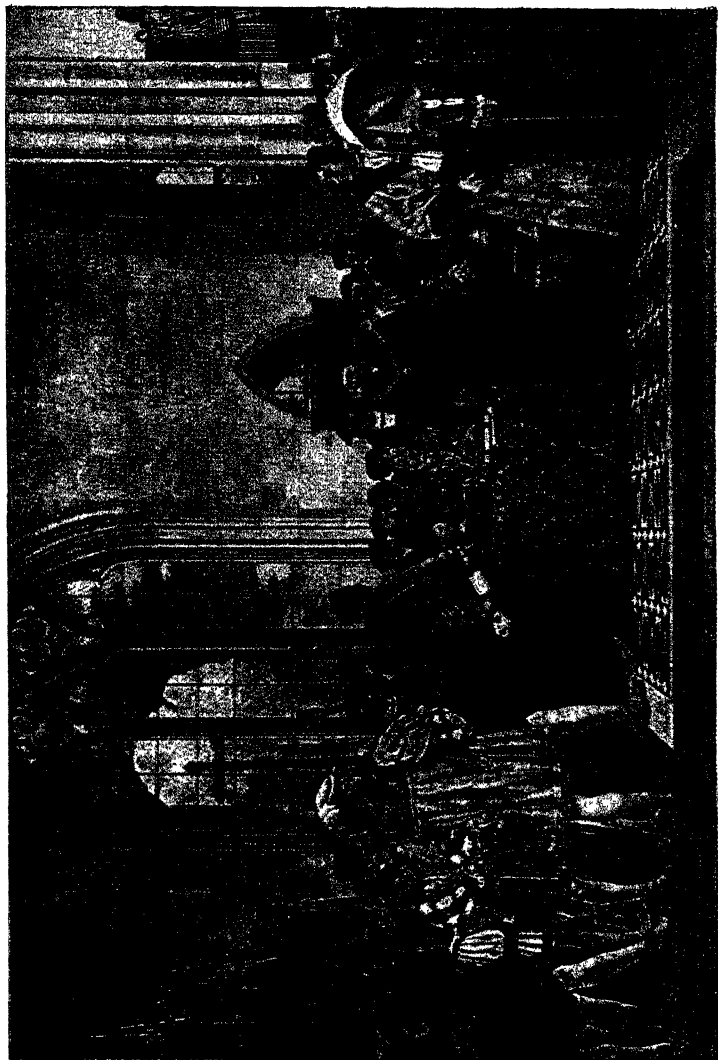
§ 3

Now the Lord Chancellor is the most important law officer in England, and this new post kept More very busy. Moreover, he had to live more splendidly than before. He had a great barge to take him by river from his home in Chelsea to the Law Courts in London. There were eight watermen to row the barge, and a number of gentlemen and yeomen to wait upon More. Now he had to spend days and even weeks away from his home.

Sometimes he was with the king and his Spanish wife, Queen Katherine. Sometimes he was in his rooms in London City, where the rich and poor alike came to him for help if they thought anybody had wronged them.

You remember that while he was still a young lad at Oxford More had learned to read the Gospels in Greek. He loved them very much, and he loved the Church and its solemn Latin services. When he was at home he liked his children to say some Psalms and the Litany with him every day. If any of them had a toothache or headache, or was cross or ill-tempered, he would come and sit beside them with his merry smile.

"Meg," he would say, or "Cicely," or "John," "be



SIR THOMAS MORE AND CARDINAL WOLSEY.

When More was Speaker of the House of Commons he was visited by Cardinal Wolsey, the king's chief adviser, who asked for a grant of money for his royal master, King Henry VIII. More was not afraid of the great man who had come to the House in state, as you can see, and quietly told him that the king's request must be discussed by the members of the House before any money could be granted.



Here is a dinner-party in a nobleman's house, such as is described on page 41. The guests are seated round the table, with the host at the head. Minstrels are playing in a gallery at the end of the hall. Servers are bringing in meat, and the cellarer to the left comes in with wine. The dogs are allowed to come into the hall. In the front of the picture you can see the jester with his pointed cap which was fitted with bells, who made jokes to amuse the guests. Near the jester is a boy such as Thomas More may have been.

stout-hearted. You cannot get to heaven on a feather bed, for our Lord Himself walked thither with great pain."

One of the reasons why More was friendly with King Henry was because he thought that he too loved the Gospels, and cared that every one should be able to read and understand them. But what Henry really loved above all else was himself. As he grew older he grew more and more vain, and more and more determined to have his own way.

At last a terrible dispute arose between the king and poor Queen Katherine. More was greatly grieved. He felt sure that Henry wanted him, as Lord Chancellor, to take his part in the dispute. So he gave up being Chancellor. He gave away his barge, and asked certain noblemen to take his watermen and yeomen into their service. He begged his children, who were now all grown up, to live with him still. He told them they would be poor compared with what they had been—"But," said he, "if all else fails, then may we yet with bags and wallets go a-begging together, and . . . at every man's door sing *Salve Regina*,* and so still keep company and be merry." So they all stayed together and were happy; but the dearest and happiest of all his children was Meg, who now had a young husband named Thomas Roper.

But More's troubles were really only just beginning. You have read in the story of Erasmus of some of the things which men thought were wrong in the Church at this time. More and King Henry both wanted Englishmen to be able to read the Bible for themselves in English. They both wanted monks and nuns to live lives of poverty and service. More longed that the Pope should put right those things which were wrong in the Church, but King Henry was becoming so arrogant that

* *Salve Regina* are the opening words of an old Latin hymn to the Virgin Mary, and means "Hail, Queen (of Heaven)."

he thought he could put them right himself. He was jealous of the power and wealth of the Pope. He persuaded his Parliament to say that the Pope was no longer head of the Church in England. Henceforth he, the king, was to be its head.

§ 4

When More heard what Henry wanted to do he was very sad, for he did not believe that Parliament had any power or right to make the king head of the Church in England. When Henry sent to ask him to take an oath acknowledging him to be head of the Church he refused. Henry was already angry with him because he had not taken his part in his dispute with the queen. He was now still more angry. More was accused of treason and thrown into the Tower of London. He knew that unless he changed his mind and agreed with the king he would be beheaded.

There he lay for many weeks awaiting trial. After a month Meg got leave to visit him. She found him serene and cheerful. The Constable of the Tower, as well as More's keepers, had learnt to love him, but his enemies told evil tales of him to the king and his council. He remained firm. At last the news came that he was to be tried for high treason. He was taken to Westminster, tried, and condemned to die.

As he was brought back Meg was waiting in the crowd by the Tower landing-stage. When she saw her father coming she pressed forward, fearless of the bills and halberds of the guard, and, rushing to his side, she threw her arms about his neck. Both he and she knew that they would never meet again.

He waited for another week in the Tower. There he had neither pen nor paper, but with a piece of coal he wrote to Meg on the blank page of a book. "I long to go to God," he wrote. "Dear Meg, I never liked

your manner to me better than when you kissed me last."

When the morning of his execution came he put on his best clothes as for a festival. He bade the people who thronged about the scaffold pray for him. He knelt and said a prayer himself, and then, with a jest and a smile to the executioner, laid his head upon the block.



RIVER THAMES IN THE TIME OF THOMAS MORE.

5. ST. TERESA

§ 1

THIS story is about the country of Spain, whose king and queen helped Columbus to discover the West Indies. It is a warm and sunny land of great mountains and rushing rivers, gay cities, and lovely orange groves. Hundreds of years before Columbus was born it had been conquered by brown-skinned Arabs and dark Moors from Africa. These men were not Christians, but were followers of Mohammed. For hundreds of years they and the Christians of Spain had fought bitterly against each other.

About twenty years before our story begins the Christians had been victorious, and now all Spain was ruled by a Christian king, though many of the dark-skinned Moors still lived in the country as his subjects. They were a wise and learned people, with grave and courteous manners, but the Christians were afraid of them. Little children were told that the Moors would catch and kill them if they could.

It was in the early spring of the year 1515 that little Teresa was born. Her home was called the Fortress House. If you looked at it from the outside you soon saw why it had been given this name. Its stone walls were massive and strong, and its windows small. In old days, its owners, Teresa's ancestors, had many a time defended it against the Mohammedans.

The house was built round an open courtyard, and if you passed through its tapestry hung rooms you could step out into this sunny central space. Here the walls were covered by a lovely vine bearing clusters of purple

grapes. Rows of slender columns, beautifully carved, supported the upper stories of the house, and made a colonnade which gave a pleasant shade from the mid-day heat.

Teresa's father was grave and silent. All day long he sat reading in his great library. Many beautiful books lined the walls. Most of them were written by hand, and illuminated with lovely little pictures in scarlet and blue and gold, for printed books were still very rare and costly. There were lives of saints, and many books about grave matters; these were the ones Teresa's father loved. But there were also gay stories of knights and dragons and fair ladies, of Charlemagne and his paladins, of gallant fights against the Moors.

Sometimes Teresa's mother, pale, beautiful, and gentle-eyed, slipped into the library. She would pull out and carry off to her own room one of these romances. At night, when her children gathered round her knee, she would read or tell them these wonderful old tales. So their little heads were full of dreams of how they too would be knights-errant, and rescue damsels in distress, or drive the last of the Moors from Spain, holding a mountain pass almost single-handed, or perhaps—who knows?—even meet and slay a dragon.

§ 2

Teresa had nine brothers and two sisters. She had dark, smooth hair, dark eyes, and hands so slender and lovely that every one noticed them. She was gay and lively, and played always with her brothers at "Moors and Spaniards," or other games. When she was six years old she began to feel that to play all day in the courtyard was not enough. She wanted adventure. She must do something wonderful. She told her brother Rodrigo, who was ten years old. He agreed that they had

better set out for "the land of the Moors." They would beg their way "for the love of God." They hoped the "heathen" Moors would behead them, and that men would then reverence them as martyrs.

Unnoticed they slipped out of the Fortress gate, and made their way along the narrow street of the town towards the steep bridge which led to the open country. On they toiled beneath the hot summer sun, growing very tired and hungry. At first no one missed them, but when some hours were passed their mother sought them. They were nowhere to be found. She was sure they had fallen down the great well and were drowned. She was almost in despair when their uncle came to the Fortress House leading two very hot, weary, and hungry children by the hand. He had found them beyond the town and brought them back. When he was scolded, Rodrigo said it was Teresa's fault. She had said that they *must* go.

Teresa was only twelve when her mother died. For four years she lived on in the old house with her father and brothers and her elder sister. Many boy cousins came to stay in the house. Teresa played with them and with her brothers. She was gay and beautiful, and the leader in all their games and dances. She wrote a story which every one thought wonderful. She took great pride in her dresses, in brushing her lovely dark hair, and keeping her little hands white. She was very happy. Then one by one her brothers grew up.

By this time the Spaniards had found the mainland of America. They had crossed the isthmus of Panama, and were trading with the native people for gold and silver and precious stones. One by one Rodrigo and the others left their home and went to seek their fortunes in America. Teresa grew lonely. At length her elder sister Maria married and went away. Teresa was sometimes naughty. Her friends decided that she must not stay alone in the old house with no one but her father as companion. It was determined that she must go away to school.

The schools to which girls were sent in those days were kept by nuns living in convents. At first Teresa was very unhappy. She felt that, big girl as she was, she had been sent away from home in disgrace. She was very proud, and feared lest the nuns should discover this. But no one breathed a word of reproach.

Little by little she grew happier. She began to love the quiet movements and low voices of the sisters. She, who had been the leader of her brothers and cousins, found that she liked being obedient. It gave her pleasure to hear the soft pealing of the chapel bell, and know that she must do this or that without grumbling. She began to wonder whether she would like to be a nun herself, to make up her mind never to marry or have a house or children of her own, but to spend all her life in serving God by looking after sick people, teaching children, and praying for all the world.

After a long time she decided that that was what she ought to do. She had left school by this time. Now she went to her father and told him. Sadly he let her go. Just as sadly she said good-bye to him and to the home she loved.

§ 3

In the old days monks and nuns took pride in being poor. They wore simple clothes and ate simple food. They tried to give all their time and all their thought to serving God, helping the poor and the sick, and working with their hands.

After many years all this was changed. The English poet, Chaucer, who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century, tells us of a monk who spent his time hunting instead of reading learned books in the cloister. He loved to eat roast goose, and wore a costly gown edged with rich fur. Chaucer also tells us of a nun who had beautiful manners and so gentle a heart that she wept

if she saw a mouse caught in a trap. But he does not say that she cared for the poor, or prayed for the sad and sorry. It was among nuns rather like this that Teresa seems to have gone to live. The place they loved best in the convent was the parlour. Here came all kinds of visitors—brothers, cousins, and fashionable ladies. Only a lattice screen separated them from the nuns, who spent long hours there listening to all the gossip of the town and telling tales of each other.

At first Teresa loved this merry company. Just as she had been the centre of life at home, so she became the most popular of the sisters, with more visitors than any one else. After a time, however, she began to think. She had come to the convent to learn to serve and know God. She seemed to have very little time to serve Him, and so little time to think of Him or talk to Him in prayer that she felt she was not learning to know Him any better. She determined to found a nunnery where the sisters should really live as the earliest nuns had done.

She had first to collect enough money to buy a house. This was not so very difficult. She had many friends who helped her, and the house she needed was a very humble one. But what was more difficult was to get leave from the priests and monks whom it was her duty to obey. At first they said yes. But soon they changed their minds. Teresa's plan was making people talk. The very peasants in the market-place of the little town talked and scoffed. What was this new thing? What was the world coming to when a woman thought she could reform the convents? The sisters, too, in the house where Teresa lived were very angry. Was she not satisfied, they asked, with their manner of life? What more could they do to please God? She was a vain, conceited woman. She was dangerous. She must be taught obedience.

Teresa was told that the money she had collected was not sufficient. She must wait for six months longer.



SAINT TERESA.

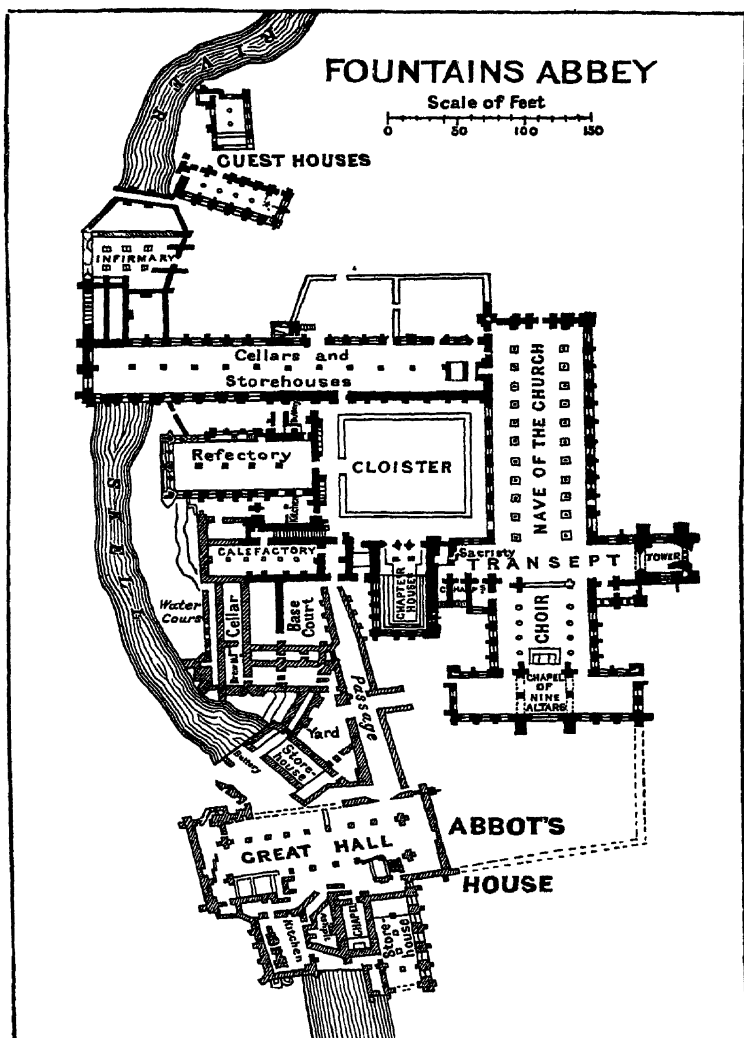


BENEDICTINE MONKS.

Saint Teresa belonged to
 the Carmelite Order, the
 members of which spent
 their lives in contempla-
 tion. The Benedictines,
 founded by St. Benedict,
 were the chief teachers of
 the Middle Ages. Augus-
 tine, who converted Kent,
 was a Benedictine.

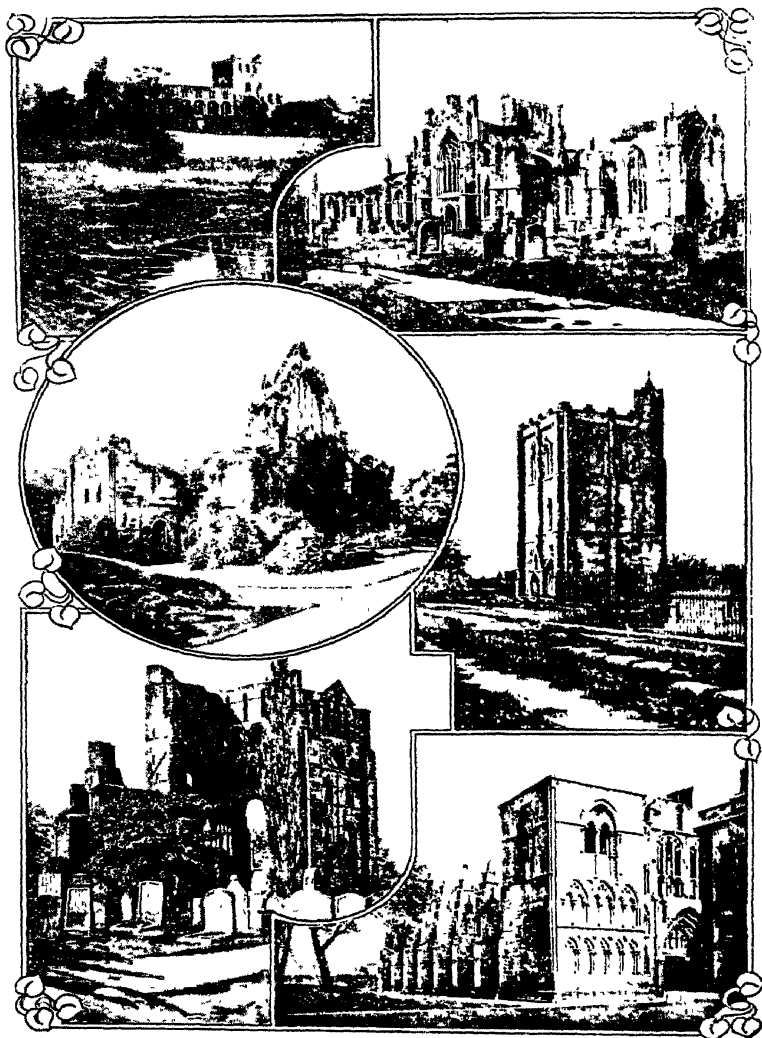


The monks were very kind to the poor. The top picture shows a stone figure of a beggar woman in worn clothing, with her dish for collecting alms or food, and her spoon stuck in the side of her hat.



PLAN OF AN ENGLISH ABBEY.

If you study the parts of this plan, you will get a good idea how the monks lived. Notice the guest-houses to which all travellers were welcomed; the refectory or dining-hall; and the cloister, in the centre or "garth" of which the monks were usually buried.



This picture shows what happened to the homes of the monks after they were driven away by Henry VIII. (see page 60). They fell into ruins, and much of the stone was used by people who lived near to build houses. But the ruins of the monasteries are still very beautiful, and are visited by many people in the summer time.

§ 4

Poor Teresa ! She had been so eager and so happy. Now she not only had to wait, she also had to bear the anger and the jealousy of the sisters amongst whom she lived. At last, however, friends came to her help again. The house she wanted was bought. It was dedicated in honour of St. Joseph, and put under the special care of a great bishop.

On St. Bartholomew's Day in 1563 Teresa and twelve other sisters came to live in the little house. Each nun had a bare little room all to herself. There was no glass in the windows, no carpet upon the stone floors. Teresa herself had only a bed in her little cell, no table, no chair or stool. There, crouching on the floor, she wrote wonderful books telling of how man's soul may find its way to God.

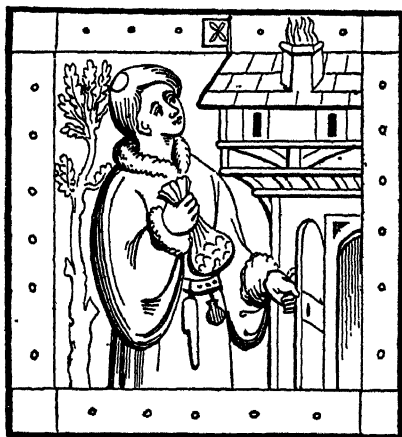
The sisters got up at six o'clock in the morning and went straight to the little chapel to say their prayers. They had no money to buy food. People who loved them brought cheese or bread or fruit to the convent. There was no parlour for gossip. The gifts were put in an opening in the outer wall. The sisters came to its inner side and took what they found.

Sometimes there was nothing to eat. At other times there would be fish or eggs or cheese. The sisters took it in turns to cook the food and to clean the pots and pans. They had their first meal at about ten o'clock in the morning. It was beautifully prepared. Teresa taught them that " God walks even among the pots and pans." After breakfast they sat over their spinning, and might talk for a while, and when the heat of the summer's day grew greatest each went to her little cell, and there in the coolness rested and talked to God.

During the rest of the day the nuns worked, sewing or writing or reading, except for the times when they

went into the little chapel to say their prayers. It was a busy, happy life. Teresa was a wonderful friend, always ready to help and comfort and advise, often ready to laugh at people who fretted too much as to whether they were quite as good as they ought to be, always ready to take her share in all the work of the house. She taught the sisters to keep themselves and the house spotlessly clean. Soon other nuns were found ready to follow the example of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and when Teresa died in 1582 there were many houses where the same kind of life was lived.

Forty years before this our King Henry VIII. had driven all monks and nuns out of England, partly because he thought that they had become rich and idle. It is due to such people as Teresa that this is no longer true. To-day there are many nunneries in England and other countries of Europe where sisters live working for others—teaching children, and giving their time to praying for those who are sick or sorrowful and for those who are too ignorant or think they are too busy to pray for themselves.



A MONK WHO COLLECTED THE RENTS.

6. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

§ I

You remember that Erasmus and Sir Thomas More thought that there were many things wrong with the Church in their day. St. Teresa, too, was sad because of the way in which many of the monks and nuns lived. Teresa and More both hoped that the wrong things could be put right without making any very great changes.

But Henry VIII., you remember, made a big change. He said that he and not the Pope was head of the Church in England. In Flanders, too, and in parts of France, there were people who thought that the Pope ought not to rule the Church in their country. They began to refuse to obey him, and to refuse to go to listen to the old Latin services in the churches.

Now although the country of Flanders is in the northern part of Europe, opposite our own coasts, it was in those days ruled by the King of Spain, the country where Teresa lived.

In the year 1556 Spain was ruled by a king called Philip the Second. He was as proud and determined a man as our King Henry VIII. had been, but whereas Henry wanted to be head of the Church in England himself, Philip wanted to force all the people of Flanders—nobles and peasants and wealthy merchants who traded in cloth and wool—to obey the Pope.

They refused to do so, and a terrible persecution began. Priests and friars were sent to Flanders to torture people until from sheer agony they confessed

that they had been holding services of their own outside the churches and refusing to obey the Pope. If they confessed, but would not repent, they were put to a terrible death.

Some merchants managed to escape to their ships, and, putting out to sea, sailed with the first fair wind to England. When their boats touched at the quayside at Chatham or Folkestone or Dover, English merchants watching the lading of their own ships, gaped to see them come without merchandise, sometimes even without sufficient food or money or clothing. They took them to their houses, clothed and fed them, and listened to their sad tales. Amongst the king's sailors working about the dockyard at Chatham there was much talk of the Flemings and their wrongs.

The young lads who played about the docks, listening to the sailors' yarns, heard those tales. They took sides. Some of them said, "A king can do what he pleases." If King Philip chose to punish his Flemish subjects he might do so. Others said nay. A man must needs do what he thinks right. If the Flemings thought the Pope was wrong (and in good sooth Edward the young King of England had thought so too) no king, be he ever so great, had a right to punish them. Moreover, it was a dastardly thing to torture men till they told tales of themselves and of each other.

Amongst the lads who argued and quarrelled thus was Francis Drake. He was the eldest of twelve brothers, and was Devon born, but his father had come to live in Kent. His family liked the changes which King Henry VIII. and his son, the boy King Edward VI., were making in the Church. They loved the new English Bible and the English service books. They did not care for candles and images in the churches, and priests in costly robes. They were amongst the people who were beginning to be called Protestants, some of whom were later to be known as Puritans ; while those

who still kept to the ways of the Old Church and obeyed the Pope—and there were still many of these even in England—are known in the history of the time as Catholics.

§ 2

As soon as Francis Drake was old enough he went to sea in a little sailing ship. His master was supposed to carry merchandise—cloth or tin or hides or leather, from England to France or Flanders. Sometimes, however, as they came sailing up the Channel, some one aloft in the rigging would spy far off the lovely sails of a great Spanish galleon, bringing treasure from the Indies or the coasts of South America.

Then they would crowd on more sail and give chase. They were Protestants, and thought that the ships of Catholics and of such a tyrant as King Philip were fair game. If they overhauled the galleon there would be a fight. If the English won they would carry off the crew and the gold and silver and precious stones and sink the ship. But if the Spaniards won the Englishmen in their turn would be carried off, and perhaps kept as prisoners in Spain or Flanders ; sometimes they were even tortured.

Drake was fortunate in these voyages. He escaped all dangers, and when his master died he left his ship to him. Until he was a young man of about twenty-four he continued trading with Flanders. Then King Philip said that English ships were no longer to be allowed in Spanish or Flemish waters. Drake's trade was killed. He sold his good ship and joined his cousins, the sons of old Sir William Hawkins.

Now John Hawkins was a daring young man. He knew that the kings of Spain and Portugal were trying to keep Englishmen and Frenchmen—in fact, every one but Spaniards and Portuguese—away from America. They had even persuaded the Pope to say that the ships

of no other countries might sail in the seas that washed these western shores. Hawkins snapped his fingers at the king and Pope, and sailed away with his cousin Drake, hoping somehow to get his share of the Spanish treasure.

Some day you will read the story of Hawkins for yourself. He was a brave man, but he did a terrible thing. He captured black men on the coasts of Africa, and carried them off and sold them to the Spaniards to work as slaves in the hot lands of South America. We know how cruel and how wrong this was, but we must remember that in Hawkins's day Englishmen had not yet learned that Christian gentlemen and gentlewomen are kind to all God's creatures, whether black or white, whether men or animals.

Now, on one of the voyages that Drake went with his cousin their ships had been driven by a storm into a port in one of the islands claimed by the Spaniards. They needed time to refit. They promised the Spanish governor that if he would allow them to stay where they were until they were fit to sail again, they would not attack the treasure ships. The Spaniard agreed. Drake and Hawkins kept their word. The governor broke his word, and attacked the English. The two cousins and the few other Englishmen who escaped to tell the tale vowed to have their revenge.

§ 3

It was with this thought in their minds that Drake and two of his brothers and about seventy other men sailed out of Plymouth Sound on Whitsunday in the year 1572. They were embarked in two little boats, the *Pasha* of seventy tons, and the *Swan* of only twenty-five tons. They were all quite young men. Their hearts beat high with excitement. They meant to sail

to the Isthmus of Panama and capture the "Treasure-house of the world."

They came safely to the shores of the Gulf of Darien. As the boats ran ashore men came creeping out of the forests—were they enemies or friends? As they came near, the English saw that they were black-skinned. They were African slaves who had escaped from the Spaniards. Drake and his brothers made friends with them, and they promised to help them to capture the Spanish treasure.

But now the winter rains were setting in. No treasure train would come until the spring. The Englishmen settled down. They cut down the great trees of the forest, and built themselves a little wooden village. They made a tiny dockyard by the water's edge in which to mend their ships. There was work to be done, but there was leisure too. On fine evenings you might have heard the soft click of bowls or the sharper ring of quoits, or have seen the Drake brothers, in doublets and long hose, drawing their bows, and with feather-tipped arrows piercing a target hung upon one of the great trees of the forest. They made friends with the chattering monkeys which swung from bough to bough, and watched the strange bright birds and learnt to know their unfamiliar cries.

In October Francis sailed away, leaving his brother John in charge of the village. He made surprise attacks upon Spanish houses by the waterside. Unbidden, he walked into their gardens and gathered the luscious fruits. But alas! when he came back he found his brother John was dead, killed in a foolhardy fight with a Spanish frigate.

Then other disasters followed. The men fell sick of the plague. Joseph, the other brother of Francis, died. At the turn of the year news came that the Spanish treasure ships had arrived at Nombre de Dios. By this time, of the seventy-three Englishmen who had sailed

from Plymouth, only forty-four were left alive, and of these only eighteen were fit to set out on the great expedition.

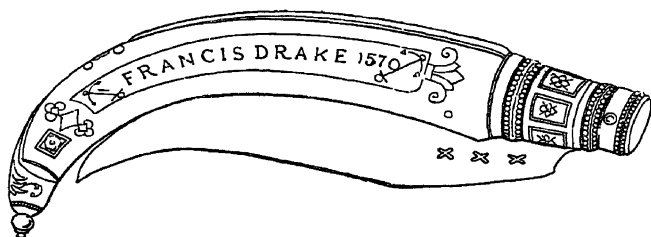
Yet they were in good heart. Thirty kindly Africans came with them to show them the way. Four marched about a mile ahead, marking the track with broken boughs. Then followed twelve more Africans, then the Englishmen and two African chiefs, and last of all twelve more Africans, to guard against a surprise attack from behind and to carry all the burdens.

The way lay over a great mountain range. Mighty forest trees lifted their branches all about them. Lovely fruits hung from the boughs. They marched in perfect silence, but at the slightest crack of a twig beneath their feet some bright-plumaged bird would flutter, calling from tree to tree. Up and up wound the path. Night fell and the stars rushed out. Each morning the sun rose behind them—at night it sank early beneath the towering peaks ahead. At length, on the fourth day, their guides stopped. They had come to the top of the range. The trees stood thickly around. There was no view to be seen. Drake's eye fell on one tree which towered above the rest. High in its branches was a kind of leafy bower. Leaving his friends resting on the ground he began to climb. Up and up he swarmed, hand over hand. His training in climbing the rigging of ships had not been in vain. At length, with a great pull, he was in the bower.

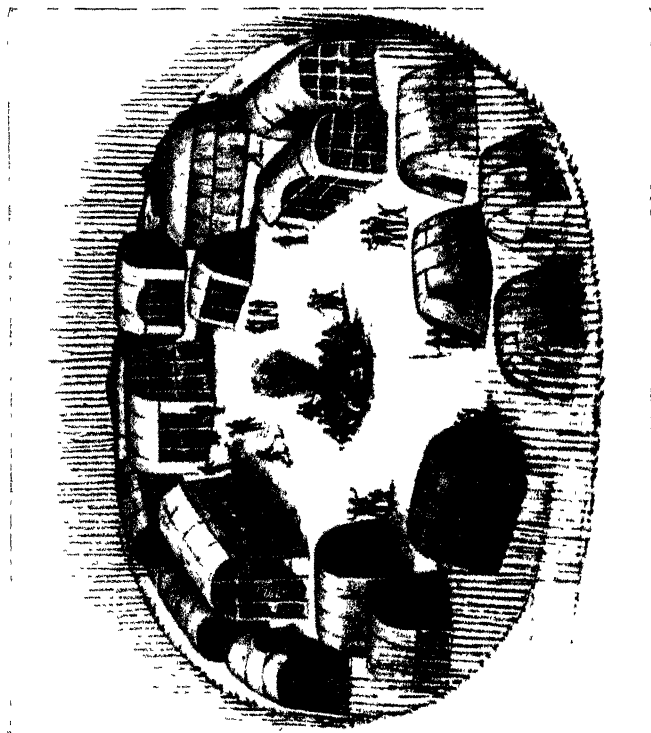
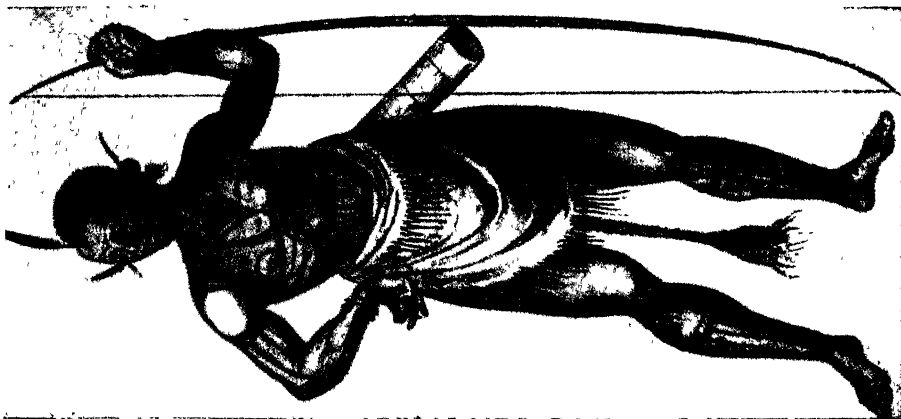
There was a wonderful sight before his eyes! The land fell away beneath him, slope on slope of forest dropping down to the plain, and far, far away a faint blue line—the "Golden Sea," the Pacific Ocean, which no English eyes had ever seen before! His heart seemed to stand still within him. He clung and gazed. Then, dropping on his knee upon the tree's great bough, he prayed to God that it might be granted to him "to sail once in an English ship upon that sea."



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.



KNIFE WHICH BELONGED TO DRAKE.



An Indian Warrior and an Indian Town
of Virginia.

These drawings were made by an English artist who went out to Virginia with Sir Richard Grenville in 1585. In 1586 Drake was in Virginia, and brought home some of the Englishmen who had gone out with Grenville to found a colony but now wished to come home.

When at length he came down again he told his companions what he had seen, and what prayer he had made. Then up spoke young John Oxenham, and vowed that when that day came he would follow him by God's grace. How they sailed out of Plymouth in 1577 to keep that vow, how for three years men thought them lost, how in the spring of the year 1580 they came home again, having kept their vow and more, being the first Englishmen to sail all round the world, you must read another day. Let us see now what happened after Drake came down from the tree.

§ 4

The Africans told them that far down below, on the seashore, lay the city where the gold and silver and precious stones were collected, before being carried on mule back over the Isthmus to the Spanish ships on its eastern coast. So they began the march down the side of the mountain. For two days the great forests still gave them shelter. Then they came out into open country. They could see the city and the harbour and the gallant ships at anchor in the bay.

It was no longer safe, however, to travel all together. They crept on in twos and threes, taking shelter wherever they could. Suddenly an African who had been sent on ahead as a scout came rushing back. He told how even now the mules were being laden in the market-place—two mule trains of food and of silver, and then eight mules laden with gold, and one with precious stones!

Drake called his men together and divided them into two parties. They were to lie in absolute silence till the mule trains came. If any single traveller came past they were not to move. As they crouched in the brake by the roadside there was not a sound, save now and again the sighing of the wind in the tall dry grasses.

At the end of an hour Drake thought he heard the sound of mule bells tinkling faintly in the distance. Had they started? Then in the opposite direction came another sound—the sound of a horse at a gallop along the road! Would the traveller see the men crouching in the grass? Would they keep still? A sailor, forgetting Drake's orders, tried to spring up to attack the lonely rider. Before he was on his feet the African beside him flung his arms round him to hold him down. In the struggle that followed African and Englishman rolled into the dusty road. The horseman galloped on. Had he seen anything? Had he heard anything?

Silence wrapped them round again. Then at length far, far away the mule bells began again. Nearer and nearer they came. Drake blew his whistle. The two parties dashed from cover. It was but a few moments' work to overpower the mule drivers and to begin to unpack the treasure. Pack after pack was opened. They found only silver. The Spanish treasurer had been warned by the lonely traveller, and the gold and jewels had been left behind!

Then began days of yet more desperate adventure, the Spaniards hunting for the Englishmen, Drake and his followers hiding here and there, escaping to sea, appearing again unexpectedly, and at length carrying out a raid up to the very gates of the Spanish city just as the treasure train was coming out. This time the gold was taken. The Englishmen buried the silver, and, laden with the rest of the treasure, toiled back to their ships. The Spanish ships gave chase, but the little English vessels were swifter and more skilfully handled. They got away into the open waters of the Atlantic with their precious freight.

It was a Sunday in August in the year 1573. The good folk of Plymouth, dressed in their best, with clean ruffles or Puritan collars, were listening to the sermon. Suddenly the sound of a salute of guns beyond the har-

hour broke upon their ears. With one accord they rose to their feet, and left the parson to finish his sermon to the empty benches.

They hurried down to the quay. There at last were Drake's two little ships coming into port after a silence of over a year. How the people rejoiced and danced and sang. The Queen of England too, Elizabeth, though she pretended to be angry, because England was not at war with Spain, was proud of her brave sailors, and delighted with the treasure.

But King Philip of Spain hated Drake, and well he might. He was a gallant sailor, a real adventurer, but he had given the Spaniards much trouble, and had stolen gold and jewels which were certainly not his. Those were strange days, when the bravest men thought it no harm to rob their enemies, and men quarrelled and tortured and killed each other in the name of Jesus Christ, who came to bring peace and goodwill towards men.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AS A YOUNG WOMAN.

(From a portrait in Gray's Inn Hall. Artist unknown.)

7. WILLIAM HARVEY

§ 1

It was in the year 1578, rather more than a hundred years after Erasmus had left the Song School at Utrecht, that William Harvey was born in the town of Folkestone. No doubt, as soon as he was old enough he and his eight little brothers and sisters would love to come down from their house to the harbour and watch the sailing ships riding at anchor, watch too the fishermen hauling in their nets, the sailors, merchants, and fine gentlemen jostling on the quayside ready to embark for the ports of France or Flanders.

Perhaps they would sit open-mouthed on the bottom of an upturned boat listening to the yarns of mariners tanned by the weather—yarns of exciting chases by French pirates or Spanish merchantmen, even perhaps yarns of Sir Francis Drake, as he was now called, and how he had sailed round the world and burnt Cadiz and all the Spanish fleet which King Philip was preparing to send against England.

William's father was an alderman of the city. His wife expected other people to stand aside on Sundays when she sailed in her hooped skirt and high ruff up to the church door. He himself wore a furred gown, and sat in the Guildhall with the mayor and other aldermen to help to govern the town.

William was still only a little boy when he was sent away to school at Canterbury, which was not very far away from his home. Perhaps he rode there on a pony

with his little bundle of clothes strapped behind him. Very likely his father would come to see him sometimes as he rode about the country on business. When he was fifteen he went to college in Cambridge.

Now the college to which William went was one where the scholars loved the study of Greek. Not many years before a wise doctor named Dr. John Caius had given money and lands to rebuild part of the college. He had been to Italy, and had met the scholars there who were learning Greek; but while they were busy translating Aristotle and Plato, he was more interested in another writer whose name was Galen.

Galen was a great doctor who had lived in the city of Alexandria on the shores of the Mediterranean. He had written a book about the human body, and especially about the heart and the veins and arteries. He thought that the veins were connected with the liver; that the arteries were connected with the heart. He did not know that there was any connection between the two. Ever since his time men had believed something of this kind, though for centuries they had been unable to read his book in the Greek for themselves.

§ 2

Not many years before William Harvey went to Cambridge Dr. Caius translated Galen's book out of the Greek. Doctors were very pleased to be able to read it for themselves, and the young men and boys at Caius College were very proud of their founder. They learned a good deal of Greek at Cambridge, and many of them longed to go to Italy and learn more.

When Harvey was nineteen years old and had finished his college course he set out for Italy. Perhaps he crossed the English Channel from his own home at Folkestone; with his younger brothers crowding on the quayside to

say farewell. We do not know whether his little boat was tossed in a gale or driven out of her course ; whether she was chased by pirates, or whether she had a fair crossing with a following wind filling her sails and the sunlight dancing on the waves. We do know that he arrived safely, and that he must have travelled on horseback southwards through France, drawing nearer day by day to the snow-covered peaks of the Alps, putting up at inns or monasteries at night, changing horses and setting out again next day.

At length he would take the road over the Alpine pass, the air growing clearer and sharper as he mounted higher. The snowfields above him gleamed in the sun. Perhaps he heard the roar of an avalanche, and saw for the first time the green waters of a glacier stream. At length he would reach the great plain of Lombardy—miles and miles of green fields and flat roads, along which the patient white oxen drew their loads in heavy wooden carts ; low ranges of hills covered with vine and olive or dark cypresses, with little towns of yellow or pink houses clinging to their sides ; and always, far away to the north and west, the great shadowy line of the snow-capped mountains.

The city to which he was going is called Padua. In those days it had strong walls all round it, and outside the walls flowed a winding river. Within were streets of stone houses painted pale brown or pink. The shops stood back under deep arcades which gave a grateful shade from the hot Italian sun. In the great squares of the town were beautiful palaces and churches, whose walls had been painted by great artists with lovely pictures in bright blue and gold and rosy pink.

Harvey must have wandered about those streets and churches with a strange delight ; the colour and the sunshine, the deep cool shadows, the great wide market-place piled with fruit, were so different from anything he had ever seen before. By-and-by he joined the class of a

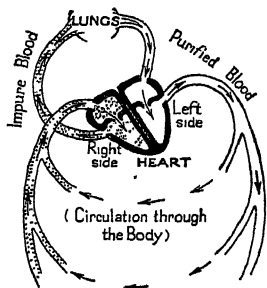
famous lecturer called Fabricius. The lecture-room was round, rather like a theatre. Its walls were lined with oak. Very little daylight filtered in. Numbers and numbers of men, young and old, sat round taking notes by candlelight. Harvey stayed in Padua for five years. At the end of that time he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and came home to London.

§ 3

In London Harvey was very busy. He was a doctor at the ancient hospital of St. Bartholomew, and he lectured to young men who were themselves learning to be doctors. His lectures were partly in Latin and partly in English. In 1618 he became doctor to King James I. He read Galen and he read Aristotle. Like everybody else, he thought their wisdom wonderful. Yet he was not quite sure whether Galen knew all that there was to be known about the veins and arteries. Strange thoughts passed through his mind when he felt his heart beat beneath his ribs, or the measured throb of the pulse in his wrist.

He began to study the veins and arteries and hearts of animals. After a time he became sure that the blood of an animal, and therefore of a human being, flows in a continuous stream away from the heart and back to the heart again. He set to work to write a book. It was written in Latin, which was still the language of learned men in all countries, and the means by which they could understand each other whatever language they spoke.

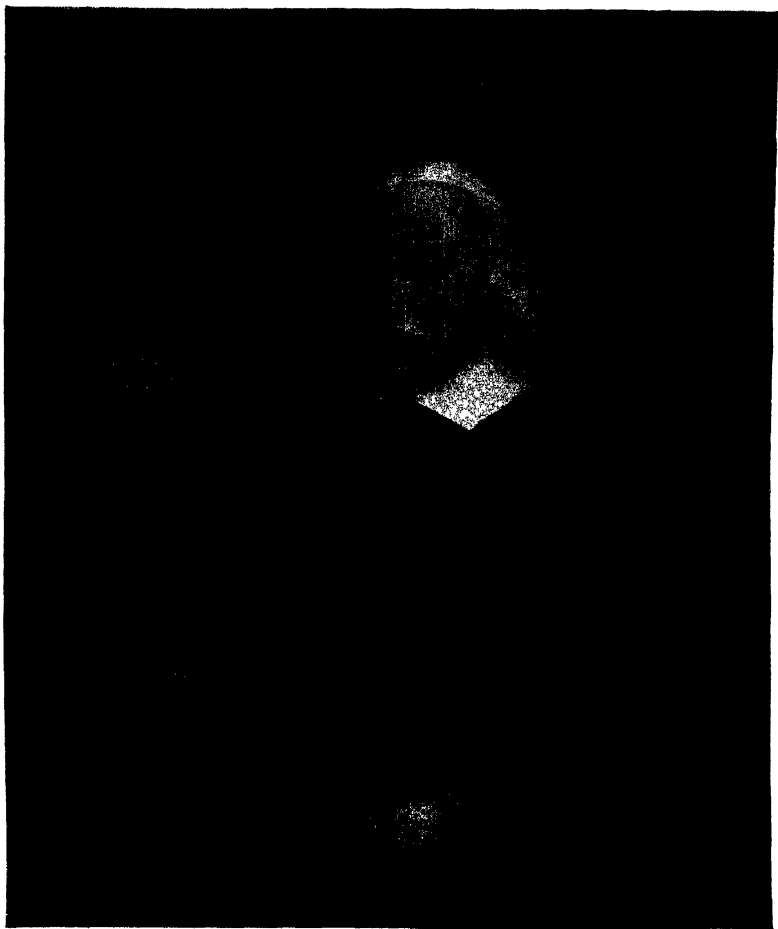
Men had known even before the days of Galen that



the heart has two parts separated by a wall, and that it expands and contracts regularly just as you feel the muscles of your forearm expand and contract when you open and close your fingers. Harvey proved that when the heart contracts it gets narrower but longer, and so beats against the wall of the chest. You can feel that regular beating if you put your hand against your ribs on the left side. Every time the heart contracts it forces the blood, which is in its left side, out into the arteries, through which it flows to all parts of the body.

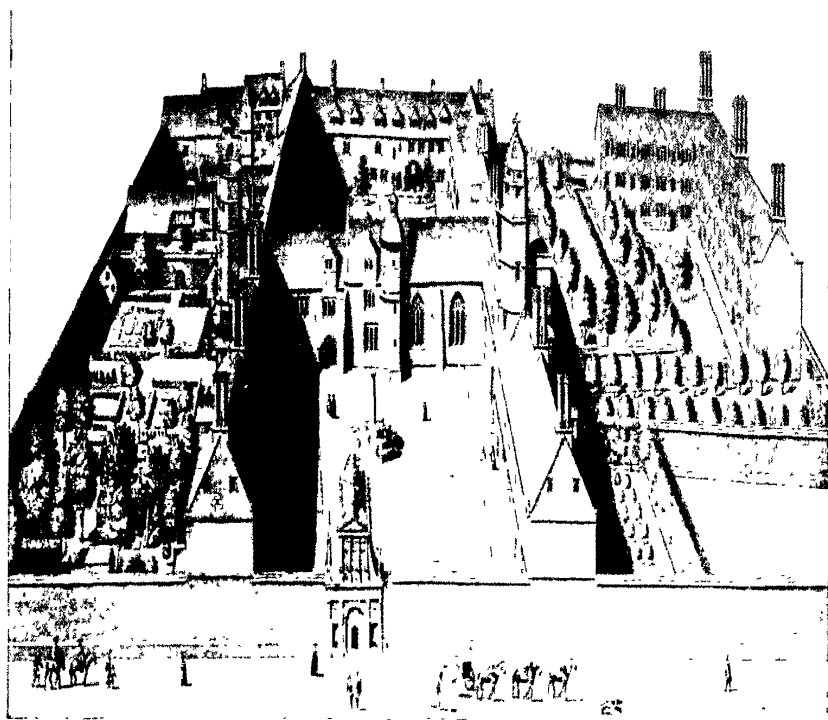
In the arteries are little valves or trap-doors which force the blood always on and on, but never let it come back towards the heart. When you put your fingers on your wrist you can feel the blood being forced along. By-and-by, when it has reached every part of the body, it finds its way, by a means which even Harvey did not discover, from the arteries to the veins. In the veins it is forced on in just the same way, but with less pressure, back towards the heart. From the veins it enters the right side of the heart. Thence it passes to the lungs, where it gets the oxygen to replace that which had been used up as it passed through the body. From the lungs it returns purified into the left side of the heart once more, and so the long journey begins again.

Many men who read Harvey's book did not believe that his description of the "circulation of the blood" was true, in spite of all the beautiful proofs which he gave. Little by little, however, more and more doctors began to believe that a great discovery had been made.

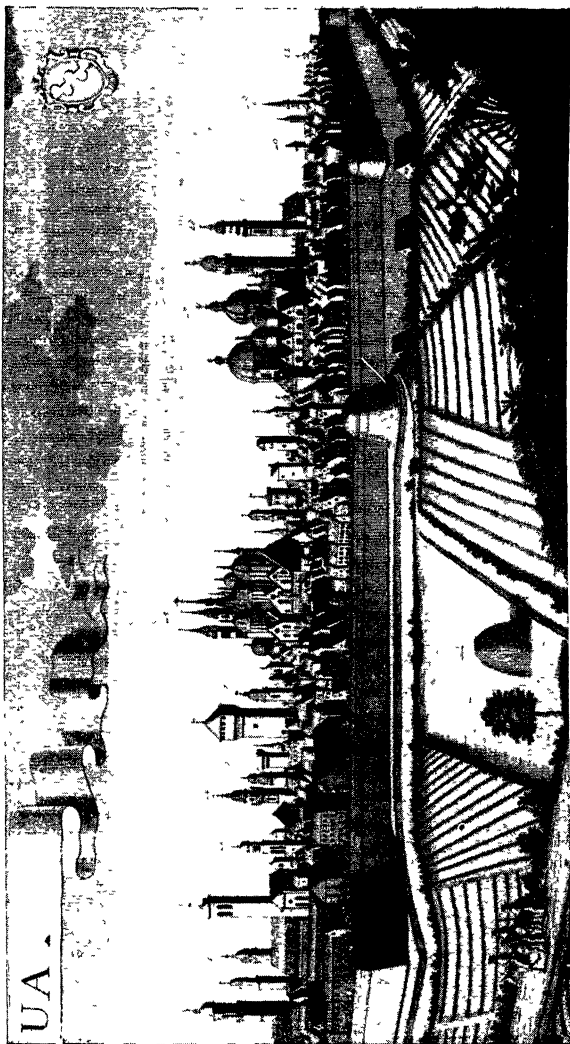


WILLIAM HARVEY.

(From the painting by an unknown artist in the National Portrait Gallery.)



Here is an old picture of Caius (pronounce *Key's*) College at Cambridge. It shows the great gate, the quadrangle, the master's house, the lecture halls and students' rooms and the College garden.



This is part of an old picture of Padua, the Italian city about which you read on page 74. It shows you the strong city wall, the winding river, the palaces and the churches, as well as the tilled fields and the farm buildings just outside the city wall.

A
View
of
Delft.
—
Ver-
meer



This is the Dutch town from which the Pilgrim Fathers set sail when they left Holland to go across the Atlantic.

8. THE PILGRIM FATHERS

§ 1

TRY to imagine that it is a summer Sunday evening in the country. The sun is low in the sky. The shadows are long. The cows have been milked. The shepherd's dog is basking in the last warm light. The bells from the church tower begin to ring lazily. Here and there a cottage door opens. Fathers, mothers, and children come out. Some climb the road towards the church. Others turn in the opposite direction towards the chapel. Others go out into the fields. All are free to choose whether they will go to church or to chapel, or whether they will not go to either. In this matter we are all free to-day to do what we think right or have been taught to do.

But this was not always so. You know that for hundreds and hundreds of years all the people in England and France and Germany and all the countries of Europe had belonged to one great Church. Its chief bishop was the Pope, or Bishop of Rome. If an Englishman in those days went into any church in France, he would hear much the same service as he had been used to in England. Perhaps he would not understand many of the words, because they were in Latin, but he would have been taught to know the general meaning of what the priest was saying as he watched him move and kneel or stand before the altar.

But when men began to have English or French or German Bibles of their own, some of them thought that the priests were not teaching true things. Others found

the lights and pictures, the images of saints and the music in the churches distracted them when they tried to pray. They wanted plainer churches, and services without choirs and organs. They did not like the priests to wear richly embroidered clothes, or vestments as they are called. Others, again, did not want to use prayers from a book at all. They thought any one should be allowed to stand up and pray or read or preach just as God put it into his heart and mind at the moment.

You will see that to satisfy all these people there would have to be, as there are to-day, many different kinds of churches. But in those days no one thought such a thing possible. Each group of people was sure that their way was the one that really pleased God. Thus they all wanted to force other people to do as they did themselves. They had not yet learned what is called "toleration."

Queen Elizabeth thought that she and her Parliament should decide what kind of church English people were to attend. They passed a law which said that every one must go to the church, which we now call the Church of England. The clergy were to use the English Prayer Book, which was very much as it is to-day. In the churches there were not to be so many images or lights or vestments as there were in the old churches before the reign of Henry VIII. On the other hand, they were not to be as plain as some people wanted. No one was to preach or read the services unless he was a clergyman.

The Catholics, who still obeyed the Pope, and who believed that nothing could be too beautiful for the service of God, were very sad. So were the people who did not want to use the Prayer Book—the Puritans, men were beginning to call them. Both Catholics and Puritans began to hold services of their own secretly, the Catholics in secret rooms of castles and manor-houses, the Puritans in barns or even in the fields and woods. If the Queen's servants caught them they were fined large sums of money. Sometimes they could not pay, and were sent to prison.

§ 2

When Elizabeth died and King James of Scotland became king also of England, the Catholics hoped he would let them do as they thought right. His mother had been a Catholic—"Surely," said the Catholics, "for her sake he will let us do what we believe to be right." But he had been brought up in Scotland by Puritans. "Surely," said the Puritans, "he will do as he has been taught is pleasing to God, and worship plainly as we do." But Catholics and Puritans were both disappointed. James I. made the law as strict as it had been in Elizabeth's time.

In the grey stone villages of Central and Eastern England there were many Puritans. They would not go to church. They thought it wrong. Every Sunday they would meet in some barn or byre to preach and pray and read the Bible. Hunted from these by the constables or soldiers, they went to some lonely stretch of moorland. There, under the soft grey sky of the north, they knelt upon the purple heather and prayed and wept while the curlews and the peewits called around them. But even here they were not safe. One day the justice's men would find them. Then there were bitter partings. Fathers were hauled to prison, and mothers and children went home to their lonely cottages, not knowing how they were to live.

At last some of these Puritan people decided to go and live across the sea in Holland. The Dutch people worshipped God in the simple way the Puritans thought right.

So they left their English homes, and the soft green fells and purple moors, and the brown rivers chattering on the stones. They left the lovely meadows starred with purple pansies and golden hawkweed, and the hedgerows

where the late wild roses hung above the tall spikes of blue campanula. They left their friends and their farms and their cattle, because they thought that only by doing so could they please God.

They were not happy in Holland. The Dutch folk in their city of Leyden were very kind. But they spoke a different language. Their houses were differently built. There were no great open hearths in Holland, with the peat fire burning summer and winter, night and day. These English men and women wanted a country of their own. They determined on a bold venture.

Since the days of Columbus and of Hawkins some Englishmen had gone to live in the great unexplored continent of North America. They had called their new home **Virginia**. It was a warm and pleasant land. They had built houses not unlike English country houses. It was so warm that Englishmen felt happily lazy there. They found it hard to work. So they bought numbers of the poor black Africans, whom Hawkins and those who followed after him carried off from their native land to America. These poor creatures came from a hot land, and loved the sun. So, while the Englishmen and their wives fished and hawked and played cards and danced and dined, the negroes cooked for them, and toiled in their fields, and grew the tobacco plants and rice which made the Englishmen rich.

§ 3

The Puritans from Holland persuaded these Virginians to grant them some land where they might make a new country of their own. Here they thought they could worship God in the way they believed was pleasing to Him, and yet live in the way they had been used to at home. They thought they would make a **New England** across the sea.

On the 5th of August 1620 two little sailing ships were

anchored in Southampton Water. They were called the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*. A little procession of men, women, and children, one hundred and twenty in all, wended their way through the narrow streets of the town down to the little stone quay.

The water here was calm and still. But when the ships got out into the open sea the *Speedwell* was soon in trouble and had to put back into port. At the second attempt the little ships got as far as Plymouth. Again the *Speedwell* made signals of distress. She had to make for harbour as quickly as she could. Her passengers were disembarked. The shipwrights overhauled her, but she was past repair.

Twenty of her passengers had lost courage, but the rest were put on board the *Mayflower*. On the 6th of September the little boat, now crowded with men, women, and children, set sail once more. The land fell away behind her. She was alone—a frail and tiny sailing ship of only one hundred tons—in the midst of the Atlantic.

The great steamers which carry people to America to-day can make the whole journey in a week, but in 1620 it took many weeks. Because the *Speedwell* had broken down the pilgrims had set out a month later than they intended. All through September and October the sailors toiled at ropes and sails. Sometimes they were almost becalmed ; sometimes the little boat was buffeted by contrary winds ; sometimes she rose like a cork on the crest of great waves, only to sink down the next moment into their green trough ; sometimes they burst over her bows with a deafening noise, her decks were swamped with water, which slid away, leaving behind it flakes of whitish yellow foam. With November came gales she could not face. She ran north before them.

Thus instead of landing in Virginia, these pilgrims in search of a home were driven upon a shore much farther to the north, where no Europeans had yet come to live.

They could not go back now. Winter was upon them. The *Mayflower* could not face further storms. Yet their hearts must have sunk. Before them lay an unknown land. Apart from their ship they had neither shelter nor food. It was bitterly cold. They cast anchor in the best harbour they could find. A little party went ashore in the ship's boat. They landed on a great rock. A hill rising above the harbour gave some shelter from the wind. There were forests not far away. Soon the ringing sound of axes broke the vast silence, and startled the Red Indians and the bears lurking in the woods. Between the rock and the hill the pilgrims began to build their first little wooden houses. They called their new home New Plymouth, and the first little street Leyden Street after the kindly Dutch city which had sheltered and befriended them.

It was a terrible winter. There was ice and snow and bitter cold. The men could not build houses quickly enough to keep themselves and their families warm. Men and women and children sickened and died. Those that were left feared lest the Indians should find out how few they were, and fall upon and kill them. They had to plough through the snow to trap and hunt deer, and perhaps even bears, for food.

At length spring came. The snow melted, the rivers and the streams thawed. The woods were full of birds they had never seen before—the catbird, the bobolink, and the vesper sparrow. Grey and red squirrels chattered and scolded as they leapt from tree to tree. The earth began to grow warm beneath the sun. They cut down trees and grubbed up roots. They ploughed the untouched soil. They sowed their first corn. They built a fort to protect themselves against the Indians, and this they used also as their first church.

A New England was born. These **Pilgrim Fathers** who had made her were grave, hard-working men. Unlike the Virginians, they had no slaves. They had to

bear great cold and great heat. Their soil was poor. They could not grow tobacco or rice. But they had found what they had come for—a land where they could worship God in the way they thought right, and where they could bring up their children to love and know the splendid stories of the Bible, to be as trustful as Abraham, as faithful and honest as Joseph, as obedient as the child Samuel, as fearless as the prophet Elijah.



THE "MAYFLOWER" BARN.

(From a wood engraving by Wilfred G. Bligh.)

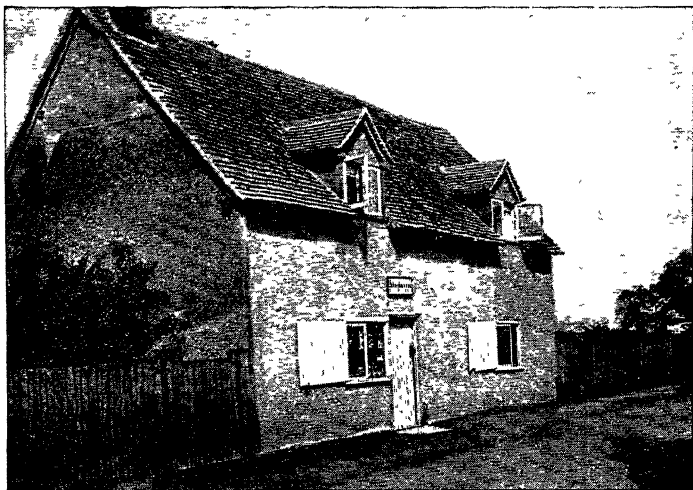
This barn is at Old Jordans Farm, near the Jordans Meeting-House shown on pages 112 and 178, and its timbers are said to have been taken from the *Mayflower*. The vessel was broken up in 1624, and the barn was built shortly afterwards.

9. JOHN BUNYAN

§ I

WHEN James I. was king of England there were not nearly so many shops in towns and villages as there are to-day. It was so difficult to buy things, that people were very careful of their possessions, and made them last as long as possible. When a kettle or a saucepan had a hole in it the good housewife put it away on a shelf until the day when the tinker came round. When she heard his cry coming up the village street, "Any pots to mend, any pots to mend?" she would go to the cottage door and call him. But she and all her neighbours were careful while he was about the village. Tinkers were useful people, but some of them were not above stealing a good fat hen or a sitting of eggs. If they were caught, the constable could take them up to Mr. Justice Swallow at the Manor House, and the good justice would order a whipping or twenty-four hours in the stocks. But they were sly fellows, and often slunk off unnoticed. Sometimes they had violent ways, too, and would give a man a nasty blow if he angered them.

The good folk of the village of Elstow, just outside Bedford, were fortunate. They had a tinker who lived in a cottage in the village instead of wandering always from place to place. His name was Thomas Bunyan. He was an honest man. He and his forefathers before him had lived for hundreds of years in those parts. The children liked to watch the glow of his little forge and hear the soft tap of his tools as he patched and made :



✧

The top picture shows John Bunyan's birthplace at Elstow. The other shows the title-page of the old story-book which Bunyan loved as a boy. You can see it is a story of adventure.

✧



JOHN BUNYAN.

“ Pots and pans,
And kettles and cans,
And everything of the kind-o ! ”

Thomas had a little son called John. He went to the village school and learned to read and write. On holidays he joined the other boys and girls and danced jigs or reels or Morris dances, or played tipcat round the market cross on the green or in the big room above the Morthall. Sometimes the sexton would allow him to go with the bell-ringers to the belfry and help to ring the bells. Gripping the fourth rope with his two hands, his foot firmly in the loop, he waited to come in at the right moment. When the word “ Change ” came he must be ready to fall into the new rhythm.

Some one had given or lent him a book, the *History of Sir Bevis of Southampton*. When he could he got away into a quiet corner of the house or found a shady corner beneath the great elms beyond the village. There he would lie for hours slowly spelling out the printed words, lost in what seemed to him the most wonderful romance.

§ 2

There were many folk in the villages round Bedford in those days who were Puritans. All their heart was set upon serving God in the simplest possible way. They felt that candles on the altar of a church, and the pictures painted on walls and windows, the rich robes of the priest, the sweet chanting of the choir, the pealing of the bells on summer Sundays distracted them from their prayers. They tried to do away with all these things.

In some places they whitewashed the walls of the churches and broke the jewel-like glass in the windows. Some of them sometimes preached and prayed in the churches although they were not clergy. They did not

like the set prayers in the Prayer Book. They began to teach people to wear plain clothes—grey or brown coats and plain white collars, and not to curl their hair or to wear lace or feathers. Some of them were content to live and worship in this simple way themselves, and to leave others to follow their own consciences ; but others among them thought that what was right for themselves must be right for every one.

When they saw the boys and girls dancing on the green on May morning, or leaping round the bonfires on St. John's Eve, when the strolling players, the bear-ward, or the man who could swallow a sword and balance a pole on the end of his nose came to the village, these Puritans would not come out to watch and laugh, or allow their children or even servants to come. They would rather put up their shutters and sit in a darkened room reading the most terrible chapter of the Old Testament prophets by the light of a candle. The next Sunday in church one or other of them would get up and tell of the terrible punishment which would befall all people who cared for follies and vanities.

When young John Bunyan heard such words as these he was filled with terror. He felt sure they were true. It seemed to him that it was wicked to love dancing and bell-ringing, and his beloved story of Sir Bevis. Sometimes at night, when the candles were put out and the fire burned low on the hearth, he would wake up cold with terror. He had dreamed that terrible fiends had come to carry him off to hell. Poor John ! There was no one to comfort him, or to remind him that the New Testament teaches that God is love.

When the morning came and the light began to creep in through the chinks between the shutters, he would get up, very glad that his dream had not come true, and quite determined that henceforth he would live soberly like a true Puritan. A few days later he would see his beloved book, and just take one peep at it, or would meet some

of his friends with sticks in hand, off to play tipcat. His dreams forgotten, he would soon be lost again in games or story.

§ 3

So the years passed. John Bunyan was growing up. Grave news began to reach the village inn or to pass from lip to lip on fair or market days. Men said King James's son, King Charles, was trying to force men to have candles and church bells, to use the Prayer Book prayers, and have sermons only from clergymen. The quarrel between him and his people was becoming so bitter that there was grave fear that it could only be settled by fighting.

Later came news that fighting had begun, and in 1645 young Bunyan himself went off to join the Puritan army and fought against the king. Some of the men in that army had joined it because they had no way of earning a living. They loafed about in the village inns, and sang vulgar songs round the camp fire at night. Others hated fighting. They were in the army because they thought it was the only way to save the things they believed in. They carried Bibles in their pockets. When the idlers sang drinking songs they sang Psalms. On Sundays they preached stirring sermons to any one who would listen.

Bunyan was thrilled by their words. He could see in his mind the Heavenly City, with its walls of precious stones encircling the waters of a shining river—the River of Life. He thought it lay somewhere far beyond blue hills such as he had seen in the distance at some point on the march. He dreamed that some day he would travel thither. He pictured the dangers and difficulties of the way—the roughness of the road, the possible lines in the path, the guides who might misdirect him.

After a year of camping and marching Bunyan came

back to Bedford, and went on with his father's trade of tinkering. There was a girl now whose gentle ways attracted him. In 1648 they were married. She had little to bring with her to their home except some old books of sermons. These she read to her husband. As he listened to them it seemed to him, more than ever, that he was a terrible sinner. He had gone back to bell-ringing and playing tipcat and dancing on the green. All his old fears came back. For months he was terrified, and no one seemed able to help him. Sometimes on Sundays he would tramp into Bedford and join the sober citizens who went in their quiet Puritan clothes to the afternoon sermon in St. John's Church. The preacher there was Mr. Gilbert. Some of the things he said began to comfort Bunyan. More and more there slid into his soul a sense of the loving mercy of God.

When he came home to his cottage, his wife and his tiny children, gathered round the table, saw his face changed. There began to be a look of happiness in his eyes. One day they packed up their few chairs and chests and tables on a cart and moved to Bedford. There Bunyan began to preach. He had four little children now. They were all dear to him, but the dearest of all was a little blind daughter. In two years their mother died.

§ 4

Bunyan was very busy now. He had to carry on his trade as tinker, he had to see after the house and the children, and in every spare moment that was left he preached: people flocked to hear him. He could speak in a way that made pictures in people's minds. He could make strong men tremble and weep at the thought of their sins. Then again he could fill them with comfort at the thought of the love and forgiveness of God.

All this time the Puritans had been ruling in England.

Their army had defeated King Charles, and he had been put to death. His son, who was also called Charles, had escaped across the sea. Now in the year 1660 he came back. With him returned all the squires and parsons who had gone into exile with him. There were such rejoicings in London as had not been seen for many a long day. People began to wear silk coats and fine lace, and allow their hair to hang in long curls once more. The church bells pealed, the parson wore a white surplice in church, and read the service from the Prayer Book.

By-and-by Parliament said that only clergymen were to preach. What was Bunyan to do? He thought God had saved and cared for him specially in order that he might preach. Yet he knew that if he went on he might be thrown into prison. What then would happen to his four children? Who would dress and feed them? He feared they might have to beg for their living from door to door. In spite of this he went on with his sermons.

One November day, while he was preaching in the house of a friend, the tramp of heavy feet was heard outside. The doors were thrown open, and constables thrust their way in. They seized Bunyan. He was brought before Mr. Justice Wingate and was tried, and because he would not promise to give up preaching, he was carried off to gaol. There he lay in a damp, cheerless cell for the best part of twelve years.

Many people were kind to him because they were sorry for him. He was so simple and honest that they liked him. Time and again his prison doors were thrown open, and he was taken before a magistrate, who would try to persuade him to promise to give up preaching. Sometimes they laughed at him, telling him he was too foolish and ignorant to be a preacher; sometimes they pitied him, and said that if only he would promise they would give him all kinds of good things; sometimes they

were angry, and said that if he would not promise he should be driven out of the country to some strange land, where he would be friendless and penniless. Bunyan only smiled. "If you let me out to-day," he said, "I will preach again to-morrow."

§ 5

So the years passed. His children were allowed to visit him. He watched them grow to be boys and girls, young men and women. He could not earn money for them as a tinker in prison, but he began to make long-tagged laces, such as ladies used to lace up their bodices, and gentlemen for their high boots or their riding breeches.

Pedlars came to the prison from time to time and bought the laces from him, and then hawked them about the villages from house to house, or sold them in the market square on market day. He had two books, one of which was the Bible, and the other *The Book of Martyrs*. The latter told the stories of all the people who had been thrown into prison and put to a horrible death for being Puritans in the days of Queen Mary. He read and re-read these two books. He knew most of the Bible by heart, and was allowed to preach to his fellow prisoners on Sundays.

He was next allowed to have paper and pen, and he began to write books himself. In the long, lonely hours as he sat making laces, his mind was full of how men, however sinful they are, may find their way to God. He remembered all the fears he had felt when he was a boy and young man. They seemed to him to be like grinning hobgoblins and fearful storms. But now that, as he said, he had set out on his journey to the Heavenly City they lost all power to frighten him. The Christian, he thought, was like a pilgrim journeying towards the Promised Land.

He wrote some verses about this :

“ Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound ;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him affright,
He'll with a giant fight ;
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away ;
He'll not fear what men say ;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.”

He was utterly happy in the certainty that some day he would arrive in that fair city.

“ Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage ;
Here little, and hereafter bliss
Is best from age to age.”

But perhaps the greatest thing that he wrote was a story which boys and girls and grown-up people too have loved to read ever since his day. It is called *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and describes how a man called Christian left his family and friends and set out to find the Heavenly City. He carried a heavy bundle on his back—the bundle of all his sins. On the road he had endless adventures.

He was nearly lost in a great marsh called the Slough of Despond. He came to Doubting Castle, was cast into prison by the giant who owned it, and with difficulty escaped.

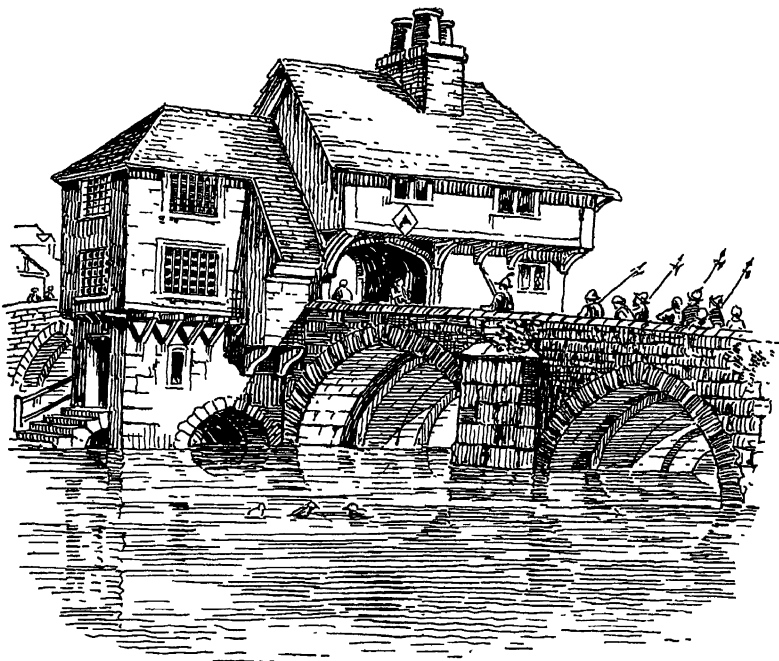
Other pilgrims who had set out with him were faint-hearted and turned back. Yet he triumphed over all difficulties. His heavy burden tumbled off his back, and he came at length to the city of his desire.

In the meantime Bunyan had been let out of prison, and was allowed to preach again. People who were in trouble came to him for comfort. Some one came and told him of a terrible quarrel between a father and son. The father was living many miles away in Reading. Bunyan rode off to beg him to forgive his boy. On his return heavy rain fell, and he was so wet and cold that he stopped at the house of a friend of his—a grocer who had a shop in London. There he fell ill and died. He had come to the end of his pilgrimage.

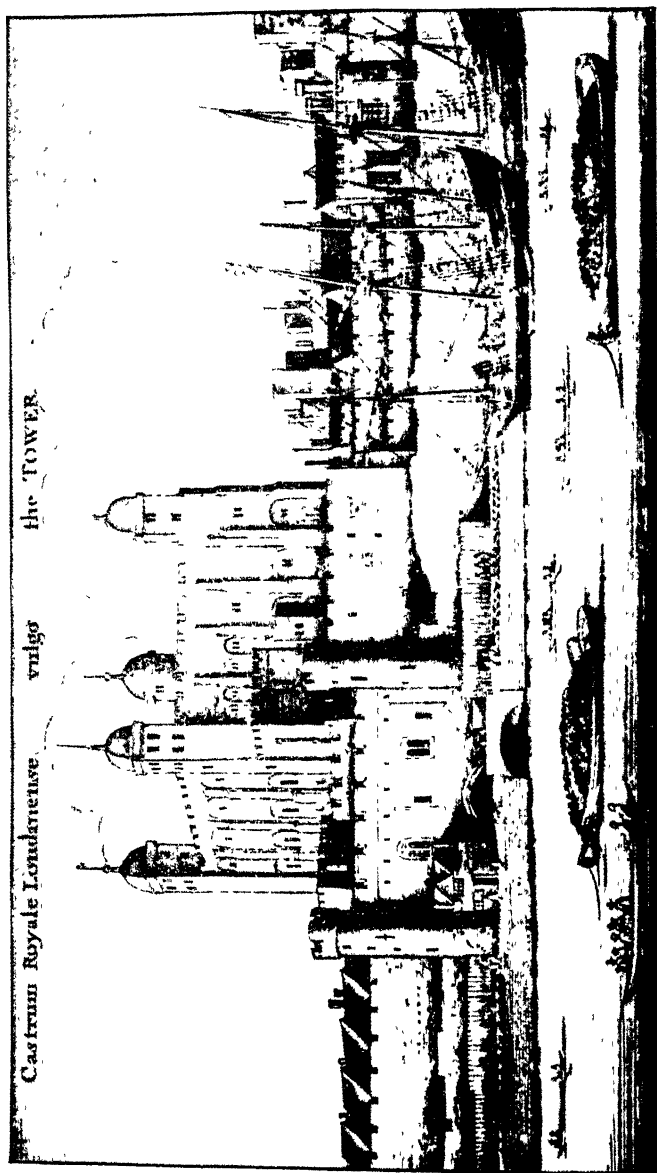
Beside one of the noisiest of London streets lies a green place of grass and trees. It is called Bunhill Burying Ground. There amongst the worn stones you may find one which marks Bunyan's grave; but in Elstow and in Bedford men have delighted to honour the tinker's memory.



JOHN BUNYAN'S MEETING-HOUSE IN SOUTHWARK

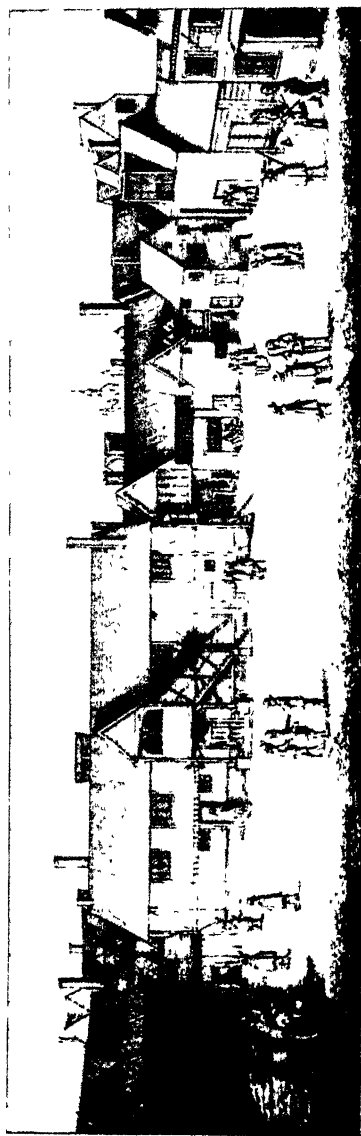


- (1) BEDFORD GAOL IN BUNYAN'S TIME.
 (2) BUNYAN'S STATUE AT BEDFORD.



THE TOWER OF LONDON AND THE RIVER THAMES IN BUNYAN'S TIME.

Old St. Paul's, which was destroyed in the Great Fire of London in 1666 while Bunyan was in prison.



Two Views of the Courtyard of Arundel House, one of the great noblemen's palaces which stood on the banks of the Thames in the time of William Penn.

10. WILLIAM PENN

§ 1

IN the autumn of the year 1644 a tiny baby lay in a wooden cradle with wooden rockers in a bedroom of a London house. It was a comfortable room, as bedrooms went in those days. The walls were hung with tapestry whose colours glowed, softly mellowed by time. There was a big four-poster bed in which the baby's mother slept, and chests and presses in which her clothes were laid—linens and brocades, dimities and sarcenets—all stowed away with sprigs of lavender between them.

The autumn sun slanted through the tiny lead-framed window-panes. Outside passers-by clattered over the cobbled street, and the voices of the watermen sounded from the barges on the Thames hard by.

The house belonged to the baby's father, Admiral Sir William Penn. It stood on Tower Hill. Not many yards away, the grim fortress of William the Conqueror's Tower looked down over the waters of the Thames.

Where now grimy warehouses front the river, there stood in those days the pleasant houses of admirals and other gentlemen, with flights of steps leading to the water's edge. Here you could hire a barge to carry you down the river to Greenwich, or up towards the city of Westminster, past the great houses which flanked the Strand, and past the Palace of Whitehall, and the Parliament House.

Inside the city walls the houses stood huddled together in narrow streets. Some of them were built of brick or

stone, but most of them had walls of black carved timber with cream-coloured plaster in between, and the upper stories jutting out above the lower ones.

The shops had small bow windows or none at all. If you wanted to see the goods that were for sale, the sober cloths and rich brocades, the spices and mercery, the tobacco from the Virginian plantations, or the printed books, you must pass the apprentice boys lounging in the doorway and go inside. There the master of the shop stood behind his counter ready to serve you with his best.

But men had little time or heart for shopping in those days. A terrible quarrel had broken out in England. Some men were angry with the king, Charles I., partly because they said he was making them pay unjust taxes, but still more because, like his father James I., he was trying to force them to worship God in a way they thought wrong. These men, you remember, were called Puritans.

Then there were other people who said that whatever King Charles did, he was their king. He had a right to rule his country as he thought best. They did not like paying taxes. They did not care very much for bishops, or the Prayer Book, or for lights and vestments in the churches, but the king was the king. They loved him, and must be loyal to him.

Two years before little William Penn was born the quarrel had become so desperate that men had begun to fight. It was a sad time for England. In some families brother was fighting against brother, and father against son. Sisters, wives, and daughters, waiting at home for news, felt their hearts torn in two. In the end the Puritans won. They captured the king and beheaded him, and Oliver Cromwell, the greatest of the Puritan generals, ruled England. He would not be called king, but he let men call him Lord Protector of England.

§ 2

In the meantime Lady Penn had taken her little boy, who had been christened William after his father, to live in the country in Essex.

He was a sturdy fellow, fond of games and full of jokes. Every day, as soon as he was old enough, he trudged to the grammar school in the little town of Chigwell. Here, sitting on the long forms with other boys of his own age, he learnt mainly Greek and Latin, as boys did in those days. He liked lessons as well as games. He liked, too, the stories from the great Bible which were read aloud in church on Sundays. He often thought about these, and about God who had led the children of Israel out of Egypt, had carried Elijah to heaven in a chariot of fire, and had called Saul of Tarsus from persecuting the Christians to be an apostle of Christ. Some of the things which he was taught about God in school and in church seemed to young William stern and strange. He was sure that God was a loving God.

One day, when he was about twelve years old, he was sitting alone in his little bedroom when he felt the whole room full of light—a light far more glorious than the brightest sunshine. In his heart too there welled up a sense of utter comfort and of joy. He thought God was present there with him. His heart was filled with love and awe.

William's father was not one of those who cared very much who ruled in England. He was a sailor, sworn to serve his country against enemies from overseas. He did not even mind very much what kind of services there were in church. He was willing to listen to any good man. He served faithfully under King Charles. When Cromwell ruled he fought so gallantly at sea that Parliament rewarded him with the gift of a lovely home in Ireland.

But when the Protector died, he hurried across the sea to Holland, where young Prince Charles was in exile, and promised to serve him.

He hoped his son would do the same. He was proud of the boy, and as soon as he was sixteen years old he sent him to Oxford. There he hoped he would learn to be an accomplished gentleman. Perhaps he would make him a lawyer, and he might become Lord Chancellor of England, the greatest lawyer in the land.

Young William loved the life in Oxford. He learnt to fence and to ride. He made many friends. He was merry and gay, though he studied hard too. At prayers in his college chapel he still sometimes had that feeling that God was near him. He loved to kneel there in the sober clothes of a Puritan.

By-and-by he came to know some people who called themselves Friends. They were very gentle and quiet in their manners. They read in their Bibles that Jesus had said "Resist not evil." They believed this meant that when men insult or injure us we must not quarrel, and, above all, we must not fight. So in those days, when all other gentlemen wore swords, they carried none. They told William that if we would but be quiet and listen, we could often feel the sense of the presence of God in our hearts. They called this the Inner Light. When they met together for worship, instead of beginning at once to read or pray or preach as other men did, they sat in quiet silence, waiting to hear God's word inwardly in their hearts. This gave William a deep feeling of peace and joy.

§ 3

The new king, Charles II., did not like the Puritans and their ways; still less did he like the Friends, or Quakers as men called them in mockery. He sent an order to Oxford that all the students were to wear white surplices

in chapel. William and his friends were very angry. They felt that not even the king had the right to force them to do what they thought wrong, so they disobeyed the order.

The heads of their colleges were stern. They said that the young men must either obey or leave Oxford. It was very hard to be told to leave that lovely city—all its fun and all the delights of friendship; but William was determined. Proudly he packed his clothes and books and rode home to London. His father was angry with him. He told him he must give up being friends with the Quakers, but William refused to do so. The admiral beat him, and turned him out of the house. Poor Lady Penn wept to hear what had happened. She pleaded with her husband, and persuaded him to forgive his son.

And now Sir William tried another plan. He had some fashionable friends who were going to stay in Paris. He asked them to take William with them. He thought that to be with men with curled and scented hair, and ladies with languishing eyes and exquisite dresses of velvet and lace, would make the young man ashamed of his sober clothes and plain cuffs and collars. He thought in that gay city he would soon begin again to fence and dance, and that instead of talking and moving in the sober and gentle manner of the Quakers, he would pick up the fashionable manners and affected speech of the day.

He was partly right. William was away in France and Italy for two years. When he came back to London he went to call on his father's friend, Mr. Samuel Pepys, at his house in Seething Lane. Mr. Pepys was out, but his wife was at home. She and her husband were not Puritans. They loved to go to a good play, which Puritans would not do. Mr. Pepys, too, wore his hair in ringlets, after the fashion of the court. But when he opened his front door that evening and went up to his wife's sitting-room, she had a sad tale to tell.

"La, Samuel!" cried she, "Sir William's son is

back, a most modish (that is, fashionable) person grown, quite the fine gentleman. Indeed, sir, he has a great deal, if not too much of the vanity of the French garb and affected manner of speech and gait."

But young Penn soon returned to his old friends and ways. He determined that he would become a Quaker. He gave up wearing a sword. Twice he was put into prison for preaching. And now his father was becoming an old man. He no longer fretted because of his son's serious ways. He saw that he must be very sure that his way of life was pleasing to God, or he would never have borne the damp and darkness of a cell in Newgate so proudly and so cheerfully. The old admiral could recognize courage when he saw it. In old days he had needed courage himself to face pirates and shipwrecks and fierce sea fights. All kinds of true courage are in the long run the same. Courage always means that there is something not ourselves that we love better than ourselves. Sir William, as a young man, had risked his life for the sake of his country. At length he understood his son, who was willing to risk his life for God's sake and his conscience. So, before the old man died, the two were reconciled.

§ 4

Now it happened that King Charles II. had borrowed a large sum of money from Sir William Penn. After his death the debt must be paid to his son. Ever since he had been quite a young man, William had loved to hear stories about North America. He loved the courage which took men such as the Pilgrim Fathers across the stormy Atlantic in frail little ships. He felt it would be a wonderful and thrilling thing to go to that great unexplored country, with its vast forests and rivers, of which men as yet knew so little. He longed to see and make

friends with Red Indians. He asked the king to pay him his debt by granting him a great stretch of that country, which the English claimed, but where as yet only a few European people lived.

His request was granted. In 1682 he said good-bye to his wife and children, and sailed away.

His new country was a lonely one. There were forests of hickory and oak. In the autumn the maples turned crimson and gold in the woods. In the spring the lovely tulip tree bloomed, the crab-apples were covered with rose-coloured blossom, while best and loveliest of all was the wild white cherry—the queen and fairy of the woods. On the higher ground were resinous pine forests, and flitting from bough to bough in all the woods were birds innumerable, whose unfamiliar songs gladdened the Englishman's ears. Penn called this new land **Pennsylvania**, from his own name and the Latin word *sylvanus*, which means wooded.

In the great open spaces between the patches of woodland were the homes of Red Indians, tall and lovely creatures, lithe of limb, and with skins of the colour of bronze. Many of the English people who had come to America had driven the Indians away. It was no wonder that they came back from time to time and fought cruelly with the intruders, and sometimes scalped and killed their wives and children.

But because he was a Quaker, Penn was determined to live at peace with the Indians. The first thing he did was to pay them for the part of the land he wished to occupy. Then he went to meet them in council. He and his friends came by boat up the broad river. They were all unarmed, for they were Friends. At length a wonderful sight met their eyes. In an open space, by the banks of the river, under a great elm tree, the Indian chiefs had lit their council fires and stood waiting. They, too, had laid aside their weapons, the deadly tomahawks. As the boat carrying the Englishmen drew near, with Penn standing

at the helm, the greatest of the Indian chiefs put a chaplet on his head as a sign that he was king.

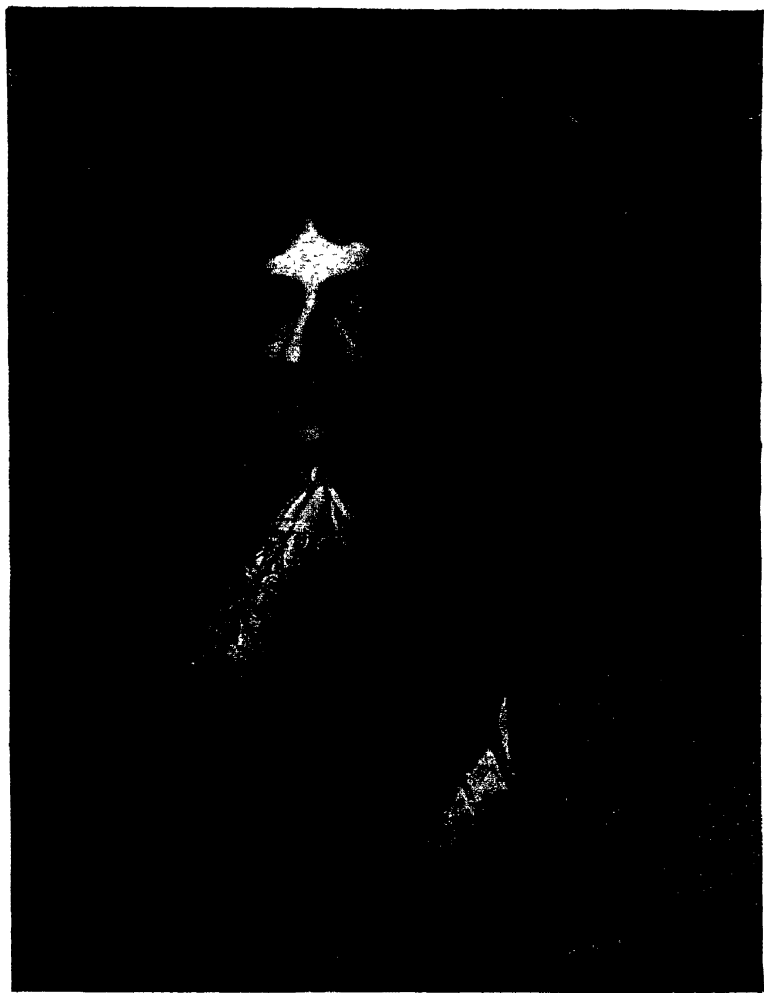
Now Penn began to speak. He is believed to have said something like this. "The Great Spirit rules in the heavens and the earth. He knows the inmost thoughts of men. He knows that we have come here with a hearty desire to live with you in peace. We use no hostile weapons against our enemies ; good faith and goodwill towards men are our defences."

Then they made a treaty which said : "We will be brethren, my people and your people, as the children of one Father. All the paths shall be open to the Christians and the Indians. The doors of the Christian shall be open to the Indian, and the wigwam of the Indian shall be open to the Christian."

In sign that they agreed to the treaty, the Indians gave Penn the belt of wampum, which is the Indian pledge of friendship. No writing was made between them, and no oaths were sworn, for Friends remembered the words of Jesus Christ : "Ye shall not swear at all . . . but let your yea be yea and your nay be nay." They believed that He meant that when we make the simplest promise we must keep it in spirit and in truth. It is just as solemn and binding as when we say "on our honour," or "honest Injun," or lay our hand on a Bible.

§ 5

Having made friends with the Indians, Penn returned to his own people. He and they began to build a city which they called Philadelphia, which means brotherly love. They made laws for themselves. One of these laws said that every one who believed in God was to be free in that country to worship Him as his conscience bade him. Another law said that all prisons were to be like workshops. The prisoners, instead of being confined



CHARLES II.

(From a painting by Mrs. Beale in the National Portrait Gallery.)



This is an outside view of Jordans, the Quaker meeting-house in Buckinghamshire. William Penn is buried in the field. You can see some of the simple gravestones to the left of the gate in the fence.

in damp and hideous cells with nothing to do, as Penn had been, were to be given work. And if they had work to do they must have light to see by and tools to work with. All children—rich and poor alike—as soon as they were twelve years old, were to be taught some trade whereby they might serve their fellows. You remember that in Virginia the Europeans had negro slaves to work for them. It was decided that in Pennsylvania no one was to keep slaves.

After two years Penn went back to England. There many troubles befell him, and it was a long time before he was able to return to the land which he called "my worldly delight, the end of all places upon earth." In the meantime those he had left behind had tried to live as he had wished. But they were forced to receive a new Governor instead of Penn. He wanted them to make preparations for war, but they refused to do so. When at last their founder was able to return to them, he found them prosperous and happy, and living at peace with their Indian neighbours.

Some day, perhaps, if you are travelling in Buckinghamshire, you may come across the quiet little Friends' Meeting House of Jordans. It stands in a sunny patch of garden ground, with beech woods behind it. If you push open the door and step inside, you will find a great quietness and peace. When you come out again into the sunshine remember that William Penn lies buried beneath the green grass only a few yards away.



II. LA SALLE

§ I

IN the time of Queen Elizabeth of England and King Philip of Spain, Englishmen and Spaniards were not the only people who visited America. If you look at a map of North America you will see the Isthmus of Panama and the country of Mexico and the State of Florida in the south. These warm lands the Spaniards claimed. North of them, along the coast, the English had made a little settlement in Virginia. Farther north still, in the reigns of James I. and Charles II., the Pilgrim Fathers and the followers of William Penn had made their homes. North of them again you will find on your map a great river named the St. Lawrence, near which Frenchmen had settled.

At first the French explorers had hoped, like Columbus, that if they sailed ever westwards they would at last reach Cathay and the lands of which Marco Polo had told. These hopes were disappointed, but they found a wonderful new country along the banks of the great river—forests where the Red Indian lurked, and where the bear and beaver could be hunted, so that their furs could be sold to line and trim the cloaks and dresses of the stately dames and courtiers of Paris and Versailles. Great lakes they found, too, whose waters teemed with fish, and the Indians told of still more lands, other lakes, and other rivers farther to the west.

The King of France, who was called Louis XIV., became interested in this new land. He sent shiploads of young men and women to make new homes for them—

selves there. They cut down the forests which lined the river banks. They built white wooden houses for themselves, facing the river and the midday sun. They cleared the forests behind, and grew corn on the virgin soil. They built the town of Quebec on a rocky height overlooking the wide waters of the river.

Priests, too, came out from France and built churches in the villages. As in France, so in the new country, the priest and the seigneur, or lord of the manor, were like fathers to the villagers. The peasant people obeyed and honoured them.

Some there were, however, who despised this peaceful farming life. The unknown lands of the west, the lakes, the rivers, the shy Indian trappers, called to them. They left the white wood villages and the fertile corn lands and followed on where the river led.

Some of these adventurers were young men, who went hunting and trapping the wild beasts in the forest for their furs; others were priests, who wanted to make friends with the Indians and persuade them, if they could, to become Christians. Unafraid, these pioneers entered the Indian villages, crouched round the fire and smoked the peace pipe, watched the wild Indian dances, gave and received presents, and made friends, friends who could guide them ever farther into the heart of the unknown country.

§ 2

It was in the year 1666, six years after King Charles II. had come home to England, that René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, left France and came to live in this new land of Canada. At home in France he had been a young schoolmaster, but he was tired of teaching boys. His brother, who was a priest, had already gone to Canada, and was living in the little French town of Montreal, beside the river St. Lawrence.

When, after the weary months of crossing the Atlantic in a sailing boat, La Salle at length saw the coast and the wide mouth of the river—looking like some vast bay whose shores he could only dimly see on either side of him, his heart must have beat high with joy. His brother's friends gave him some land eight miles up the river from Montreal. René and his friends began to cut down the forest. They built log huts for themselves, roofed with wooden shingles. They set up a stockade all round to keep out bears or Indians. But they were too restless and full of the love of adventure to settle down to grow corn. They went out making friends with Indians and hunters. They bought furs from them and sent them home.

But René was still restless. What lay beyond? Surely, surely there was some westward way to China? He learnt the language of the Indians who lived about his little settlement. He asked them questions. They told him of a great river, which they called the Ohio. They said it flowed westward out of one of the great lakes. La Salle was sure that it must flow at length into the Golden Sea, the Pacific of Drake's dream. He longed to explore it.

Morning, noon, and night he talked of how he would find the way by this river to China. His friends scoffed. They called his little settlement La Chine, which is French for China, in mockery of his mad schemes. But La Salle was not daunted by their laughter. He sold his little settlement, and with the money bought the provisions and the canoes he needed. Some Frenchmen determined to go with him. One of these was a priest, who dreamed of taking the Gospel story to the Great Khan of Cathay.

Launching their little canoes, they paddled westwards day after day towards the setting sun. At length one day the river opened out into a vast sheet of water, so wide that as they came out into it they could not see from

bank to bank. Here and there were islands, jutting capes, and little bays. Day after day they paddled onwards until they reached the mouth of a river. Here they met a friendly Indian, who offered to guide them to his own village. As they passed the head of another great river they heard, far off, a tremendous and continuous thundering sound. The guide told them it was the voice of the mighty waters hurling themselves down from a great height.

It was indeed. The river was the Niagara. The voice they heard there for the first time was the roaring of Niagara Falls. When they came to the Indian village at the head of the lake they met another Frenchman already there before them. He showed them a map which he had made of the shores of the great lakes. He showed them the outlets of wide rivers, flowing, not westward as the Indians had said, but southward. La Salle gazed and pondered—a new thought was beginning to dawn in his mind. Nevertheless, for the time being he went on in search of his westward way.

§ 3

But now the priest who had gone with him so far bade La Salle farewell. He would not seek further for China. The Indians were nearer at hand. He would stay and preach the Gospel to them.

With the little band of friends who were left to him La Salle pushed on. He found another great river which flowed westward. Now paddling, now carrying their canoes through the forest, they passed on. Indians peered out from their wigwams, sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile. At times the enveloping silence was only broken by the sound of their own footsteps or the plash of their canoe paddles. Sometimes the forest seemed alive with the cries of strange birds, or the crack-

ling of boughs and the sound of stealthy footsteps, whether of wild beasts or wilder men.

As weeks and months passed by, and still La Salle would not turn back, and still the way to China did not open before them, his companions grew tired. One day he awoke to find them gone. He was utterly alone in the wilderness except for those hidden presences, the gleaming eyes of watching beasts and lurking Indians. Baffled in his search for the way to the Pacific, but with another hope dawning in his mind, he turned eastward and northward again. Four years after he had set out he came home safely to Montreal.

In those lonely homeward marches his mind had dwelt on the maps that the Frenchman in the Indian village had shown him. He pondered on what he had said of the great rivers flowing southward out of the lakes. Where did they flow to? Into what sea were they emptied at last? There seemed only one answer. It must be a sea in the far south—that great Gulf of Mexico whose sunny shores the Spaniards claimed for their own.

La Salle went back to France and saw King Louis. He told him he meant to find that river and claim all its shores, from Canada down to Mexico, for France. Here, thought the king, was a man after his own heart, one ready to risk his life in gaining glory for his king and country. He made him a nobleman, and granted him further lands in Canada. He told him that he alone might trade in buffalo hides.

§ 4

It was in the autumn of the year 1678 that La Salle with a few friends set out again for Canada. The forests flamed with scarlet and gold. The waters of the lakes flashed in the sun. They came to the Niagara Falls. Above them, with the sound of their tremendous waters

ever in their ears, they built a little wooden fortress for themselves. Here they settled to pass the winter.

Gradually the woodland tracks were carpeted with the falling leaves, the air grew cold, snow and frost and great storms set in. Once, when the wind roared and great waves rose on the lake, their ship was caught and smashed to atoms. They spent many days cutting trees and fashioning planks and masts to build another.

When spring came they set out again, and through the lengthening days they cruised about the Great Lakes, seeking for the river of La Salle's dream, or wandered in the forests trapping game in order to sell furs to pay the people who had provided them with food and clothing and other necessities for their journey.

Now La Salle sent the ship back, but she was wrecked. All his precious furs were lost in the bottom of the lake. He himself set out to tramp home on foot. He had to persuade the people to whom he owed money to pardon him his debts. While he was thus busy, the news reached him that nearly all his men had deserted the leader he had left in charge of them, and that twelve of them were on their way to kill him. Nothing daunted, he met and captured them.

More than three years had passed, but now at last he was ready to set out once more. If you will look at a map of Canada and the Great Lakes and find Lake Michigan you will see a river called the Illinois. Along this La Salle and his friends now floated south-westwards, day after day and week after week. At length, one February day in the year 1682, they saw a great sheet of water ahead of them. It was a mighty river flowing south, the river they were seeking.

They had come to the point where the Illinois empties itself into the Mississippi. Turning their craft southwards they floated on down those mighty waters. Great forests of oak and pine lined the banks. As the weeks passed and winter turned to spring, wild cherries and wild

plum stood white with blossom. Squirrels leaped from tree to tree. The shy deer peeped through the forest glades and darted away. The black bear prowled with her cubs in search of prey. At night the howl of the wolf could be heard.

As they floated farther and farther south strange trees appeared—the red gum, the cotton-wood, the cedar. They heard the mocking-bird laugh, and the parakeet scream as it flew from tree to tree ahead of them. The river grew mightier and mightier as stream after stream poured its waters into it. At length, on 9th April, the sight that they had longed for met their eyes—the sea—the great Gulf of Mexico. South of them lay the Spanish states. Far to the north-east, close by the Atlantic shores, with the Alleghany Mountains behind, were the English settlements. Proudly La Salle claimed the great river highway and the shores of the gulf for the King of France. He set up a cross and a monument, and called the land about the mouth of the river Louisiana, after the name of his king.

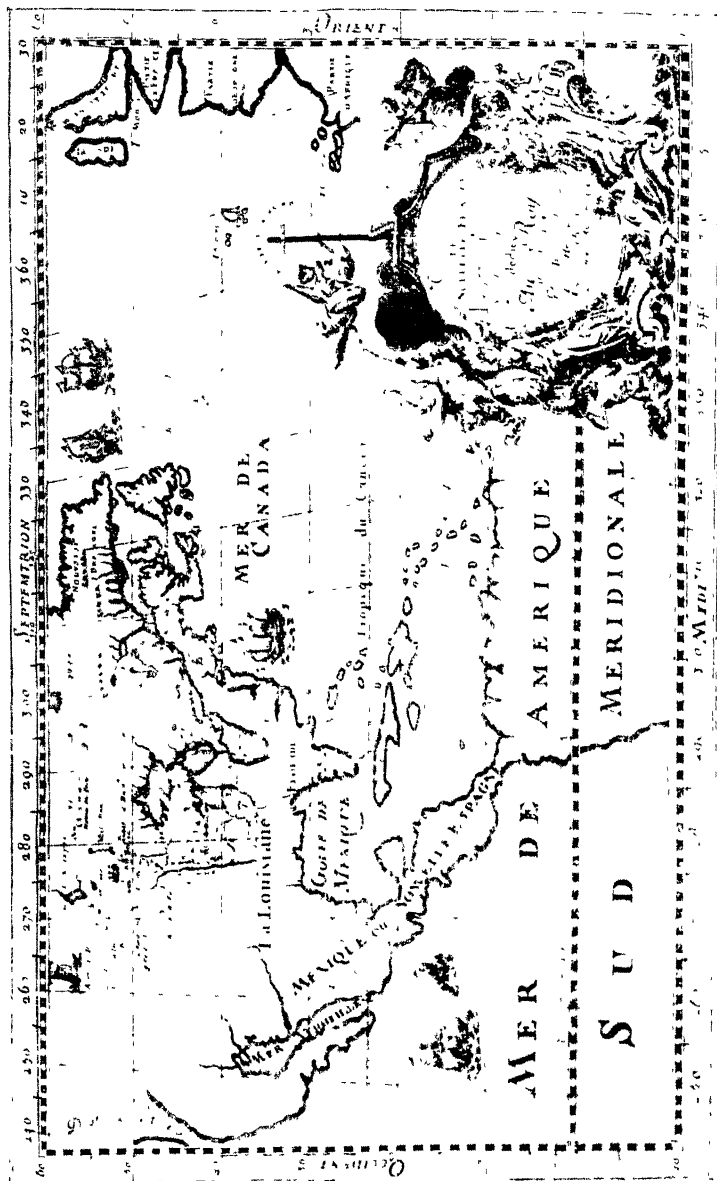


LOUIS XIV.

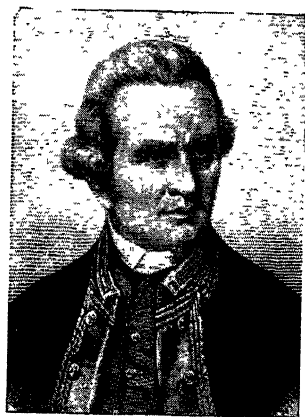


ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE.

(From B. Sulte's "*Histoire des Canadiens français.*")



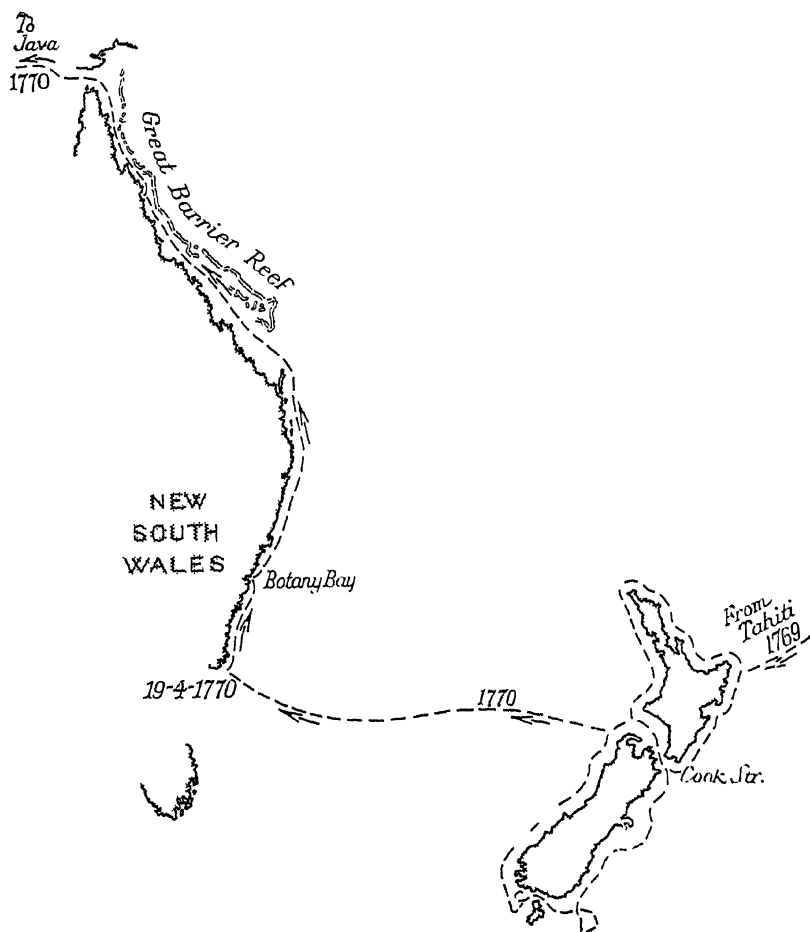
This map was drawn by L. Hennepin in 1683, one year after La Salle had explored the Mississippi, which is here called the Colbert.



CAPTAIN COOK.



Captain Cook's vessel beached at the entrance to Endeavour River,
where the seaport of Cooktown now stands.



CAPTAIN COOK'S EXPLORATION OF THE COASTS OF
NEW ZEALAND AND EASTERN AUSTRALIA.

12. JAMES COOK

§ I

NEAR the mouth of the river Tees in Yorkshire stands the great town of Middlesbrough. Tall chimneys pour smoke and chemicals into its air. Forges glow and roar. Steel hammers clang. Cargo steamers pant in and out of the docks. Yet, for all this busy life, Middlesbrough is a very young town, as history counts youth. Two hundred years ago, at the time of our story, it was nothing but a handful of poor cottages by the marshes where the river begins to head out towards the sea.

Yet two hundred years ago there rose to the south of it, as there rise to-day, the ancient hills of Cleveland, rose-red in the setting sun. Here in spring, on the sweet short turf the black-faced lambs leapt and played as they play now. In the folds of the hills there are still villages of whitewashed cottages, and here and there a farmhouse. When autumn comes the higher slopes and valleys are purple with heather and golden with the dying bracken.

All this was the same when James Cook was a boy as it is to-day. Cook's father was a bailiff on a farm in the Cleveland Hills, and the little lad may have earned a penny or twopence a day by scaring crows from the corn, or minding the neighbours' cows as they grazed by the roadside. But when he was twelve years old his mother packed him up a bundle of clothes, and he set off eastward across the moors towards the sea. He had not walked many miles before it came in sight far down below—very blue, with dark green and purple shadows on it.

By-and-by the road began to slope steeply downwards, and led at last to the village of Staithes—a little group of cottages where the sea ran up, making a tiny harbour between the red cliffs. Here lived sailors and boat-builders and fishermen, whose talk was all of the sea and its ways—of fogs or great storms, of ships dashed against cruel rocks, of boiling seas or hidden sand-banks, or how

“They that go down to the sea in ships
And have their business in great waters ;
These men see the works of the Lord,
And His wonders in the deep.”

In the little town of Staithes was a haberdasher's shop, where the housewives came to buy buttons and lace, ribbons for their hats at fair time, shawls to cover their heads in winter. James was to serve as apprentice here. His work was to take down the shutters and sweep the floor in the early morning, run errands for his master, learn to serve behind the counter and be polite and obliging to customers all day, and tidy up and put the shutters up again at night.

But it was not long before his heart was with the sailors. The clean smell of tar, the salt and fishy smell of the nets, the jolly or terrible yarns of mermaids and sea-serpents, kept him sitting spellbound on the shore on holidays or at the doors of the fishermen's cottages at night when his work was done.

Now James Cook was an honest lad. His master saw where his heart was set, and helped him to get apprenticed to a shipowner in the great port of Newcastle. In a dirty black collier or coal-boat, very broad and with shallow draught, young Cook now sailed out of Tyne-mouth, and coasted southward to the Thames, carrying “sea coals,” as men called them, to London city.

The sailors kept as close to the shore as they dared, for out in the North Sea were sand-banks, and charts in those days were bad, and a boat might easily go aground

in the fog. Along the cliffs there were few lighthouses. Here and there a fire burnt in a brazier above a specially dangerous rocky point. This was well enough on dark nights, but in a fog it was of little or no use.

The sailors had no proper sleeping places ; their food was often scanty and bad. But James was happy. He was happier still when his master sent him on yet more perilous voyages across the North Sea to the rocky shores of Norway, or the low, sandy coasts of the Baltic.

§ 2

Since the days of Drake Englishmen had ceased to try to make discoveries at sea. They did indeed go on many perilous voyages. Their ships were small, and one of four hundred tons * was a big vessel in those days. They had no steam and so might be becalmed, or, worse still, driven out of their course by contrary winds.

There were few charts, and fewer lighthouses. The ships were dirty. The food was bad. The men had no vegetables, but lived on ship's biscuits and salt meat. If they were at sea for many weeks some of the sailors would be sure to fall sick and die.

They faced all these discomforts and dangers, no longer with the hope of finding new lands. They were simply trading, or carrying passengers across the Atlantic to find new homes where they might worship as they pleased, or become rich growing cotton or tobacco in Virginia and Carolina.

From being apprentice Cook rose to be third, second, and, last of all, first mate. He was discontented with the life of a trader. He dreamed of making charts of the Channel and North Sea on which all the sand-banks should be clearly marked. He wondered whether there was not

* That is, one which had 400 times 40 cubic feet of space in the hold where the cargo was placed.

some way of preventing sailors from falling sick at sea. He looked at maps of the world, and saw how the North Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were still largely blank. He wondered what new continents might still be found in those vast waters.

His companions and friends began to notice how careful and skilful he was in keeping charts and logs or diaries, recording deeps and shallows, sands and rocks. But there was not really very much to satisfy his wondering mind and keen eye as his ship plied backwards and forwards between the Tyne or Thames and the harbours of Germany or Norway loaded with coal or timber. So he left the merchant service and joined the Royal Navy.

In 1759 fighting was going on between the French and the English in North America. You may read about the reason for this fighting in the story of George Washington (page 135). Here at last was a chance for Cook to sail in the Atlantic and see new coasts.

Ships took three months to sail from England to Canada in those days. When at length they anchored off Cape Breton Island the coast and the great river St. Lawrence were all unknown to them. Before General Wolfe and the other commanders could make any plans they must have proper charts. No one was more fitted than Lieutenant Cook for the dangerous work of making these. He cruised about the island, and up the river. If he had been captured by the French they would probably have shot him at once.

Now there were learned men at home who heard of Cook's work. They belonged to a body called the Royal Society, and they spent many hours studying the movements of the sun, moon, and stars, and calculating when the next eclipse would be. They also wondered what islands or continents might be yet undiscovered in the Pacific Ocean, whether it might not still be possible to find a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Some of these learned men wrote books and papers about these things. Some of them went to sea themselves, taking telescopes with which to observe the planets, and making records of the strange birds and beasts and flowers they found in other lands. What a few learned men are interested in becomes, in time, the talk of ordinary people. Many English people became interested. English admirals thought that the Royal Navy might help in this work.

It was said that in the year 1768 the planet Venus would cross between the sun and the earth. This is a rare and wonderful event. In 1768 it could not be seen from this country. The Admiralty, therefore, determined to send Cook into the South Pacific Ocean to make a record of it, and to make what discoveries he could about those uncharted seas

§ 3

Here was the chance for which Cook had been longing. He had learnt as much as he could of astronomy and mathematics. He had read books and papers and talked to learned men. One May day he sailed out of port in a little ship of three hundred and seventy tons called the *Endeavour*. He had contrived to take with him green vegetables and oranges and lemons. He believed that it was for lack of these that sailors so often fell ill at sea.

Some of the learned men who belonged to the Royal Society dared the perils and discomforts of the voyage in that little sailing ship in the hope of seeing wonderful things. They were rewarded. With powerful telescopes they gazed at the sun's bright face. By-and-by a tiny dark spot appeared, with a clean sharp outline, not like the sun-spots of which you may read sometimes in the newspaper. Slowly the little disc travelled across the face of the sun. They knew it was the planet Venus.

When you see Venus in the evening sky and call her the evening star, she looks like a tiny globe of liquid light suspended in the heavens. That light is borrowed from the sun. As Cook and his companions saw her from their ship she was between the earth and the sun, and so could only be seen as a black spot. When at length she moved away from the sun's face she could not be seen at all, but was lost in the burning blue of the southern sky.

They weighed anchor and sailed on and on into the unknown, searching for the continent men thought might lie in the far south. They found no continent, but a lovely group of islands which men called later the Society Islands, where rose- and saffron-coloured cliffs jut into the sea, and smooth green lawns fringed with palm trees run down to the blue water's edge.

They came at last to New Zealand, and for six months cruised round its coasts, taking soundings, and charting its bays and headlands. They sent boats ashore to explore the island, but angry natives came down to the beach. It was not worth while in that voyage to risk death at their hands. So Cook turned north-west again, and found the land we now call Australia. The Dutch had visited its northern and western shores already, and called the land New Holland, but no one knew much about its size or shape.

Cook made a map of the east coast. The headlands and distant mountains at one part reminded him of the long line of the Welsh coast as it fades before the eye of the sailor who sets out from Bristol. So he named it New South Wales. The party landed in a great bay, where they found so many strange and lovely plants and flowers that they called it Botany Bay. At length they turned homeward by the Torres Straits and the Indian Ocean, and at length, on the 12th of June 1770, saw the rocky headlands of Cornwall and Devon once again.

Englishmen were proud of the work Cook had done. They made him a Commander in the Royal Navy, and

two years later sent him out again. This time he cruised in the Pacific and South Atlantic till he was quite sure there was no great continent there. He did another thing too, for which all sailors since his time have been thankful. Again he took stores of fresh vegetables and oranges and lemons. His ships were at sea for a thousand days and nights. Out of a hundred and eighteen men under his command only one died. Cook had found the way to keep men well at sea.

§ 4

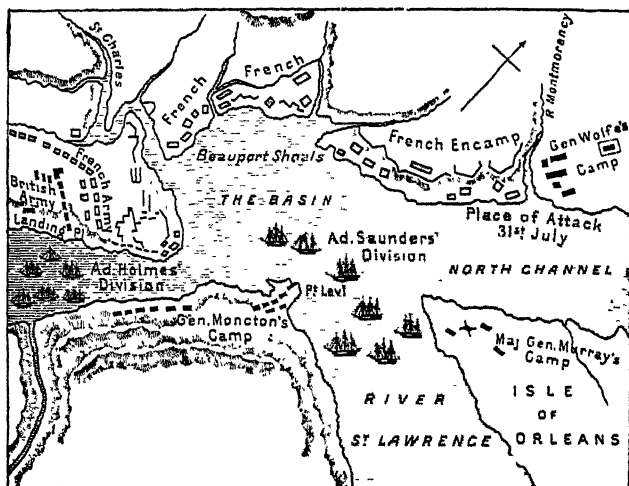
And now came the last of his great voyages—in search of that north-west passage which had lured many a brave sailor to his death since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Southward they sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, through the torrid heat of the Indian Ocean, and so to the Pacific. Again they cruised among its palm-fringed islands, and then steered northward. Warm airs and sunny beaches were left behind. The sea grew colder. The coasts of Alaska were inhospitable and strange, but still they pushed on into the Behring Straits until at length a great wall of blue ice twelve feet high barred their way. Once more a great explorer had failed to find that fabled northern passage between East and West.

And now Cook turned southward again to his beloved Pacific. He cruised about its lovely islands, hoping to be able to land and explore their mountains and forests and groves. One night as they lay at anchor, with one of the ship's boats drawn up upon the shore, natives stole under cover of the darkness and carried it away.

Next morning Cook was told of what had happened. He determined that the natives must be shown that they could not trifle with Englishmen. He landed a party of men and marched upon the native village. He seized its chief and carried him off to the ships. He did not

intend to harm him, but only to keep him till his followers brought back the boat.

The next day he took some sailors ashore. It was but natural that the natives should be angry. Who were these white-faced strangers, spying upon their homes and stealing their chief away? They flocked down to the beach threateningly. There was a fight. The English had to return to their boats. Cook, as commander, was the last, and just as he was ready to spring aboard the boat, a blow fell upon him from behind. He was flung face downwards at the edge of the surf. Before his men could get back to him the brown-skinned crowd pressed in on every side. And so on the shores he had discovered and loved, he died.

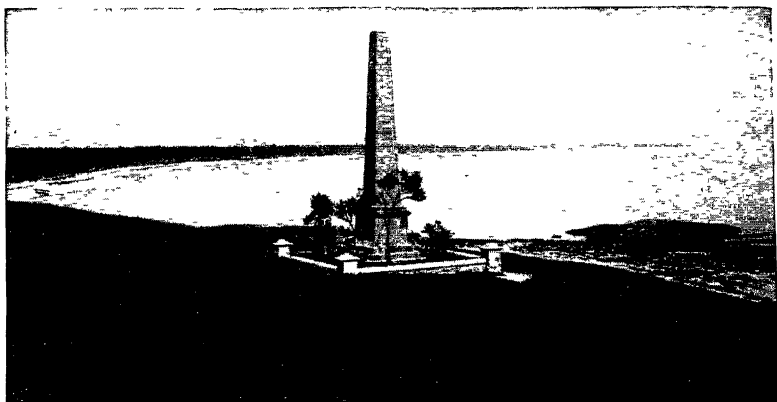


This map shows the entry to the river St. Lawrence, where Cook did his surveying while serving under General Wolfe.



CAPTAIN COOK LANDS IN AUSTRALIA.

(From the painting by E. Phillips Fox, by courtesy of the Commonwealth Government.)



MONUMENT ERECTED TO CAPTAIN COOK AT KURNELL, BOTANY BAY, SYDNEY, AT THE EXACT SPOT WHERE HE LANDED.

(Commonwealth Government Photo.)



GEORGE III.

(From a painting by Allan Ramsay in the National Portrait Gallery.)

13. GEORGE WASHINGTON

§ 1

IN the year 1747 a big lad of fifteen came to live with his elder brother in a white wooden house, called " Hunter's Creek " or " Mount Vernon," on the banks of the river Potomac in the State of Virginia in North America. His name was George Washington. His great-grandfather had left his country home in England nearly a hundred years earlier, and come to seek his fortune in the wide new lands of the West.

Now, where there had once been swamps and forests, the land was drained and the trees felled. Great fields of cotton and tobacco had been planted. Here black-skinned slaves from Africa toiled every day beneath the hot sun. At night they went home to the little wooden huts where dark-skinned, woolly-haired babies scrambled about their mothers' knees.

Sometimes the workers came home bruised and frightened. The white man under whom they worked had said they were lazy, and had flogged them. Sometimes even worse things happened. A master would decide to sell his slaves. Then there was bitter weeping in the huts lest the father should be bought by one planter, the mother by another, and perhaps the children by a third.

Deep in its gorge beneath the Washingtons' house and fields the river Potomac raced towards the sea. George fished in the streams and pools which fed it, and went hunting in the still uncleared forest beyond his brother's estate. He felt friendly towards the gentle

negro women whom he passed crooning sun-drenched melodies to their little black babies at the doors of the huts. He hated to hear of a neighbour selling a black slave and sending him away for ever from his wife and children.

North of his home lay the State of Pennsylvania. Here lived the grandchildren of William Penn's followers. Now and again a young man would bid good-bye to his family, and with an ox-cart to carry his few possessions, an axe to cut down trees, and a little grain to sow, would travel westward toward the mountains, and even beyond them, facing the danger of Indians with their scalping knives, of loneliness and of hunger, in his search for adventure and a new home.

Now and again tales came to Mount Vernon of the French, who, following in the footsteps of La Salle, had sailed down the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, building forts, and claiming all the land on their banks in the name of their king. Men said that if they were allowed to do this unchecked there would soon be a quarrel between them and the people of Pennsylvania. In all that great land of forest, mountain, plain, and river they thought there was not room for Frenchmen and Englishmen to live peaceably side by side.

§ 2

George Washington had barely grown to be a man, when the Governor who ruled Virginia in the name of King George of England sent him to warn the French, who had just built a new fort on the river Ohio, that if they did not go away the English would come and fight them.

It was a dangerous mission for a very young man. He had to travel over hundreds of miles of unknown country. The French had made friends with the Indians who lived

in the forests in those parts. If they had caught Washington they would certainly have killed and scalped him. Moreover, the French had no intention of going away, and scoffed at the English warning.

Fighting began. With shame and rage young Washington saw the English commander defeated, while he himself rode fearlessly about the field of battle trying to rally the men he had brought with him from Virginia. He was so tall and big by this time that he must have been an easy mark for the arrows of the Indians lurking in every piece of covert.

There were Englishmen at home, too, who were ashamed of that defeat. By-and-by William Pitt, the War Minister of England, sent out young James Wolfe to drive the French from America. You can read in another book the splendid story of the storming of Quebec, the French city on the St. Lawrence, and how both brave generals, Wolfe the Englishman, and Montcalm the Frenchman, were killed.

After this the King of France had to give up Canada and all the lands about the Mississippi to England, but the French priests and seigneurs and trappers were allowed by the English to live on by the banks of the St. Lawrence.

§ 3

If you look at a map you will see that this fighting between France and Britain had taken place many hundreds of miles north of Virginia and the Potomac river. George Washington was now living quietly at home. His brother had died, and Mount Vernon belonged to him. He stood six foot three in height, and a friend said he had the largest hands he had ever seen. His hair was fair, and his face burnt red with the sun and wind. He would ride about his cotton fields watching the slaves at work. He expected them to work hard, but they

trusted him. He did not speak very often, but when he did he was always polite and kind. He never sold a slave. He was sorry that there should be any slaves at all ; but he did not see how the hot cotton-fields could be worked without negroes, nor did he think that negroes were fit to be their own masters.

In those days most of the colonies in the United States had governors sent out by the King of England. They also had elected parliaments rather like our House of Commons. The parliament of Virginia was called the House of Burgesses. Over and over again Washington was chosen to be a member. At first nothing very exciting was discussed there. The fine gentlemen who sat in the benches in their full-skirted coats, their silk stockings and buckled shoes, using their snuff-boxes, levied a few taxes, made a few laws, exchanged the news of the countryside, talked affectionately of the Old Country, and then mounted their horses and rode home.

About the year 1765, however, the talk about England began to be less friendly. There was a new Prime Minister in England now. He and King George III. claimed that the war with France had been fought to protect the colonists, and as it had cost much money, the colonists must help to pay. This seemed quite fair to Washington and his friends, and to the men who sat in the Assemblies of Pennsylvania, of Maryland, and of Massachusetts ; but they were very angry when the English House of Commons took upon itself to say how much they should pay, and how they should pay it.

They said there should be no taxation without representation. That means that nobody should be made to pay a tax unless he has a right to vote for the members of the Parliament who make the tax. American citizens had no right to vote for members of the English House of Commons, and so the latter, they said, had no right to tax them. There was angry talk in the Virginia Assembly and the Assemblies of the other States. The Governors

of the different colonies grew frightened. They went to the Assemblies and sent the members to their homes—that is to say, they dissolved the Assemblies, which they had a perfect right to do.

When the Governor of Virginia came to the House of Burgesses to close it, the members did not go home. They went to a neighbouring coffee-house or tavern. It was called “The Raleigh,” after Sir Walter Raleigh, who had brought the first shipload of Englishmen to Virginia long ago in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Here they sat solemnly round a table and discussed what they should do.

§ 4

In all that crowd of angry men George Washington was the quietest. He had always loved England, and he loved her still. When the others talked of fighting, he said they must find some other way of settling the dispute.

Now, in those days there was no skilled weaving in America. The wives and daughters of the poorer people had spinning-wheels and hand-loom, and made some of the cloth which they and their men-folk wore; but the richer people wore coats and breeches and dresses which were made of fine cloths and silks and muslins woven by the skilled weavers of Yorkshire and Lancashire and Spitalfields in London.

When the ships came in from England and the goods were unloaded at the quays, the American shopkeepers who had sent for these things from England paid a small tax on them, which was sent to the English Government. They had always done this without murmuring. But now Washington and his friends thought that perhaps they could make English people understand that they were in earnest about taxing themselves if they refused to pay these taxes. The only way to do this was by refusing to buy the goods.

This meant that their wives and daughters could have no pretty muslins and silks for their dresses, and they and their sons could have no fine cloths for their coats and waistcoats. They would have to get out their old spinning-wheels from the lumber rooms, and wear such coarse stuffs as they could make for themselves.

So those men gathered together in "The Raleigh" tavern promised solemnly, for the sake of their country, that they would buy no more goods from England until her Government promised to allow them to tax themselves. Washington kept his promise. Some of the others, when their daughters grumbled, and they themselves saw how coarse the homespun cloth looked, broke their pledge.

Some few years passed, and still the English Government would not give way. Washington's heart grew heavier. He loved the Mother Country, but he loved America, and he loved liberty even better. He began to think that the colonies would have to fight, and he got young men in Virginia to come and do military drill. They were used to the free life of the plantations and forests. They wanted to elect their own officers. They wanted always to decide for themselves what they would do. But Washington taught them that a private soldier must obey on the spot without question.

One day news came to the town of Boston in Massachusetts that some English ships laden with tea had sailed into the harbour. The good folk of Boston were determined not to buy the tea, because they would have to pay a tax on it. That was a sensible way of showing the English Government their determination. But some young men dressed themselves up as Red Indians, rushed on board the ships, found the tea chests, and pitched them into the sea.

It was a foolish thing to do, and Washington was sad when he heard of it. He knew the English Government would feel they must punish Boston, and that this would make the people of Massachusetts so angry that fight-

ing could hardly be avoided. He was right. Not many weeks had passed before fighting began. One after another the other colonies joined, and sent delegates to represent them at a great Congress in Penn's city of Philadelphia.

Washington was chosen as commander-in-chief of the American army. He stood before them, tall and strong, and told them very quietly that he did not think he was equal to the great trust they had placed in him, but at their wish he would do what he could. He would not take any pay. He had a tremendous task. Like the Virginians, the men of the new army had to learn obedience. At first they grumbled or disobeyed. They had not enough rifles or cartridges, or boots or uniforms. Very slowly men learnt that what Washington ordered must be carried out. Soldiers began to obey their officers. Supplies began to come in.

Fighting began, and the fortune of war swayed now this way, now that. Even in America some men still wanted the British to win. The men of South Carolina were afraid of losses on their cotton and tobacco plantations if the English did not buy from them. The men of Pennsylvania were faced with a hard problem. Many of them believed, as Penn had taught, that it is wrong to fight. But at last, in 1776, all the States were united. Only the French Canadians along the shores of the St. Lawrence remained loyal to the British, with the exception of a few of the colonists who afterwards settled in Canada, and were known as the United Empire Loyalists.

§ 5

On the 4th of July representatives from all the American States met together in Congress and made a solemn declaration. "*We, the representatives of the United States in Congress assembled,*" they said, "*appealing*

to the supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and ought of right to be, Free and Independent States." This is called the Declaration of American Independence. Ever since that summer day just over one hundred and fifty years ago the United States of America have formed an independent country with a Government of their own.

But there was much fighting yet to be done before the British Government would acknowledge American independence. The next year Washington's little army of seven thousand men was badly defeated. Winter with its rain and wind was coming on—there could be no more fighting that year. Washington made a camp for his army near the little village of Valley Forge. It was a strong position. Steep hills sloped down below it on one side, and below them flowed a little river—the Valley Creek. On another side flowed the wide Schuylkill river.

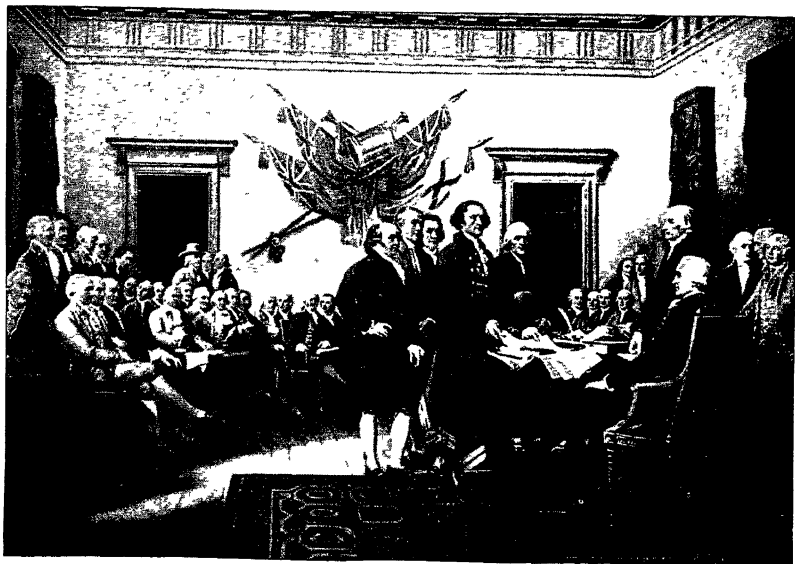
The men dug trenches and threw up earthworks. They made themselves mud huts and ovens. Washington and his officers lived in houses in the village. Here they waited for the coming of spring. They waited, too, for clothes and food. Rain fell and bitter winds blew. The men's boots were sadly worn, and their coats were threadbare. Their hands and feet were numb with cold, and they had not enough to eat.

There was plenty of money in America to buy food and clothes, but the men in Philadelphia who should have attended to these matters seem to have been very stupid and slow. General Washington sent messengers and letters to them. As he went in and out of the huts his heart ached to see his men, uncomplaining and brave, ill with starvation and cold.

They spent a sad Christmas Day. Two thousand men were either so ill or so short of clothes that they could not come out of their huts. As the winter passed



GEORGE WASHINGTON.



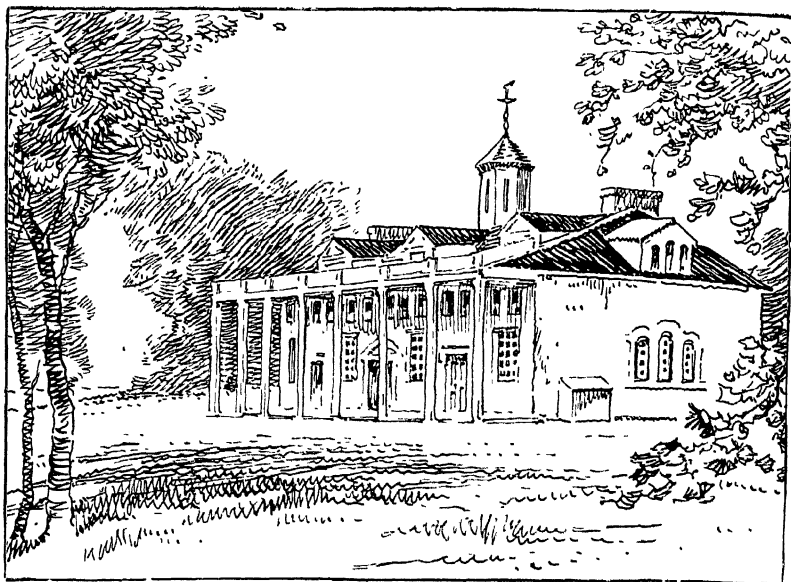
THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
OF THE UNITED STATES AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1776.

(From the painting by John Trumbull.)

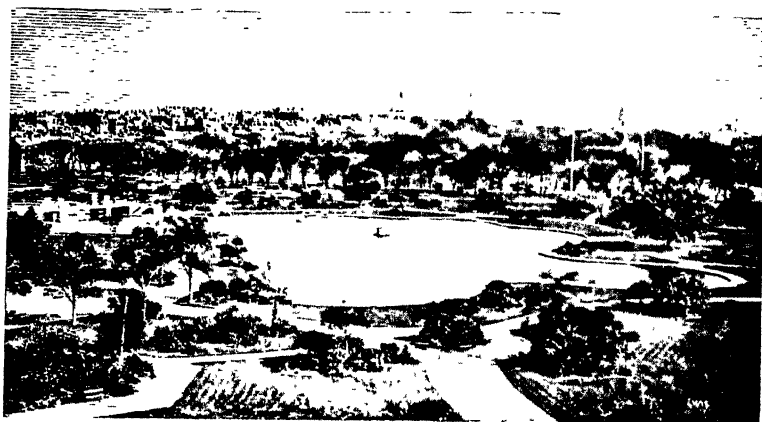


WILLIAM PITT.

The lower picture shows
William Pitt, Earl of
Chatham, who was sorry
that the British went to
war with the Americans,
but was just as much
opposed to the separa-
tion of America from
Britain.



WASHINGTON'S HOME AT MOUNT VERNON.



The American city of Boston, which has been called
 "The Birthplace of the United States"

and the rains of February set in, things grew even worse. Now and again a man's heart would fail him, and he would slip out of camp under cover of night, and, getting past the sentries, disappear. But most of them remained staunch. They knew that if they made peace now all that they had fought for would be lost. They were ready to suffer and die for the sake of the freedom of their country.

And now good news began to arrive. Messengers from the north came riding in hot and dusty, bringing tidings of the defeat of the British army there. The French, smarting at the remembrance of their own defeat in Canada, sent help to the Americans. At last the British were decisively defeated, and in 1783 peace was made. The British acknowledged that the United States was no longer under their rule. Henceforth they were a free country, with a government of their own.

It was on a spring day in the year 1787 that at length the delegates from the thirteen States of America met once more in Philadelphia to decide how they should be governed. They decided that they would not have a king, but a President. He should be chosen by a vote of all the people every four years. So it came about that George Washington was chosen unanimously as the first President of the United States of America. At the end of his first four years he was chosen again. After that he went home to Mount Vernon. There he planted trees, and made his house and garden lovely, and cared for his slaves. This is what Congress said of him when he died, "He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

14. NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

§ 1

FIND on your maps the island of Corsica in the Mediterranean Sea, and then try to picture it. The sky and the sea are of a brilliant blue. The sun is hot and the air is clear. Great mountains raise their bare rocky shoulders against the sky. Their lower slopes are green in spring and summer with forests of chestnut trees.

If we could go back about a hundred and fifty years and visit the little town of Ajaccio, we might almost any day have met a sturdy little boy of six or eight years old trotting down the road. He would be going to school from his home above the town. It would be early morning. The air would be crisp and clear; the sun bright but as yet not too hot. Long shadows would lie across the road. The little boy, whose name was **Napoleon**, carried with him his breakfast of white bread.

One day when he came to the barracks he stopped. His eyes were frowning and his mouth determined. Holding out his own breakfast to one of the soldiers lounging at the gate, he asked for his coarse roll of bitter rye bread in exchange. "For," said the small boy, standing very square and sturdy, "I must be preparing for the life of a soldier."

Perhaps he thought this because foreigners ruled his country, and as soon as he could understand anything, he had heard tales of how, just before he was born, his mother had been driven away from her lovely home into the woods to live with the Corsican patriots who were trying

to drive their French rulers away. His mother was lovely to look at, and held herself like a queen. Her stories and her beauty must have stirred the little boy's heart. He made up his mind that when he was a man he would either fight for Corsica or write its history.

When Napoleon was nine years old he was sent to school in France. He hated it. He thought he was in exile in a foreign country. The French boys with whom he had to work were sons and relatives of the "tyrants" who ruled his beloved home. He would not play with them or talk to them. At home he had been a lively little boy, always ready to argue and to quarrel. Now he was silent, and his face grew grave and frowning. He worked hard at this school. He specially loved arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. He felt he must be very serious. When he was fourteen he wrote home and said of his elder brother Joseph, "He is too frivolous to be a soldier." He did not think he cared as he ought to have done for the sorrows of Corsica.

By-and-by Napoleon went to a school in Paris where boys were trained to be officers. By the time he was sixteen he was a sub-lieutenant in the French army, and was paid a sum equal to 17s. 6d. a week. He lived by himself in a garret. He had few friends, but he was not lonely. He bought and borrowed books.

Now wonderful books were being written in those days. There was one by a young Frenchman called Rousseau, which he specially loved. It began with the stirring words: "All men were born free, but everywhere they are in chains." The writer urged the young and the brave to break those "chains," and make men free indeed. Napoleon thought he was one of those who would lead men to freedom. He would be great and splendid. All men would follow and obey him. Such were his dreams.

§ 2

France in those days was not a Republic as she is now. She had a king and queen, who lived at times in a splendid palace at Versailles, near Paris. They had numbers of servants and noblemen to wait upon them. In the morning one brought the king his cocoa, another his shirt. The baby princess alone had eighty people to wait upon her. All round the king's palace in Paris, called the Tuileries, were the great houses of the nobles. They also had great numbers of servants.

All this luxury cost a great deal of money. Thus the peasants in all the villages of France, and the shopkeepers and lawyers and schoolmasters in the towns, had heavy taxes to pay. They grew poorer and poorer. The peasants lived in mere hovels. Their very fields were not their own. The seed they sowed was eaten by the nobleman's doves, or trampled by his dogs and horses when he went hunting.

The noblemen were kind-hearted enough ; they had beautiful manners, and never showed fear. Sometimes, as they rode along in their coaches, they would stop the horses and dismount to help a poor old man who was breaking stones by the roadside ; but they would not or could not understand that what the peasants really needed was to pay fewer taxes and to own the fields in which they toiled without any fear of their crops being spoiled.

One spring, when Napoleon was still living in his garret in Paris, a tremendous thing happened. Large numbers of the French people had read Rousseau's book, and now they determined that they would not let the king and the nobles oppress them any more. In some places the peasants seized the lands for themselves and tried to stop the nobles from hunting over them. The people of Corsica followed their example.

Napoleon left Paris and rushed to help his beloved island. But the people in Corsica did not like him; and moreover, they were afraid of one of his younger brothers, whose ideas they thought dangerous. The whole Buonaparte family had to leave their home and take refuge in France. Napoleon joined the French army.

§ 3

By this time terrible things had happened in France. The people of Paris had beheaded their king and queen and many of their nobles. No one's life seemed safe. Napoleon began to think that Frenchmen did not know how to use freedom when they had it. Yet he was angry when German, Austrian, and English armies were sent to try to help the French nobles to recover their lands and to put a king again upon the throne. He fought against them so well that when he was still a young man he became a general.

By this time the French were fighting to drive out kings and nobles from other countries of Europe. Some countries, such as Italy and Belgium, were ruled by foreign kings. Here the humble people in the villages and towns welcomed Napoleon. They rejoiced when the Austrian armies were broken and scattered before him. Though men suffered greatly and died cruel deaths in the fighting, though villages and farms were shelled, they thought it would all bring freedom for their children and so they were proud and content.

In England matters were different. The king, George III., was not very wise, but his great-grandfather, who was a German prince, had been chosen as their king by the English people. King George spoke English, and in his own way cared for England. The great men who ruled the country in Parliament were English. The farmers and the labourers in the villages sometimes met

them in the market-place and at sheep-shearing feasts. They saw them sitting in their high pews in church on Sundays and Christmas Day. Their ladies sent cordials and blankets to their wives and children if they were ill. The "gentry," it is true, paid poor wages to their work-people. Sometimes they put fences round the commons which had always been open to the people. They hanged hungry men for stealing sheep.

But English people were used to them. Nobody really wanted them driven out of the country. Certainly no one wanted Napoleon and the French to drive them out. But Napoleon thought Europe would never be free until he had conquered England and driven away her king and nobles, and given her the sort of government he thought she ought to have. The English Channel, he said, was a ditch which only needed a pinch of courage to be crossed. That done, he would be in London in four days.

Meantime Napoleon's armies were more and more successful. They won great battles in Italy and Belgium and Prussia, and in Spain. French people began to believe there was nothing Napoleon could not do.

§ 4

In 1799 Napoleon became First Consul, a kind of President of France. In many ways he pleased the people. He let the peasants keep the land they had seized from the nobles. Now their fields were their very own. When they got up in the grey dawn to milk their cows, or on still autumn mornings drove the plough through the soil, they felt they were working for themselves and their children. It was worth while to have sleek, well-fed cows in the fields, pans of creamy milk, good butter and cheese in the dairy. What they did not need themselves, their wives could sell at the market. They could save the

money to buy warm clothes for the winter, put new tiles on the house roof and barn, perhaps even send the children to school and university. For another thing that Napoleon did was to give poor people the chance to be taught the things he himself had learned as a boy. The French were so grateful that at length they made him Emperor.

Perhaps if he had been content to spend his life working in this way for France, other rulers would slowly have followed his example in matters of government. But he would not wait for this. He thought he was the greatest man in the world, and that he alone could give the people of all lands good government. So he went on with his wars. This was very sad for France herself. Young men who wanted to stay at home to help their mothers and young brothers and sisters were forced to become soldiers. They were torn away from their homes, and died or were terribly wounded in foreign lands. The farmers who had begun to be so happy were now filled with anxiety and sorrow for their sons.

Other countries were even sadder. Their cornfields were trampled by armies. Their people were forced to give food and house-room to the French soldiers. They were made to pay as heavy taxes to Napoleon as they had ever paid to their nobles or kings.

The British people suffered too. Napoleon could not cross the "narrow ditch" of the Channel. Our sailors were ever watchful. The gallant Nelson himself was killed at the famous battle of Trafalgar (1805), off the south-west coast of Spain, where he defeated the French and Spanish navies.

§ 5

At last Napoleon made a terrible mistake. He led his army into Russia. The Russian people fled before

him, burning their corn and carrying off their cattle so that he and his men might have nothing to eat. They even set fire to the city of Moscow rather than let the French find a refuge there. The soldiers were half-starved, and with starvation came sickness; yet Napoleon stayed on into the autumn. At length, in October, he determined to return to France. Snow fell day after day, and it was piercingly cold. The men were in rags. Their shoes fell off their feet as they marched. Five hundred thousand French boys and men died in that terrible march home. The Russians by their flight, and the cold of the winter, had defeated Napoleon.

Then the kings and emperors and great men of Europe met together, and sent Napoleon away to the island of Elba in the Mediterranean Sea. They told him he might rule there and still call himself "Emperor," but he was never to come back to the continent of Europe again. They gave France a king once more.

Ten months passed. In the spring of the year 1815 boats put in to a quiet harbour on the French coast. There was hurried disembarking. A whisper ran from mouth to mouth. "The Emperor is come again!" And so indeed it was. Napoleon with twelve hundred men had escaped from his lonely island, and was in France once more. As they marched northwards, in spite of past sufferings, old soldiers flocked to join him. In every village, men, women, and children shed tears of joy to see him come again. He had gracious words for every one. He told them he was come to fight no more. His ambition was dead. All he wanted was to see French people living free and happy. Slowly, with an ever-growing army, he marched north through France. At last one wet and gloomy evening he reached Versailles. The new king had fled. Napoleon was Emperor of the French once more.

But his glory was short-lived. Whether it was true or not that he would have been content to rule France



Napoleon crossing the Alps into Italy.
(From the picture by Delaroche.)



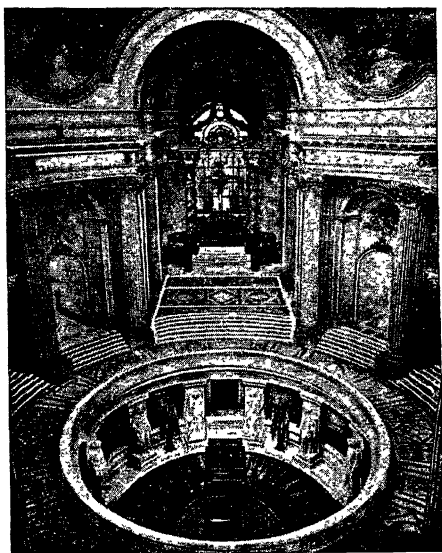
NAPOLÉON AT THE GANGWAY OF THE "BELLEROPHON"
IN PLYMOUTH SOUND.

(After the painting by Sir C. Eastlake.)

This shows Napoleon on a British warship after his army had been beaten at Waterloo by the British under Wellington and the Prussians under Blücher. He was taken to the lonely island of St. Helena, far out in the Atlantic Ocean, where he died six years later.

quietly and let other countries live in peace, we shall never know. No one but the French trusted his word. The English and the Germans and the Belgians raised great armies to meet him. On a June day in 1815, the English, led by the Duke of Wellington, and the Prussians, led by Prince Blücher, defeated him on the field of Waterloo, in Belgium.

Once again Napoleon was sent into exile, but this time far away to a rocky island in the Atlantic—the island of St. Helena. There he fell very ill. He was often in terrible pain. Yet he did not murmur. In 1821 he died. But at a later date his body was brought back to France and placed in a splendid tomb in Paris.



NAPOLÉON'S TOMB.

15. ROBERT OWEN

§ 1

IF you had been living about the year 1775 you would have noticed that your father and his friends had much to talk about. Whenever the mail-coach brought the news-sheets from London, they would gather in their shops or counting-houses or in each other's parlours and scan them eagerly.

Perhaps one evening your father might have taken you on his knee and told you the news from America—how the “rebellious colonies” refused to pay English taxes; how they had chosen George Washington to be their leader; of this battle or of that. On another day he might bring the small, closely-printed sheet of news, the ancestor of our newspaper, out of his pocket, and read to you of the wonderful new machine that a poor spinner in the north of England had invented.

“They say,” he would tell you, “that it will spin eight threads at one time, and only takes one man to work it. Your grandmother’s old spinning-wheel, which still stands in our loft, would only spin one thread at a time. What is the world coming to? There are men in the north country, too, who are using the streams and rivers to drive machinery which will spin threads, and there is an engine, which is worked by steam, which can turn a wheel instead of only moving up and down like a pump. Why, you may live to see a day when all spinning and weaving is done by machines, instead of by spinners at their wheels and weavers sitting at their looms throwing the shuttle from hand to hand.”

Perhaps some such talk may have been heard in the home of a little boy who was born in the market town of Newtown in Montgomeryshire in the year 1771. His name was Robert Owen, and he was the youngest but one of a family of seven. His father had a shop. On one side of it were nails and screws and iron saucepans and kettles, on the other saddles and leather belts and men's riding leggings. The whole shop was full of the clean sharp smell of new leather.

Mr. Owen was a very important man in the town. He was not only a tradesman, but also postmaster—that is, he kept postboys and horses to carry the letters, written by people in Newtown, to London or Bristol or other places. They would come back with their saddle-bags full of letters from other towns, written to people in Newtown, and they would bring the precious news-sheets from London as well. Sometimes they told exciting tales of escape from highwaymen, their horses all damp and flecked with foam from their headlong gallop. Sometimes they came with empty bags because the highwaymen had caught them, and only by giving up everything had they escaped with their lives.

Robert was a bright child. By the time he was seven years old he could read and write, and work addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division sums. One day his schoolmaster, Mr. Thickness, walked into his father's shop. He had come, he said, to speak about young Robert. He knew his father had seven hungry youngsters to feed and clothe. Robert was a bright lad. If he might use him to teach the other children in the school, he would give him the rest of his schooling for nothing.

So, at the age of seven, Robert began to be a teacher. He would have his little group of children round him, and hear them say the alphabet and the multiplication tables, and spell out words of one or two syllables. After he had begun this work he did not learn much at school himself, but there were plenty of books at home

for him to read. He had some good friends too, especially three ladies who lived not very far from his home. He would go and sit in their parlour and talk to them about what he was reading. When he got up to go they would let him choose books from their bookcase. They were rather dry books, but Robert liked them. Perhaps sometimes they would give him a piece of cake or a little tart as well, and Robert liked that too.

Robert loved dancing and football. He was the best runner and jumper in the school. Some one gave him a clarinet. He would spend hours in the evening when he came home from school playing on it, perhaps to the distress of other people. When he was eight years old he made a great friend. This was a young man named James Donne, who was quite grown up and at college. In the holidays, when James was at home, he and Robert tramped over the countryside together. The hills and streams, the dry leafy lanes, the banks of fragrant meadow-sweet, the purple foxgloves nodding by the grey stone walls and in the copses made them want to sing with joy. The splendid sun sinking in a pool of golden light, the darkening eastern sky, and the first stars made them stand still in silent wonder. Sometimes Robert did not know whether he wanted to sing or cry as he watched the last long shadows creep across the emerald fields.

§ 2

It was in the next year that he felt it was time he began to earn his own living. His elder brother had already gone to London, and had a saddler's shop of his own. Robert wanted to go too, but his father and mother said he was too young. They promised him that on his tenth birthday he should go. For the present he must be content to run errands for the Misses Tilsley, who kept the drapery and grocery shop next door.

Robert was disappointed, but even the longest year will pass. At last his birthday came round. All his friends—his aunts, his uncles, and his cousins from the neighbouring farms—gave him farewell presents. His little trunk, full of clothes and books, was handed into the back of the stage-coach, and he clambered on top. The market-place, the crowded, clean-smelling shops, the parlour fire, his little bed were soon left behind.

His first master kept a haberdasher's shop in Stamford. It was a little town of warm yellow stone houses, with grey brown roofs and many church towers. A river wound slowly through the water-meadows outside. There were woods and fields to wander in close by. Robert lived with his master and his wife. Mrs. McAuffoy liked to see his clean, rosy face opposite her as she nodded the ribbons of her cap above the teapot and the blue china. Mr. McAuffoy thought him a bright and willing lad.

The ladies with powdered hair who came to the shop in their sedan chairs found that the boy was quick to match a ribbon or a lace, deft at cutting a length of silk or making up a parcel. It was a happy life. The house was full of books, and there was plenty of time to read after Robert had put up the shop's shutters and the candles were lighted in the parlour, before his mistress packed him off to bed.

But Robert did not want to stay for ever in Stamford. It was to London that he had meant to go. As soon as he had finished his apprenticeship he said good-bye to his friends and set off again. The shop where he worked next was on the south side of London Bridge. There are no shops on London Bridge to-day; but before the time of Owen the old bridge had houses on either side, whose gable ends faced on to the bridge. From the back you could see the river flowing past, and the slow barges and merchant ships moving up or down with the tide.

Robert and the other lads who served in the shop had

to be up betimes. Shutters must be down and all in readiness for customers by eight o'clock in the morning, and before that the boys had to have their hair done by the dresser. It had to be powdered and brushed smoothly back off their faces, caught with a comb on either side of the head, and fastened into a stiff white pigtail tied with a black bow behind.

All day customers crowded into the shop. There was no special time for dinner. Two or three of the lads would slip off when they could, and snatch some bread and cheese or bacon and ale. The customers came from the mean, poor streets and dark alleys on either side of the river. Robert thought the ribbons and laces and kerseys he had to sell now were cheap and nasty compared with the lovely silks and satins he had sold at Stamford. It was eleven o'clock at night before the shutters could be put up. Then everything must be put away. Sometimes it was two in the morning before the weary lads could get into bed.

Yet Robert was not unhappy. He was learning all sorts of things that he had always wanted to know. People liked him. He was earning enough money not to have to ask his father for a penny, and this pleased him, for he loved to be independent.

§ 3

By the time Robert was eighteen he felt ready to be a master himself. He left the shop on the bridge and took the coach up to the north of England. He left behind him on his way green pastures and sleepy villages lost in trees, broad ploughlands where the smock-frocked ploughmen drove the straight furrows, and came to the hills and moors of the North.

Here, where the streams and rivers rush rapidly over their steep beds, the water was often being used to turn

wheels. Mills had been built, full of the new machines which could spin and weave far more quickly than men and women could do these things working by hand.

Now, little children could do useful work in these busy mills. Their tiny fingers could piece the fine cotton threads when they broke, their little bodies could squeeze under the machines to clean the wheels. Their fathers and mothers, who had once worked their own wheels and frames at home, now had to work in the factories, and they had very small wages—sometimes only about 5s. a week. They were glad to send even their tiny children of five years old to the mills because it meant a little more money to pay for bread and meat.

All round the mills badly planned towns were springing up. Two or three families had to live in one house. Sometimes one family had no home but a cellar underground. The children who lived in such places, and worked in the mills from five o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, had pale, wizened faces. Their backs were bent. Their legs were crooked.

As Robert Owen rode about upon his business from town to town, he saw the mean streets. He saw the little white-faced children sitting on the doorsteps, too tired to play. He thought they must grow up to be dirty, miserable, quarrelsome men and women. He thought it would be no strange thing if they stole and fought and spent all the money they earned in public-houses.

§ 4

While he was still a young man he became joint master of a mill in Scotland at a place called New Lanark. All round the mills were farm lands, where men could earn their living ploughing and sowing and keeping cattle. They hated the noisy, dirty mills. They would not work in them themselves, and would not let their little fair-

haired children work there either. The millowners had to get workers to come from far away.

Poor hand-loom weavers, who had lost their living since the new machines had been made, came from Yorkshire and other parts of England, and Highlanders came from the mountains of Scotland, where a living was hard to get. The people who had built the mill had built houses for their workers to live in, but there was only one room for each family. Here were the beds where father, mother, and children slept. Here was the washtub and the cooking stove, the dirty table for the meals, with the air steamy with soapsuds or stuffy with the smell of cooking. The streets of the town had no proper pavements. There were no dustbins. Heaps of evil-smelling rubbish lay about outside the houses. The shops sold bad food and bad whisky and shoddy clothes; but the people had to buy all they needed in these shops, for there were no better ones at hand.

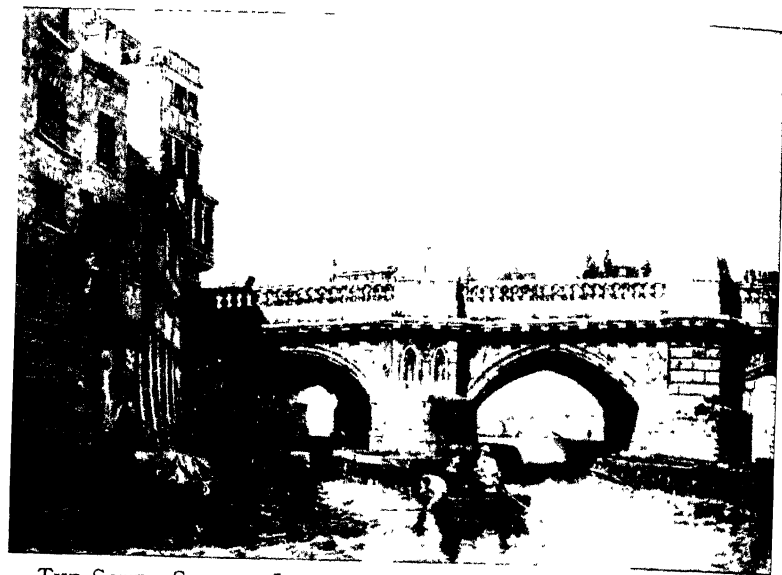
The grown-up workers had not as many children as they needed to piece the threads and clean the machines. The millowners therefore sent to towns and villages in the south of England. There, in the workhouses, were crowded numbers of little children who had no parents or friends. The masters of the workhouses told the children that if they would go up to the mills in Lancashire and Yorkshire and Scotland they would learn to earn their own living, and would soon become rich men and women.

Little children between five and ten years old believed this story. They thought they were going on a great adventure to make their fortunes. When they came to the mills they had to work from early dawn to late at night. If they fell asleep they were cruelly flogged. Their heads ached with the hot damp air in the workrooms. Their legs and backs ached because they had to stand or stoop all day.

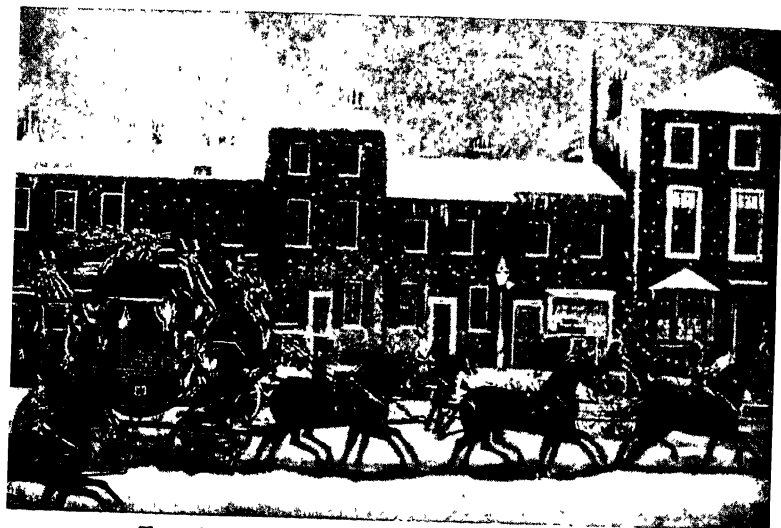
At New Lanark they had a clean and tidy house to



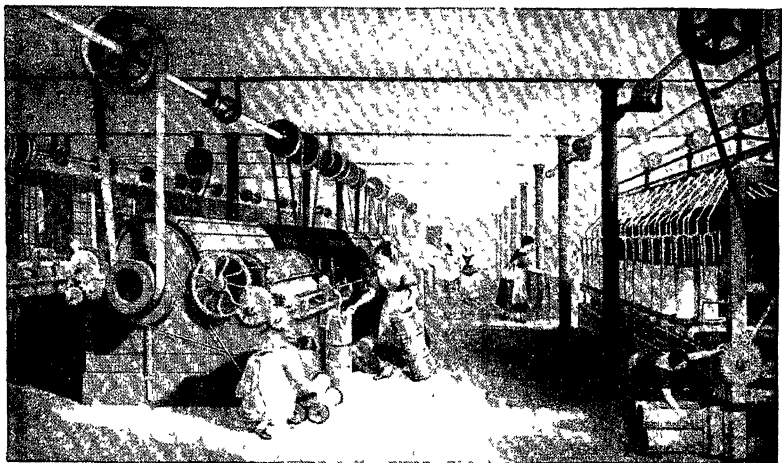
ROBERT OWEN.



THE SOUTH SIDE OF LONDON BRIDGE IN THE TIME OF OWEN.



THE STAGE COACH OF THE TIME OF OWEN.

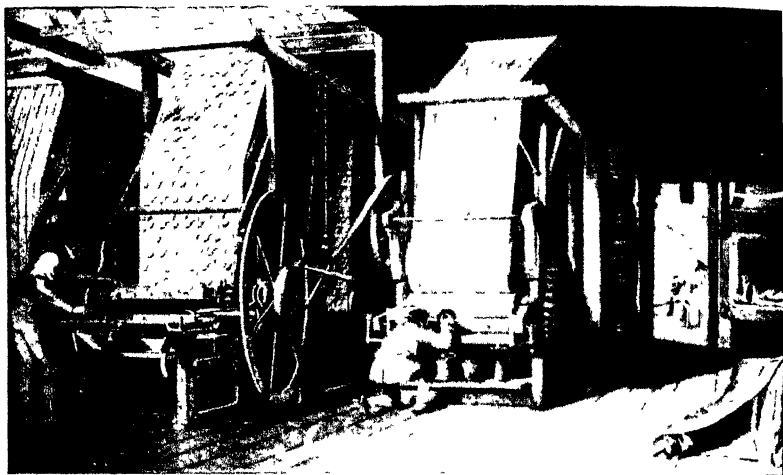


CARDING, DRAWING, AND ROVING.



MULE SPINNING.

Owen's influence was felt in other parts of the country. The above pictures and those on the next page show scenes from Manchester factories which were built in Owen's time, and in which, as you will see, the working conditions were quite good.



CALICO PRINTING IN A COTTON MILL.



POWER-LOOM WEAVING IN A COTTON MILL.

sleep in, but when they got home they were too tired to sleep. On Sunday some one tried to teach them the Gospel stories. Most of them fell asleep as they listened. Sometimes they were so miserable that they ran away, but they had no friends to run to. We do not know what happened to them.

§ 5

When Owen became master of his own mills he determined that his people, at least, should live like this no longer. He built tidy cottages with several rooms for the workers. He put new machines in the mill which were easier and safer to work. He shut up the bad shops and opened a new one. Its windows were bright and clean; on its shelves were jars and bottles and bins of good food and bales of strong warm cloth. When the housewife went to buy two penn'orth of tea and a quarter of a pound of butter, and two yards of flannel for baby's frock, she knew that what she had bought was good and cheap.

Sometimes mothers brought their little children of six years old to work in the mill. Owen scolded them and sent them home. He told them that no mother should want her little child to work. He would have no child in his mill until he or she was ten years old. He would not have any more workhouse children at New Lanark. He said if they had no mothers and fathers able and willing to look after them, they ought to be taken care of by other people and not made to work for themselves.

At first the people who worked in the mill were very angry. They said Mr. Owen was no better than a silly old hen fussing over its chickens. He was even trying to make grown men and women go to school in the evening when their work was done, and giving them good conduct marks for behaving well in the factory. They never heard such nonsense.

But as the years passed they got to like their comfortable cottages, their clean workroom, and the lovely playing fields he gave them. Their children came home rosy and happy from the new school he had built for them. They said that in fine weather they did nearly all their lessons out of doors, and they were learning such wonderful things—all about birds and flowers and insects—as well as how to read and write and do sums. And there was dancing and music in school too—while the tiny ones had a school to themselves, where they spent most of their time playing games properly, and learning to help each other to be clean and neat.

When other millowners heard what Robert Owen was doing they shook their heads. They said no master could afford to spend money on making his workers happy and comfortable, and no mill could “pay,” that is, make good profits, which did not use little children. But by-and-by these same millowners heard that Mr. Owen was growing rich. His people were so happy and so healthy that they worked hard, and made more cloth and better cloth than other workers. Merchants began to come to Scotland from the English mill towns to see the New Lanark mill for themselves. Some of them even came to believe that the happier the workers in a mill are the better the mill will “pay.” A few of them followed Owen’s example. But there were still many bad masters and unhealthy mills.

As soon as he had time, Owen began to travel all over the country trying to persuade Members of Parliament to make a law forbidding masters to employ little children, or to force their workers to work long hours in unhealthy workshops. It was a long time before they would listen to him, and even when they did they would not do all he wanted ; but little by little men have learnt how wise and right he was, and mills and factories and schools to-day are much more what he would have liked them to be.

16. ELIZABETH FRY

§ I

AT the end of the eighteenth century, when George III. was King of England and George Washington was first President of the United States of America, seven little sisters were growing up in a lovely house and garden in the county of Norfolk, two miles outside Norwich.

Their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, were Quakers, or Friends, followers of George Fox, as William Penn had been a hundred years earlier. The little girls wore long frocks, with short puffed sleeves and low necks. In spite of their long frocks they played and ran about and were very merry.

Elizabeth was one of the elder children. She was a shy little girl, with fair hair, happier when she was busy with her mother about the house and garden than at any other time. With a large house and garden and a large family, Mrs. Gurney had much to do. There was linen to air and mend, flowers to cut and arrange, store cupboards to be kept supplied, jam-pots to be covered and labelled. In all this housework Elizabeth could help, and was delighted to do so.

But when ladies and gentlemen came out from Norwich to dinner or tea, Elizabeth was banished to nursery, garden, or schoolroom. Then she counted the hours till the visitors should go and she could get back to her mother's side again. Sometimes, in the afternoon, Mrs. Gurney, tired after her hard morning's work, would sit resting in her big chair and fall asleep. Then Eliza-

beth sat on her little stool, gazing with her heart in her mouth. Supposing her dear mother should never wake again?

Now Elizabeth hated her lessons. Her governess and the other children thought that she was stupid and slow. When she was asked questions in general knowledge, or had to stand up to say the multiplication table, she was so terrified that everything went out of her head. Many of the things that other people thought and spoke about never seemed to her to be quite true. She used to contradict what they said. Then her nurses and governesses told her she was rude and naughty.

On Sundays Mr. and Mrs. Gurney took their seven little daughters to Meeting, as the Quakers called their religious service. In the plain quiet meeting-house, with its rows of benches, Elizabeth found it very difficult to sit still and listen in the hope of hearing the voice of God speaking inwardly to her soul. For this was what the Quakers taught people to do.

But it was worse still when some Quaker lady or gentleman, clothed in sober grey or brown, rose to their feet and began to pray or speak. Then she felt hot all over with shame and discomfort. It seemed to her strange that people should want to say their prayers aloud, or to speak to others of the happiness which God poured into their souls.

When she was nearly grown up Elizabeth was invited to go and stay in London. She would travel along the fine new turnpike roads either by coach or in her father's own chaise. Here and there along the roads gates barred the way. At the sound of the galloping horses' feet and the rumbling of the coach wheels, the toll-keeper would come out of his little house by the roadside. The guard of the coach or the driver of the carriage paid the toll, which was used for the mending of the road. The gate was thrown open. The coachman cracked his whip and slackened the rein. The horses set off again. So,

travelling at about twelve or even fifteen miles an hour, the travellers came at last to London city.

By this time Elizabeth was tall and slim. The friends with whom she stayed took her to the theatre. She saw the plays of *Hamlet* and *Bluebeard*, but she did not enjoy them. We do not know what she thought of the busy city, with its street hawkers crying their wares in a kind of song, "Buy my sweet lavender," or "Chairs to mend"; the watchmen, in their little boxes at night, coming out with lantern and stick as the hour struck, to cry "past twelve o'clock and a fine starry night"; the shops, with their small-paned, low windows through which the wares—fine cloths and silks, silver-ware or snuff-boxes, groceries or beaver hats—could hardly be seen. She did not know then that London would soon be her own home.

§ 2

When she was twenty Elizabeth married Mr. Joseph Fry. Like Mr. Gurney, he was a Quaker. He lived in a street called St. Mildred's Court in London. Here on the ground floor, opening out on to the cobbled street, he carried on his business. Upstairs were drawing-rooms and bedrooms. To this home above his shop he brought his young wife to live, and his friends came to visit her. They, too, were Quakers or Friends, but they would probably have thought the Friends at Norwich worldly and vain.

The Quaker ladies wore close-fitting white caps on their heads, and broad-brimmed beaver hats over them. Their gowns were of coarse material, and always drab in colour. Whatever the fashion of the day, they were always cut in the same way, with long bodices coming to a point below the waist, and very long, full skirts. They used the pronouns "thou" and "thee" where we use "you." They called each other by their full names,

"Elizabeth Fry," or "Joseph Fry," or "Anna Buxton," and never used the title Mr., or Mrs., or Miss. Their grave sweet mouths and kindly eyes won Elizabeth's heart. They talked a great deal of the poverty and distress of the people in the dark alleys and courts of London, of the school which they kept for ragged children, of the crowded workhouses and miserable prisons of the time.

Elizabeth had never known before that there was such misery as they described to her. It began to seem to her dreadful that she, who had servants and good food and warm clothes and many friends, should not also try to help to make things better. Shy and timid as she was, she began to go out into the miserable streets behind her own pleasant house. There she found people who had no home but a damp dark cellar below the level of the street. They often had no work to do, and no money to buy food or clothes. The children went barefoot in summer and winter. The little boys had no coats. Their sharp blue elbows pushed through their thin cotton shirts. There was no fire in the rusty grates. The broken window panes were stuffed with rags to keep out the rain and the wind.

Sometimes she found even worse things than this. The mother had perhaps been in despair because the little ones were ill for want of food and fire. Her husband could get no work. A gentleman in a warm coat had got out of a coach and dropped his purse, as she stood in a pastry-cook's doorway trying to get comfort from the warm air which came out every time the door opened. It was not very surprising that she had picked up the purse and hidden it in the fold of her dress.

But she had been seen, and now she was in Newgate prison waiting to be tried. She had been allowed to take her little baby with her. But if she were found guilty, the law in those days was so cruel that she might be hanged, or at the best sent away over the sea as a convict to a prison in a far-off land.

§ 3

Stories such as these made Mrs. Fry's heart ache. She gave away food and clothes and fuel. Above all she gave her friendship and her time, even when she began to be busy with her own little children. By-and-by the whole family moved away from London to a beautiful country house in Essex called Plashet. Here twelve little sons and daughters grew up, playing in the nurseries, helping their mother to plant wild flowers in the garden, learning to sew and knit and hammer and saw and plane.

Even here, in the fresh open country, Mrs. Fry found many poor people needing help. Half a mile from her lovely home was a row of filthy tumble-down cottages. The people who lived in them had come from Ireland. They worked in the fields in haytime and corn harvest, but each man only earned five to eight shillings a week. The women and little children could earn a few pence by picking stones off the fields. But they were miserably poor.

Their houses were as cold and filthy as the houses in London. They fell sick of smallpox, from which in those days people hardly ever recovered. When she had seen some of these things Mrs. Fry ordered the carriage to come round. She filled it with blankets and medicines and food and went to help. She even vaccinated some of the babies. She turned schoolmistress and taught the children. There was a big barn in the grounds of Plashet. Here good nourishing soup was made, and served out in steaming bowls to the people who had not had enough to eat.

But even now Mrs. Fry did not spend all her time in the country. When she was in London she often thought of the stories she had heard of people being sent to prison and condemned to be hanged for stealing a small sum

of money. She had heard the same kind of stories in the country. Starving men could be put to death for stealing a hen from a coop, or for writing letters to farmers in their despair, saying that if they would not give them work they would burn their hayricks. She wondered what the prisons were like where they waited for trial.

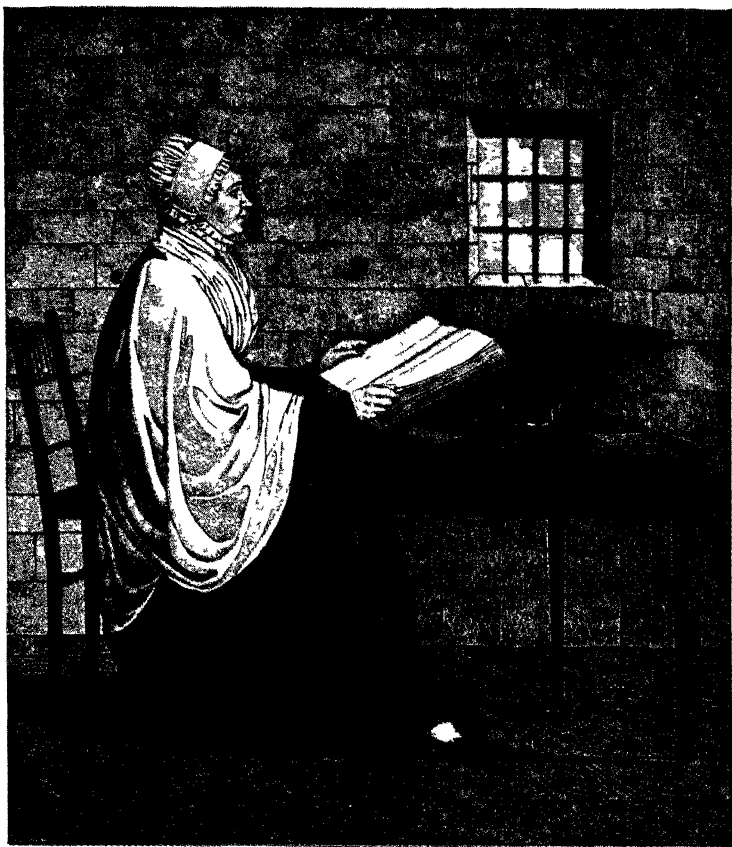
One January day some Friends came to see Mrs. Fry. They told her they had been to Newgate prison in London. When she heard what they had to tell about it her heart sank. She determined that she must go and see for herself. With one other lady, whose name was Anna Buxton, she got leave to go.

It was the month of February. The winter was not yet over, though the days were beginning to lengthen. They came to the gloomy building, and were met by the governor. They were dressed in the plain grey dress of the Friends, but they wore watches. "You had better leave your watches behind before you go in to see the women," he told them gravely. "They are so wild and disorderly they may snatch the watches without your knowing."

The two Friends refused. They would not distrust even these poor creatures. So they were taken along the dark cold corridors. A door was unlocked by the warder. A terrible sight met their eyes. There, crouched together in one room, were about three hundred wretched women. Some of them had their little children with them. Hardly any of them had enough clothes to keep them warm and neat.

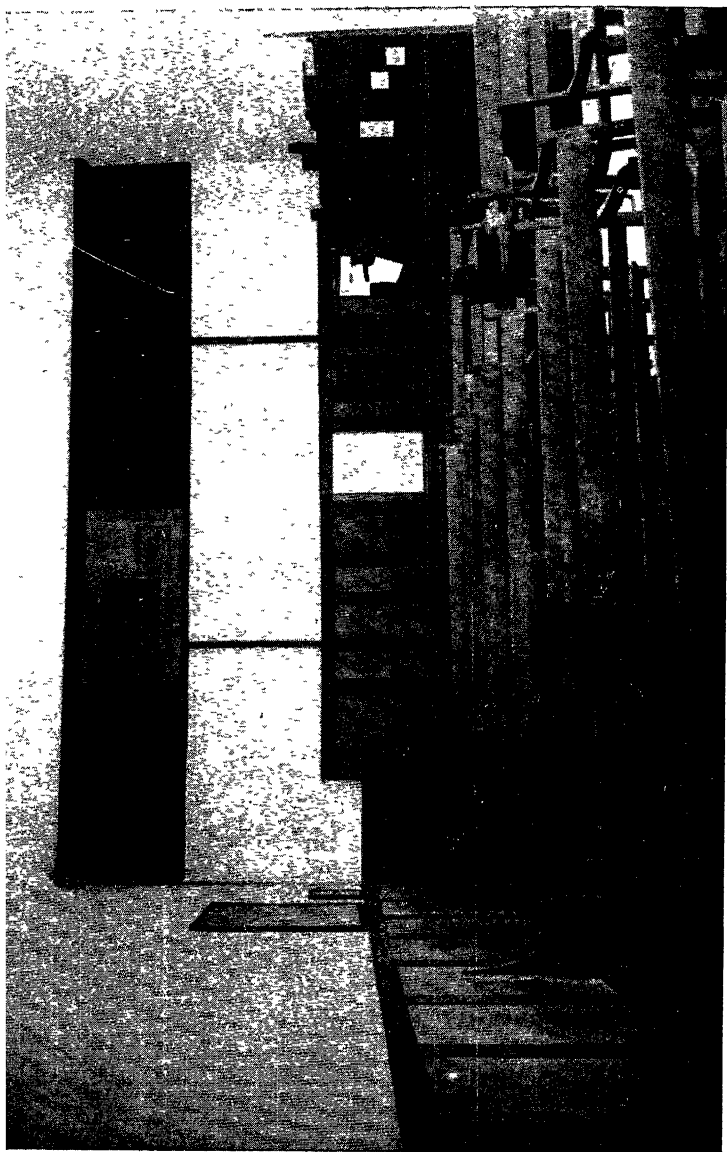
A grating in the wall opened out upon the street. Round this a crowd of women with tousled hair and dirty faces were fighting and quarrelling. They all wanted to get to the grating, so that they could talk to and beg from the people who passed in the street.

The prisoners had nothing to do all day but beg and gossip at the grating, or play cards, or quarrel and fight. Some of them had not yet been tried, and perhaps had



Mrs. Elizabeth Fry in a Prison Cell in Newgate.

"I was in prison and ye visited me."



AN INSIDE VIEW OF JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE (see page 112).

never been in prison before. Others knew that they were soon to be hanged or sent away across the sea.

When Elizabeth Fry and Anna Buxton came into this dreadful room those near the door stared at them. There was something about their quiet, grave faces that seemed to make a kind of hush in the crowded stuffy room. Loud voices were stilled. The women grew quieter and quieter. Then Anna Buxton's voice broke the silence. She was asking God to comfort these poor women.

Mrs. Fry, forgetting her shyness, was so filled with pity that she too began to pray. The very sight of two gentlewomen who cared enough for their sorrows and trusted them enough to dare to come and visit them, touched the hearts of a few of the prisoners. Some of them passed the backs of their hands over their eyes. Others sobbed aloud. One after another dropped upon her knees.

Their two new friends talked to them and asked questions. By-and-by they left again. No one had even tried to touch their watches.

§ 4

But now what was to be done to make things better? Mrs. Fry went home and told her little daughters what she had seen. She asked them if they would like to make clothes for the prisoners. Very soon they were hard at work cutting out and sewing dresses and jackets of warm green baize. Their mother was not satisfied. To have neat dresses would make the prisoners warm and tidy, and if they were tidy they would feel more proud of themselves. But this was not enough. They needed something to do. The children, too, who were in the prison with their mothers, needed caring for.

After a time Mrs. Fry thought of a plan. By this time she knew the women better, and they trusted her.

She gathered them round her and asked them if they would like to have a school for their children if a room could be found. The poor mothers' faces lit up with joy. They did not want their little children to grow up ignorant and untamed, like little savages. Their eyes filled with tears.

Mrs. Fry asked them to choose one of themselves as mistress. They voted for a young woman whose name was Mary Conner. She was allowed to use an empty cell as a schoolroom, and the children were soon very happy. Before this they had nothing to do all day but quarrel and fight and scream. The women had lost their tempers with them. The crowded stuffy room made them feel ill. Now they had a room to themselves, and something interesting to do.

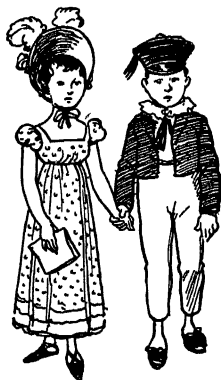
They learned to love Mary Conner, and she learned to care for them. She soon felt that if she had all these little children to look after she must behave very well herself. She began to keep her face and hands clean, her hair and dress tidy, and to keep the prison rules carefully. She gave up begging at the grating. In the old days she had stolen a watch, and that was why she was in prison. By-and-by the Government granted her a pardon. She went away a free woman.

Mrs. Fry saw that Mary had grown to be neat and clean, and to keep rules because she was trusted. She felt sure that if all the women felt they were trusted they would also begin to be clean and orderly. She talked to them. By-and-by she and some other ladies and the governor of the prison helped them to draw up some new prison rules.

They divided themselves into classes of twelve, and chose one woman to be "monitor" of each class. Each class was provided with sewing and knitting to do. The monitor helped them and read to them. They made clothes for themselves, and for the poor prisoners who were sent over the sea or "transported." The governor gave

them a special workroom and had it whitewashed. The monitors saw that the women came with clean faces and hands. Whatever money they made by their sewing and knitting they were allowed to keep.

Many people heard of the work that Mrs. Fry was doing. Little by little the terrible conditions were altered in other prisons too. The law was made less cruel. No one can be hanged for stealing to-day. People are beginning to realize that men and women who are so unhappy as to be sent to prison very often need caring for and teaching rather than punishing. This is "social work" that Friends or Quakers have made their special care ever since Mrs. Fry's day.



How children dressed in
Mrs. Fry's time.

17. GEORGE STEPHENSON

§ 1

THIS story begins at about the same time as the story of Elizabeth Fry, but the family it tells of, instead of living in a lovely house in eastern England, had their home in one room of a little cottage beside a coal mine in the north. The walls of the room were unplastered. The rafters overhead were bare. The floor was made of trodden clay. But the man and woman and six little children who lived here were happy people.

Their name was Stephenson, but everybody in the village called the father "Owd Bob." All day he worked at firing the engine which pumped the water out of the mine. But when his work was done the children of the place would come crowding round the cottage door. He was one of those people children love. He had such interesting things to show them—tame blackbirds which would answer his whistle, wrens which came fearlessly for the crumbs he saved for them. Then, too, he could tell splendid stories to the children who had no schooling and no books. To listen to Owd Bob telling the story of Sindbad the Sailor or of Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday was a most wonderful treat.

Bob Stephenson earned only twelve shillings a week, so there was not a great deal to eat in the cottage, or many new clothes for the children. Moreover, there was no school in those days to which people could go without paying fees ; so James and George and Nell Stephenson had to face the world without learning to read or write.

But George found plenty to do. He helped his mother about the house ; " minded " the younger brothers and sisters, keeping them out of the way of the coal wagon which the patient horses pulled along the rails that ran past the cottage door ; went bird-nesting when he had time ; and every day took his father a bit of dinner on a plate tied up in a large handkerchief, and after dinner watched him feed the robins with the crumbs.

When George was eight years old the whole family moved to another colliery, and he himself began to work. At first he earned 2*d.* a day minding widow Grace Ainslie's cows as they fed on the broad grass borders by the roadside. But as soon as he was old enough he went to the colliery with his brother Jim. The two little boys did not go down the mine, but stayed on the surface picking out the stones which had been brought up with the coal. It was back-aching work, but Geordie was as proud as he could be each Friday evening when he took his mother the 3*s.* he had earned.

There were holidays, too, when he and Bill Thirlwall, his special chum, were busy all day, making whistles out of reeds they cut by the stream side, or setting up water-wheels, their bare feet gleaming cool and white as they splashed about in the little burn.

But the invention the boys were most proud of was a little winding engine. They made it of clay from the stream bank, and used the hollow stems of the great hemlock for its " steam pipes." They had spent hours watching the engines which wound the cage that carried men and coal up from the mine. Their model, which was the pride of their hearts, stood outside Bill's cottage. Alas ! one morning when he rushed out early to look at it, he found that some spiteful person had smashed it to pieces.

By the time he was fourteen or fifteen years old George was a great tall lad, running about summer and winter

with bare legs and feet, for stockings and shoes cost money and soon wore out. The world seemed to him a most exciting place. He was always trying to find out how things were made. He had learnt from his father to make friends with birds and animals, and had tame blackbirds and wild rabbits. He was strong, too, and could throw the hammer and lift weights better than most boys of his age. People liked him, for he had merry ways and was for ever playing some new trick.

Ever since he was quite a little boy George had heard men in his father's cottage, or gathered about the pithead over their dinner, talking of the strange things which were happening in France ; but it was not until he grew to be nearly a man that he paid much heed to what they said. News travelled slowly in those days. There were no telegrams, telephone, or wireless, and not even any railways. The house in which the young Stephensons were born stood on the coach road. Many a time the children must have run out to see the four splendid horses which drew the stage-coach go galloping by, with the coachman perched high above them, and the guard behind blowing his horn to warn people and geese, and dogs and pigs, to get out of the way.

Sometimes the coach would draw up to leave a newspaper at the village inn. The newspapers of those days were often only single sheets, and by the time that they got to small colliery villages, such as the one where George lived, they would be several days old. There was perhaps only one copy for the whole village, but as only a few people could read, that did not matter much. One man would stand and read out the news very slowly to all the rest.

§ 2

In the year 1799, when George was eighteen years old, the newspapers which came to his village were full of the

name of Napoleon Buonaparte. By this time George was among the most eager of the men and boys who gathered round to hear the news read out. For the first time in his life he began to wish that he could read. Moreover, he was growing more and more interested in making things—especially engines. He thought that books must be able to tell him some of the things he wanted to know, for example, why steam will force up the lid of a cylinder and push a piston rod.

He determined to go to school. So on three nights a week, after his work was done, he would wash his face and hands and comb his hair, and make his way to the new night school which had just been opened in the village. There, with other young men and some children, he sat and learnt how to read, write, and spell, and do simple arithmetic. By the time he was nineteen he could write his own name, but what he really cared for was figures.

He was an engineman now; and on night shifts, by the glare of the engine fire, he worked on his slate the sums his master had set him. He also learnt to make and mend shoes. In this way he earned enough money to marry and have a little cottage of his own. He was as proud as possible of his pretty sweet-tempered wife, their tidy cottage, and the baby boy, who, by-and-by, lay and crooned and gurgled in the wooden cradle by the kitchen fire.

The engine at which George now worked stood on the quayside by the river Tyne. Ships which had gone out laden with goods came home filled with ballast to make weight. This had to be unloaded and thrown away. Year by year the ballast heap grew and grew, until in Stephenson's time it had become a great hill by the water-side. Now the ballast which was taken out of the ship's hold had to be thrown into trucks; and the trucks had to be wound up to the top of the hill and there emptied.

The winding was done by two engines, one at the top

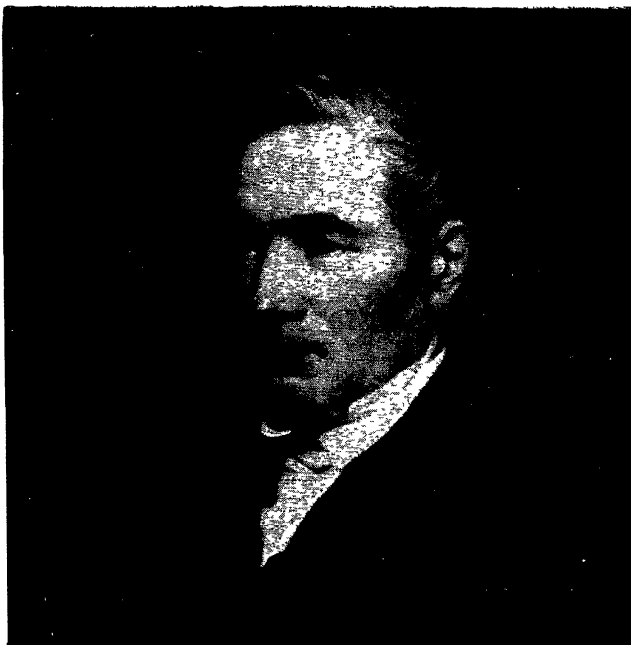
of the hill and the other at the bottom. A pulley on a rope ran between them. As the wheels of the engines turned round, this pulley moved up or down the hill, taking the trucks with it. Stephenson's engine was the one at the bottom of the hill.

As he watched its wheel turning round and round, and the pulley sliding forward, strange thoughts passed through his mind. Supposing that, instead of engines standing still with their wheels turning round in the air, the wheels could somehow be put upon the ground—would it not be possible to make the engine itself move? And if the engine could move, could it not pull much heavier weights than either men or horses? Could it not perhaps move more quickly than the great barges which glided slowly along the canals and rivers, carrying coal and iron and heavy goods from town to town?

§ 3

Now he heard that people in other towns, where men were working with engines at coal-hewing or unloading ballast or turning machinery, were really trying to make engines that moved about, or "locomotives." He read about their engines and went to see one. It was not very successful. At last, in 1814, he made one himself. One June day it was finished. He coupled to it a train of eight trucks loaded with a weight of thirty tons. The engine was well stoked, and jets of steam began to pour from the funnel with a terrific roar. As Stephenson took off the brakes anxious friends stood round. Would the train move? Would the boiler burst? Suddenly the wheels of the engine began to revolve. They gripped the lines, and the whole train slid slowly forward at the rate of four miles an hour.

The next year two wonderful things happened to Stephenson. First, he found out that he could use the

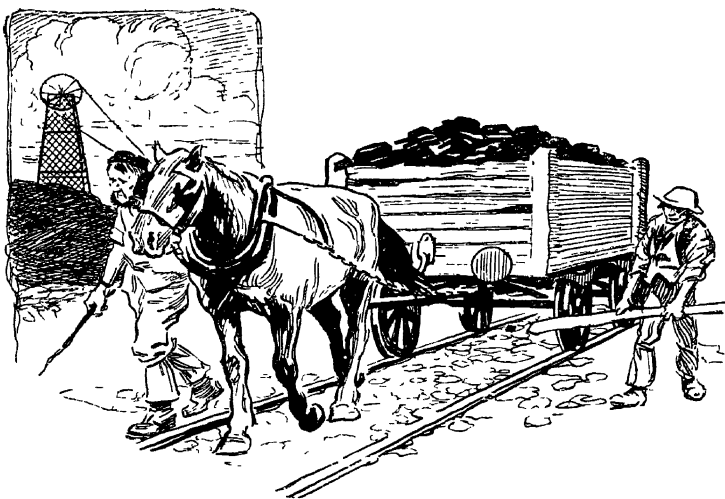


GEORGE STEPHENSON

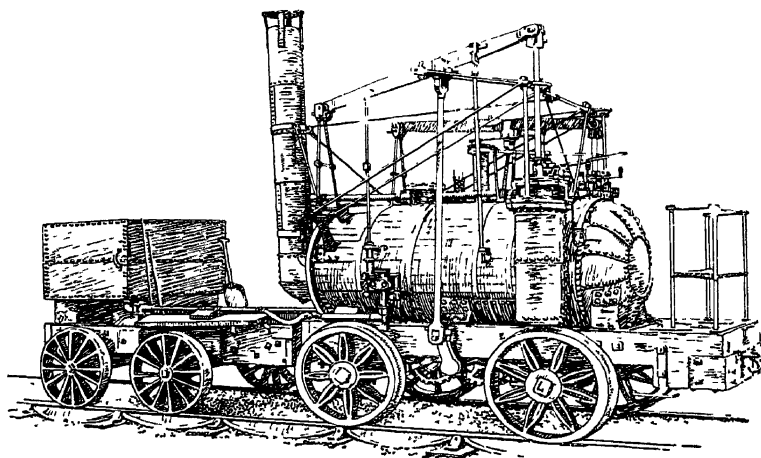
(From the portrait by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.)



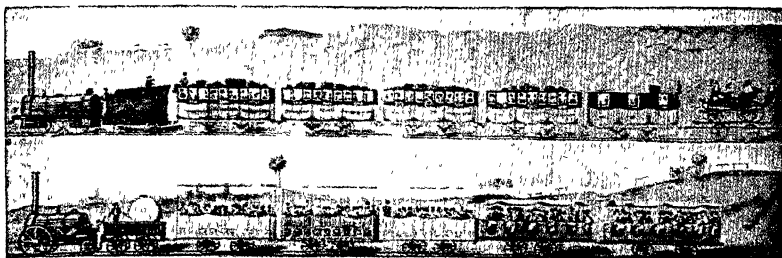
GEORGE STEPHENSON'S BIRTHPLACE.



OLD HORSE-DRAWN COAL WAGON.

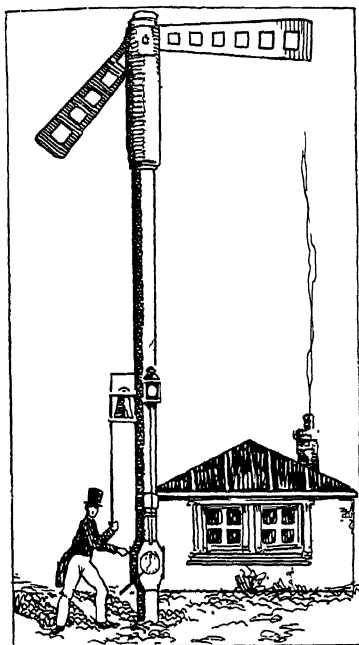


PUFFING BILLY

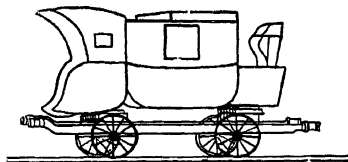
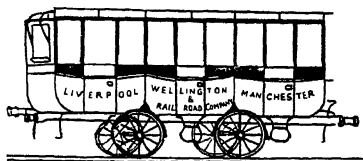


TRAVELLING ON THE LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY,
OPENED SEPTEMBER 16, 1830.

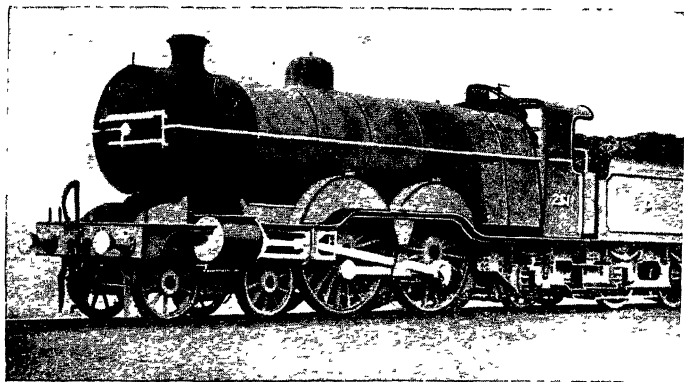
(The upper picture shows a first-class train with mails, the lower a second-class passenger train.)



SEMAPHORE SIGNAL WORKED
BY POLICEMAN.



The two small pictures above
show early types of railway
coaches. Compare them with
the types now used which you
can see any day.



A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.



CROSSING THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

noisy waste steam of his engine to get more heat for his boiler, and that if he connected his engine wheels by a horizontal rod he could make them revolve more quickly. Secondly, his son Robert, who was now twelve years old, began to go to school in Newcastle. His father cut out a new suit for him, and every morning he set out on a donkey, with his books and a packet of food. When he came home in the evening and the lamp was lighted and the curtains drawn, Robert would teach his father what he himself had learned that day.

During all these years the towns and villages by Tyne and Wear were growing busier and blacker. New shafts were sunk for coal, more ironworks were opened, more ships lay off the quays at Newcastle and Stockton waiting to carry the coals to London, and, when the war with Napoleon was over, to France as well. But it was a slow business getting the coal from the pits to the seaside.

The rivers of the north of England wind here and there, and flow broad and shallow over steep and rocky beds until they get near to the sea. Horses could only draw the coal very slowly, and in very small amounts, even along the good new roads. Some gentlemen in Darlington who owned coal mines thought they must find a quicker way of taking their coals to the coast. At first they thought they would make a canal. But one of them, whose name was Mr. Edward Pease, had a bolder idea. Why should they not make a railway along which horses could draw heavy trucks more quickly than when they had to pull them along the uneven surface of the road? The other merchants agreed, and they got leave from Parliament to buy the land they needed for the railway.

§ 4

It was a spring day in the year 1821. The trim maid-servant in Mr. Pease's pleasant house in Darlington came

to tell her master that two men wanted to speak to him. Mr. Pease was a Quaker, and always ready to help people who were in need. He went to see the strangers. He found two young workmen waiting for him. One of them was George Stephenson. He stood, hat in hand, and told Mr. Pease that he had heard that he was planning to make a railway for horse wagons. He said he had made an engine that would run along rails and draw trucks, and begged Mr. Pease to try engines instead of horses on his new line.

Mr. Pease liked his smiling, open face. He thought that what he said sounded sensible. He promised to ask the other coalowners to consider the plan. Stephenson and his friend had talked so long that they missed the coach; but they walked back the eighteen miles, before they could get a lift, in a mood that matched the gay spring weather.

At first the other directors scoffed. They said that the boiler would burst; that the train would make such a noise that it would frighten the cows in the fields as it passed by, so that they would never give any more milk. They said it would drive away all the foxes from the country, and there would never be any more hunting. But Mr. Pease was a persevering person. He went over to Killingworth and rode on Stephenson's own engine.

At last his friends were persuaded, and in 1823 work was begun. It took two years to plan and make the line. On the 27th of September 1825 it was opened. A great crowd gathered by the side of the line. They said they had come to see the engine blow up. What they saw was first of all the engine, whose name was "Locomotion," standing very high on its wheels, with a tall thin funnel. Stephenson himself was driving. Then came six trucks, some loaded with coal and some with flour, and next a coach built rather like a caravan. In this coach were the directors in their tall hats and long frock-coats. Then came twenty-one open wagons with seats fixed in

them for the occasion, and, last of all, six more wagons of coal.

Breathlessly the crowd waited till every one was in his place. Some of the passengers' hearts were beating anxiously. Were they going to be killed on this dangerous journey? Stephenson took off the brakes. They felt a jolt, and then found they were moving slowly and smoothly forward. The crowd ran, cheering and shouting, beside and behind the train. When they saw that the engine did not burst, some of them began to climb on to the wagons behind. The engine put on speed. Now and again she travelled at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

When at length they drew triumphantly up in the town of Stockton, there were six hundred passengers either in the trucks or hanging on behind. Thus the first railway train in the world completed her first journey in triumph. Perhaps George Stephenson felt this made up for the smashed winding-wheel outside Bill Thirlwall's cottage forty years before.



The Postman in
Stephenson's day.

18. LORD SHAFTESBURY

§ 1

IF you had been walking on a certain country road early one morning in the year 1840 you might perhaps have met a man and a little boy trudging along together. If you had looked carefully at the little boy you would have noticed that his skin and his hair were black. Yet he was not an African, but a little English boy. He was crying, and where the tears ran down his face and trickled into the corners of his mouth they had washed pale streaks upon his cheeks. He was only seven years old, but his father and his mother were dead, and the man after whose long strides he was half-trotting, half-walking, was his master, a chimney-sweep.

When they came to the big house whose chimneys were to be cleaned the master knocked at the back door. It was so early that all the family were in bed. A little kitchen-maid, whose sleepy eyes, red cheeks, and tousled hair showed that she was only just awake, opened the door. She led the sweep and his little lad through the hall into the dining-room.

The master carried no long brushes with handles which could be screwed in, as sweeps do to-day. The little crying boy had to step into the grate and climb all the way up the dark and sooty chimney, sweeping it as he climbed. His master's wife had pulled him out of bed at half-past four that morning. He had been so sleepy that his eyes had shut again as he swallowed the slice of bread and the beer she had given him. His head had

dropped upon the table. His master had boxed his ears and beaten him with a brush handle. He had not wanted to be cruel, but they were due at the big house at half-past five. He must wake the boy somehow. His ears still sang and his legs felt tottery. That was why the tears rolled down his cheeks.

His teeth chattered as he put his little sooty head up the chimney. It was not very wide, but there were steps inside. The rough bricks scraped the skin off his hands and knees as he climbed them. Soot fell into his eyes. He shut them, and his mouth as well. It grew more and more stuffy. He thought he must choke. But just then he felt a breath of cool air. He stopped brushing, and crouched very still for a moment. Then he opened his eyes. Above him he saw a glimmer of light. He was nearly at the top. He shut his eyes again and pulled himself up once more, brushing as he went. At last his head came out into the fresh air at the top of the chimney. He opened his eyes and gasped. His master was waiting there upon the roof to pull him out. So he toiled all day. At night he went home to his master's house. He was given some supper, but no one gave him water to wash. All black and sooty he tumbled on to the straw mattress which served him for a bed. He pulled the coarse blanket over him, and, sobbing a little with the pain in his hands and knees, dropped asleep.

All over England other little boys, some of them not more than six years old, were sweeping chimneys in this way. Sometimes one of them would be met by the lady of the house, very grand in her sweeping silk skirts. "Do you mind going up my chimneys to sweep them for me, dear little boy?" she would ask. "I hope it does not hurt you?" The lad's master was standing by, glaring. If he said he was frightened, his knees were hurt, and his eyes smarted, he knew he would be thrashed when he got home, so he said with a gasp, "Oh no, ma'am, I don't mind at all." So the lady swept on. She felt quite

happy. The little boys said they did not mind sweeping her chimneys. She thought it was very nice for them to be useful and to earn their own living when they were so young.

§ 2

But there was one man in England who felt very differently. He had sad, lonely eyes, and a large nose. His dark hair was brushed back from his forehead, and he wore little whiskers which made his face look long and thin. His name was Lord Ashley. He had been very unhappy and lonely when he was a little boy at school, and he could not bear to see any child unhappy or lonely now that he was a man. His father had a big house in the country, in Dorsetshire, and another one in London. Lord Ashley had never known what it was to be poor or not have enough to eat; but he knew what it was like to be unhappy in other ways. When he met the little "climbing boys," as they were called, trudging along the roads after their masters, he felt as though he too would like to cry.

But crying would not help the boys. Lord Ashley was a Member of Parliament. He determined to try to get the other members to agree to make a law to say that no boys under sixteen might be apprenticed to sweeps. He had to work very hard in order to do this. He had to go and call upon doctors who had seen the little climbing boys when they were ill or hurt. He made friends with some of the master sweeps who did not like using boys. They told him sad stories. He saw and talked to the boys themselves. His friends laughed at him. Fashionable ladies shook their heads, and told him the dear little boys liked the work. Gentlemen said that their chimneys would catch fire and their houses be burnt down if they were not allowed to have boys to sweep them. Ashley took no notice. For two whole years he worked.

The House of Commons is a long room with rows of benches facing each other and a broad passage down the middle. The Speaker, in his wig and black gown, sits in a high chair at one end. The members sit on the benches. In 1842 they wore tall top hats. Most of them wore whiskers. One summer evening, one of the leading members got up and proposed the law which Lord Ashley wanted. Then Lord Ashley himself stood up. He told the listening members that little boys of four and five years old were being made to climb chimneys. He said they were more miserable than the children who worked in factories. He said it was a disgrace to a Christian country that such things should be.

As he spoke a great hush fell over the House. Members stopped rustling their papers and moving their feet. They sat very still. They felt that what Lord Ashley was telling them was a thing to be ashamed of, and they voted for, or "passed," the new law.

But even when the law was passed some people did not obey it, and Lord Ashley had to set to work again. He and some of his friends formed a society. They called it "The Climbing Boys' Society." Its members promised to find out all they could about the little chimney sweeps, and tell everybody they could about them. They knew that when enough people had heard how unhappy the boys were, a law would be passed which would have to be obeyed. They were right.

It took more than thirty years to bring this about, and Lord Ashley and his friends were helped by a book, part of which you will like to read for yourselves. It is called *The Water Babies*, and was written by a clergyman called Charles Kingsley. He wrote it in 1863. Ten years later, in 1873, Lord Ashley, who was now called Lord Shaftesbury, persuaded Parliament to pass an Act which at length stopped people from sending boys up chimneys.

§ 3

Long before this Lord Ashley had made friends with other boys and girls. One day, as he sat in his chair reading the *Times* newspaper, his eye fell on a letter which asked for help for the London Ragged Schools. He wondered what these might be. One night he went to see. He had to walk to a very poor part of London. The streets were narrow and dirty, and there were few gas lamps. Untidy women, with shawls over their heads, stood in the dark doorways. Boys and girls without shoes or stockings, and with uncombed hair and unwashed faces, played about in the gutters or danced to the sound of a concertina.

Lord Shaftesbury came to the door of the school, knocked, and pushed it open. He found himself standing on the doorstep of a dirty room with a low ceiling. It was dimly lighted by evil-smelling, smoky lamps. The air was hot, and smelt of unwashed clothes. A number of ragged boys and girls sat on benches pretending to work sums upon their slates, but really laughing, talking, and playing. People outside hammered on the door and threw stones at the window.

Shaftesbury looked at the faces of the pupils. They were pinched and white, and looked more like the faces of old men and women than those of young boys and girls. He began to talk to the worried-looking man who was trying to teach them. He asked where they lived. "Most of them have no homes," he was told. "That lad sleeps under the bridge, and that one in a cart. These cold dark nights that sharp-looking boy climbs over the railings of Regent's Park and sleeps inside the garden roller." No, although some of them were fifteen or sixteen years old, and some older, none of them had ever been to school.



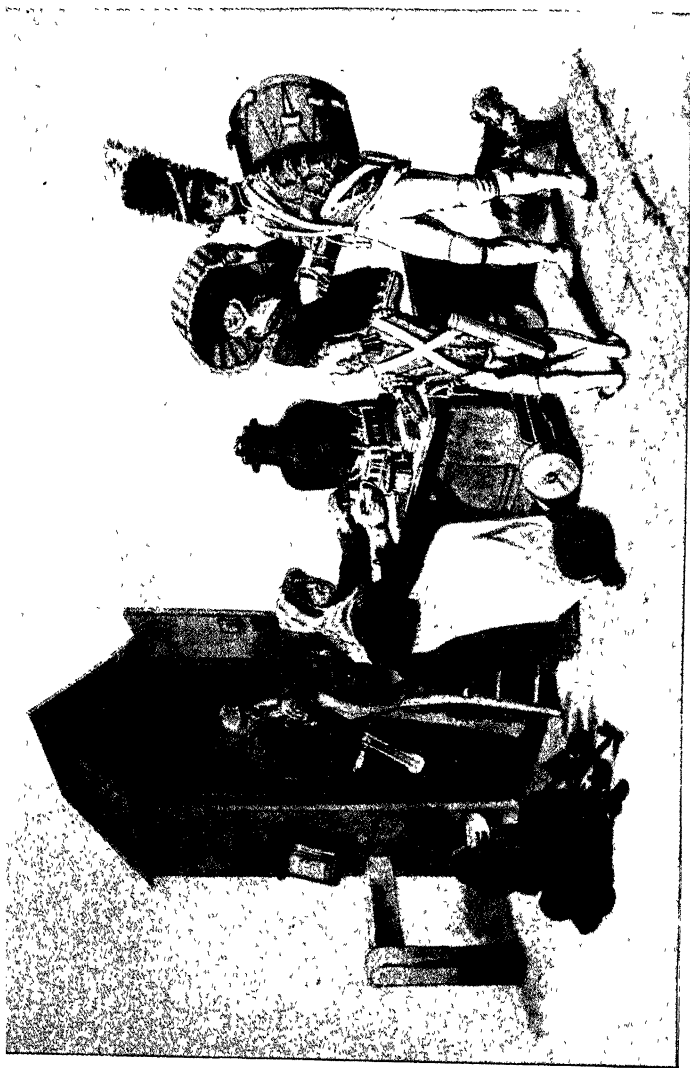
THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY
IN HIS LATER YEARS.



A BOY SWEEP.



A MATCH-SELLER.



THE SALOP SELLER.

Salop or saloop was a hot drink made from a sweet wood called sassafra, and sold in the streets of London as coffee is now sold at stalls. You can see a small chimney-sweep to the left of the picture enjoying a cup of salop.

There were no Council Schools for them to go to. Most of them could neither read nor write. They earned a few pence when they could, holding gentlemen's horses, running errands, or carrying parcels, but generally they had to live on what they could steal. Some learned to pick gentlemen's pockets. Others were so quick and nimble that they could carry off a loaf of bread or a pocketful of potatoes from a shop while the salesman's back was turned.

That night Lord Shaftesbury went home thinking deeply. Night after night he came back to the Ragged School. He gave money. He persuaded people to come and teach. He came and talked to the boys and girls himself. In a few years there were eighty-two Ragged Schools in London, and eight thousand boys and girls really learning in them.

The rooms where the schools were held were clean and brightly lighted. The teachers had smiling faces. The lads and girls came with clean hands and faces. They patched their clothes as well as they could. People gave them shoes and stockings to wear. By-and-by schools were founded where some of them could go and be trained to work on farms in Canada or Australia. They were called the Shaftesbury Homes, because it was Lord Shaftesbury who worked harder than any one else to start them.



19. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

§ 1

ENGLAND was a very different-looking country from what it is to-day when young Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale came home from Italy with their two little daughters. There were no motors, and no railways. The travellers must have crossed the Channel in a sailing vessel, and have driven from Dover to London in a coach drawn by four splendid horses, or possibly, as they had plenty of money, in their own carriage.

In these days, when we travel up to London from the south coast, we notice how, year by year, the little red-tiled houses stretch farther and farther into the country; but the Nightingales passed along a road which led through quiet fields, with here and there a sleepy village, whose cottages were roofed with deep brown thatch. The good folk of the village came out to watch the coaches pass. Dogs barked, boys shouted, mothers pulled the tiny children into safety. If it was a mail coach which carried letters from town to town, as it swept by those farmers who had watches pulled them out of their pockets to see if they were correct. For the mail coaches kept splendid time.

Mr. Nightingale probably wore a coat cut very short in front, reaching his knees behind, a hat that looked rather like a flower-pot turned upside down, and top-boots, and Mrs. Nightingale a straw bonnet tied with strings, and a long, full skirt which swept the ground.

The two little girls, who now came to England for the first time, had both been born while their parents were

abroad. They had called the elder one Parthenon, after a lovely temple in Athens, and the younger Florence, after the Italian city where she was born. They were very fortunate little girls, for they had two lovely country homes. One was in Derbyshire. Here the two nurseries up at the top of the house looked across a garden, gay in late summer and early autumn with hollyhocks and geraniums, dahlias and nasturtiums.

The garden was arranged in terraces. Flights of stone steps led from one stretch of grass or garden bed to the next. Beyond the garden were meadows full of buttercups in spring, and sweet with the scent of new-mown hay in July. Beyond that again a river splashed and brawled over red rocks, or lay in deep, silent pools, where the water hardly seemed to move. Beyond the river there were hills. The other home was in the south of England, not far from the New Forest. Here the Nightingales spent the spring and autumn.

They had all sorts of animal friends—a pig, a donkey, a pony, and many dogs. Parthenon, or Pop as her friends called her, was interested in her clothes, but Florence cared more for their family of dolls. She nursed and bandaged the broken ones which Pop had thrown aside as spoiled. As she grew older, Florence made a collection of wild flowers. She pressed one of every kind she found, and fastened them all in a book, printing the name of each flower and the place where she had found it carefully underneath it.

Sometimes Florence felt how lovely it was to be alive in a world full of sunshine, of birds and flowers, and sweet country sounds. At other times all the world seemed dark. She felt shy and awkward. She was sure that whatever she did or said was different from what other people did or said, and somehow wrong. At table she would look anxiously to see if she was holding her knife and fork or spoon in the right way. Sometimes, too, it was very difficult to be good. One day she wrote in her

diary: "Sunday—obliged to sit still by Miss Christie till I had the spirit of obedience."

The two little sisters were not much left to play alone. They did not go to school, but their house was nearly always full of young cousins—boys and girls and babies. Florence liked the babies. She looked after and managed them just as she looked after and managed the broken dolls. She and Parthenon did most of their lessons with their father. They learnt history, Italian, Greek, Latin, algebra, and geometry. The girls loved their lessons. Florence sometimes got up at four o'clock on summer mornings to prepare her own.

§ 2

When she was a tall girl of seventeen she went abroad again with her mother and father and sister. They stayed in sunny towns on the Mediterranean coast. They visited Florence, where she had been born. They drove along the great coach roads which led over high mountain passes into Switzerland, and saw the giant mountains, now like silver ghosts half lost in cloud, now clear and sharp and white against an azure sky.

They stayed for many weeks in Paris. There they had many friends with whom they danced, and talked, and supped. Every one said the two English sisters were charming. When at last they came home again they lived a gay and busy life. There were parties, music, and acting; and somehow, when any of the aunts or cousins were ill or in difficulties, they always sent for Florence.

She was tall and slim, with bright brown hair. Her eyes were grey, and often very thoughtful; but sometimes her whole face lighted up with laughter, and then her eyes laughed too. Many people loved and admired her. Some people were a little frightened of her—she did everything, even difficult things, so very well.

Perhaps you will think she must have been a very happy person. But as time went on her face was more often thoughtful than merry. Indeed, sometimes it was even gloomy or cross. She wanted to do something really useful. She knew the world was full of poverty and sickness, yet every one she knew seemed to think that girls and women, if they had plenty of money, must spend their time amusing themselves and other people—talking at dinner-parties, playing the piano, reading, travelling, and doing fancy work. Florence was sure she could do more useful things than these.

Sometimes when she and her mother or father and sister drove from their south country home into the city of Salisbury, they passed the hospital. Florence thought with longing of the sick men and women lying there; how she would love to look after and bandage them, just as she had looked after broken dolls, and sick babies, and animals when she was little. In those days there were no trained nurses in hospitals, with gentle, deft hands, and clean dresses and caps and aprons. Such nurses as there were were women who knew very little, and often cared even less.

Florence said to her friend Dr. Howe, "If I should decide to study nursing, and to devote my life to that profession, do you think it would be a dreadful thing?" "Not a dreadful thing at all," he replied, "I think it would be a very good thing." But Mrs. Nightingale and Parthenon thought very differently. They said that no well-brought-up, well-educated girl could do such a thing. Florence was very angry and very depressed. They seemed to her quite unreasonable.

"It was just as if I had wanted to be a kitchen-maid," she cried.

§ 3

But it was of no use. She had to wait another six years at home; long years, sometimes full of pleasant things, but often to her mind very dull and useless, and hard to bear. At last, in 1850, when she was thirty years old, an opportunity came.

Her sister was ill and had to go to Germany. Mrs. Nightingale and Florence went too; but Florence was no longer a young girl, but a woman, and a very determined woman too. She decided to leave her mother and Parthenon, and to go to a town called Kaiserswerth. There was in that place a hospital and an infant school, and a home for men and women who had been in prison.

The nurses and teachers and matrons all lived together, and were called deaconesses. They were doing the work because they felt called to serve Jesus Christ, and they remembered His saying in the Gospel, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." The pastor or head was one of the best and wisest people Florence had ever met. He seemed to understand every one, and to be able to help and advise them all.

The life was very hard. The deaconesses got up at 5 o'clock every morning. They had very plain food. Their "tea" was made of ground rye. Florence was busier than she had ever been before. But at last she was happy beyond words.

After this she came back to Paris and then to London, and had more training. Her mother and sister made no further objections, but they felt that she was different from themselves. They did not hinder her, but they were, as Mrs. Nightingale said, "too idle to help."

§ 4

One day, in the autumn of 1854, the faces of the people who opened the *Times* newspaper over their breakfast tables grew grave. They pushed aside their coffee and toast as they read. England and France were at war with Russia. There had been a fierce battle on the river Alma a few weeks before. Now an Englishman had written from Constantinople to say that wounded soldiers were dying in agony because there were no good nurses, no proper bandages or dressings. It was too true. People at home were filled with shame and anger and distress. What was to be done?

One of the first people to know what must be done was Florence Nightingale. She was asked by the men who were managing the war to go out herself and to take under her command thirty-eight other nurses. It was a gallant thing for a woman to do in those days. The nurses who were to go with her were not very well trained. She was not sure whether they would be willing to do as she told them. She was not even sure whether the officers in the army would welcome her, or give her the things she needed. There was need for haste. She was going to save the men's lives, and to give comfort and relief to the dying. In about a fortnight she was in Constantinople.

Then began a time which was much busier than the days at Kaiserswerth. The soldiers' hospital was filthy, and over-run with rats. There were no candlesticks, no proper sheets, no clothes for the men who were getting better. Florence herself set to work to catch some of the rats. She said she must at once have three hundred scrubbing-brushes and yards of sacking to wash the floors, for you cannot cure wounds and sickness in dirty places. She ordered a hundred pairs of sheets and two hundred shirts. She rented a house and had boilers put

in. There she employed the soldiers' wives in washing for these men. How glad the poor women must have been to have something to do. She bought oil stoves on which to cook delicate food for those who were most ill.

At first people were surprised at her energy. The officers were slow in giving her what she wanted. The nurses grumbled at the strict rules she made. She was not daunted. She was the sort of person people *have* to obey. Before long stores came in, and the hospital was cleaned. Most of the nurses began to imitate her quickness, her cheerful gentleness, and deftness.

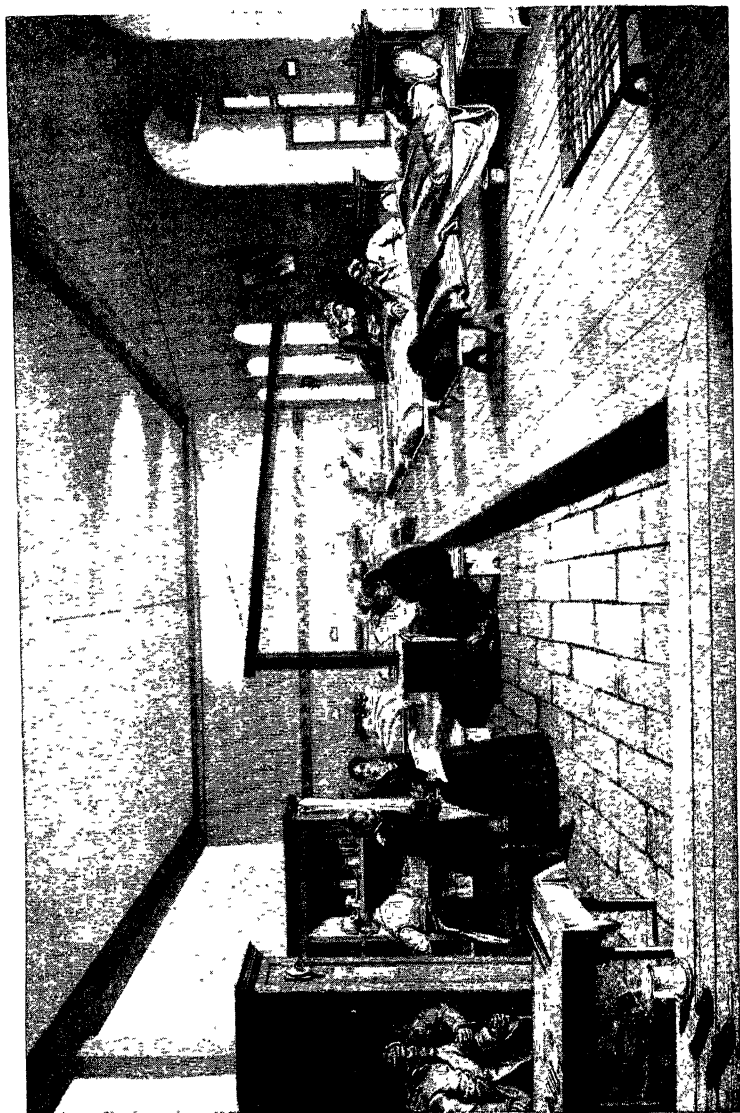
The wounded men changed too. "Before she came," said one, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church." Somehow, however bad the pain, however lonely or home-sick or ill they felt, they were now ashamed to grumble or swear. As she passed up and down the wards she had a joke or a cheery word for every one, so that they laughed and forgot their sickness. Sometimes they were frightened there alone in the big ward, so far from home, and with the pain so terribly bad. Then she stood near them, tender and kind, but making many a poor man feel ashamed of fear.

Before long there was not one of them who did not love her. They obeyed her like children. Sometimes they were like peevish children because they had nothing to do. Then she gave them notepaper and stamps, and bade them write home to their friends. That was a wonderful thing for them. No one had ever thought of doing it before.

By-and-by mothers and wives at home heard of her. When they were anxious, or aching for news of sons or husbands, they would write to her. Busy though she was, she always found time to reply. All day she worked—giving out stores, nursing the men who were most ill; and at night, instead of going to bed, she sat down to write those letters, and sometimes other very sad ones, to the relatives or friends of men who had died.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

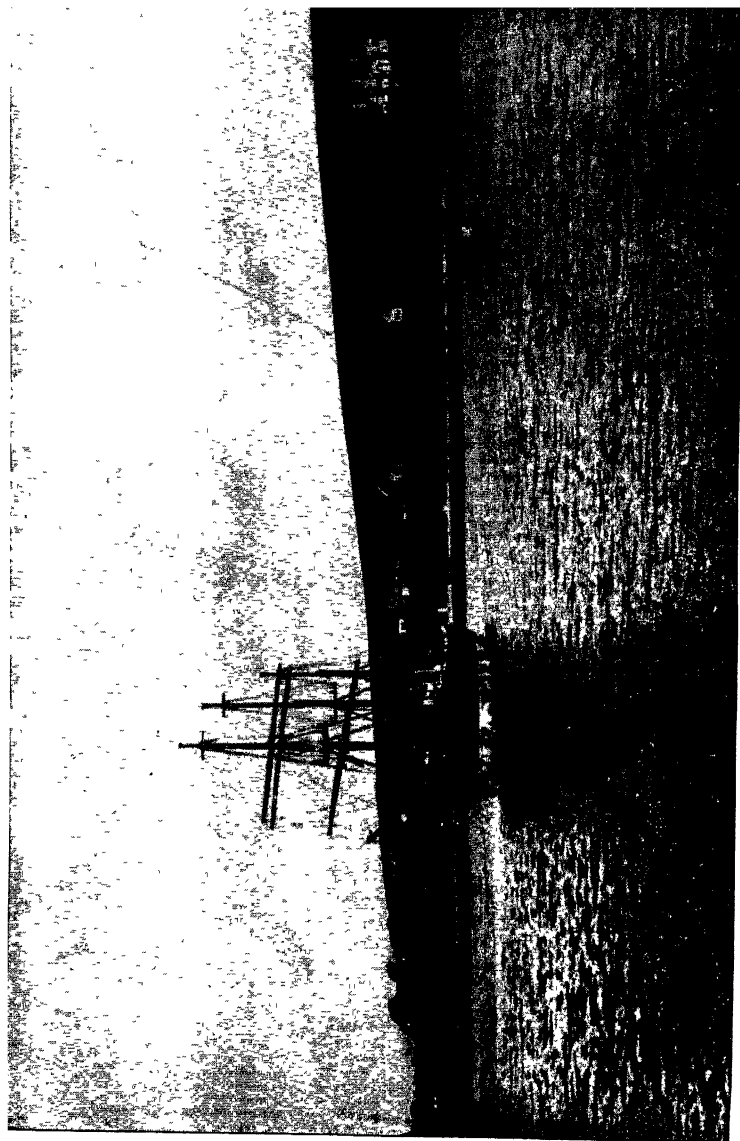


FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN A HOSPITAL WARD DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR



STATUE TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

"The Lady with the Lamp."



THE "CUTTY SARK."

The most famous of the "clipper" sailing-ships, referred to on page 214. It is now usually stationed in Falmouth Harbour, as here shown.

20. JOHN LAWRENCE

§ 1

THE ancient town of Richmond stands upon a steep cliff above the river Swale in Yorkshire. Its streets are cobbled ; old grey stone inns and houses stand round its wide market-place. Far below, between wooded banks the brown river brawls over shelves of dark rock. Above the roofs of the houses frowns the square keep of the castle. Sunsets have flamed behind it for more than seven hundred years. Knights in armour have ridden out through its great gateway to joust in the green tournament field on the opposite bank of the Swale. Kings and earls have prayed in its ancient chapel and feasted in its great hall. Soldiers have been quartered here when the days of jousting and of feasting had long gone by.

In a house beneath the walls of this castle, on a March day in the year 1811, John Lawrence was born. His father was a soldier, and little John was proud to know that he had a bullet in his arm, and had lost two fingers of his hand in the siege of Seringapatam in India. As he played about the quiet streets of the town, or walked with his nurse Margaret in the meadows by the river, John knew nothing of tournaments or armoured knights. No one told him why one of the streets up which he walked was called Frenchgate. His mind was full of stories of the distant land of India.

He had eight brothers and sisters older than himself. Most of them had been born in India, and it was there that John's father had been wounded. His brothers and sisters told him of its crowded bazaars or markets, of

the dark-skinned people of the South, of the lighter-skinned people of the North—of the dignified Brahmans who drew away their skirts from the humble low-caste workers and beggars, lest they should be polluted by their touch.

They spoke of stately mosques and minarets built by Mohammedan conquerors of India in the days of our Tudor and Stuart kings, and of splendid Rajas or princes riding upon elephants. They spoke, too, of the English East India Company, whose servants had gone out to India ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and built forts where they might live in safety, and had bought the fine muslins which the Indian weavers made. They spoke of the city of Madras—one of the first of the English “factories” or trading-places in India; and they told stories of Robert Clive, who, sixty years before John was born, had prevented the French from driving Englishmen out of India.

John listened and dreamed. When his brothers had gone away from home he would go long walks with his father, whose skin was yellow with sickness caused by living so many years in India. His father thought he had been ill-treated by the East India Company. He said that no son of his should ever serve in the Indian army. But John thought otherwise. He dreamed of a day when he, too, would serve in India under the British flag.

When he was eight years old his family left Richmond and went to live at Clifton in the west country. He and his brother Henry, who was thirteen, went to a day school in Bristol. John must have seen the merchant ships which crowded the Bristol quays, lovely “clippers,” as the swift sailing-ships were called, bound for the west. Perhaps, as he watched them pass down the broad river mouth, he dreamed of those other ships which he knew were leaving the Thames for India and the East.

He was not happy at school. The boys kicked him

and called him "Paddy" because his father was an Irishman. The masters flogged him nearly every day. He had a long walk to and from school twice every day. His brother Henry was long-legged, and poor John could hardly keep pace with him as he raced across the windy Clifton Downs. When he came home at night he lay on the hearthrug and tried in vain to do his home lessons.

By the time he was fourteen John was a great tall lad, all elbows and knees, big hands and feet. He was sent to a boarding-school. The boys' windows had iron bars in front of them. John contrived to loosen the centre bar of his window so that he could take it out and put it back without any one noticing. At night, when all was dark and silent in the dormitories, he would slip out of bed, seize a towel, pull out his bar, squeeze through the window, and let himself down into the cool dark garden below. Stealthily he crept out from the shadow of the house, and then running with bare feet, plunged into a little stream which flowed not many yards from the school, swimming and diving in and out of the moonlight paths which danced across the water.

One day he discovered a swallow building in the chimney of his bedroom. That night, when the masters were out of the way, John got into the grate and tried to make his way up the flue. But, unlike the little chimney sweeps of whom you have read in the story of Lord Shaftesbury, John was big and broad, and could not get up, and he only managed to hurt his bare hands and knees very much. He did not learn many lessons at this school either, and he remained rather a lonely boy, but he proved that there were few things of which he was afraid.

§ 2

At last, when he was eighteen years old, his dearest wish was fulfilled. It was on a September day in the

year 1829 that he and his brother Henry stepped on board one of the East India Company's ships bound for Calcutta. As the banks of the river Thames slipped by on either side, his heart must have been filled with a mixture of hope and fear. Perhaps he thought of Margaret, the nurse who had scolded him and cared for him when he was a little boy, and who was now growing old ; of his father, with his sallow skin and shattered hand ; of Letitia, his eldest sister and special friend. But he thought, too, of the mysterious country he was going to serve ; of all he had read and heard of its millions of people ; of the great mountains of the north of India—the Himalayas, the "abode of snow" ; of the river Ganges—the sacred river of the Hindus ; of the patient farmers whose rice and wheat crops might any year be ruined by drought, withering away in the pitiless heat.

So, dreaming and talking to the older men on board who had been to India many times before, John spent the long months of that voyage. He saw the coast of Africa, at that time known as "the Dark Continent," he felt the air quiver with heat as the ship drew near the equator. He rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and saw the distant flat top of Table Mountain with the "tablecloth" of white clouds. At last, in February 1830, the ship entered the Bay of Bengal and anchored in the harbour of Calcutta.

And now for a year Lawrence was depressed and lonely. He lived amongst the English merchants, judges, and soldiers of Calcutta, but he did not like them. He wanted to live amongst Indians. It was the "rainy season." Day after day rain fell steadily ; the great rivers of the delta, which are really the mouths of the Ganges, rose and rose, and flooded the flat rice-fields of Bengal.

The air was hot and steamy. Lawrence felt ill. He would gladly have gone home, but he settled down to the work he must do. Before he could be of any use in India he must learn at least two of the many languages which are spoken in that land. It was hard work, but at

the end of a year he passed his examinations, and then he was sent to the district of Delhi.

When Robert Clive had come to India, nearly a hundred years before this time, the English in India had been only a few traders living in factories at Madras and Calcutta, and buying Indian muslins, rice, and spices. They had had no thought of ruling India. But for reasons which you will understand better when you are older, they had gradually begun to rule one part of India after another.

Sometimes this had happened after fighting. Sometimes one Indian prince or State had asked for their protection from a neighbouring prince or State. Now the English ruled so many hundreds of square miles that the English Parliament would not trust the merchants and traders of the East India Company to do all the work of governing.

The King of England sent out a Governor-General ; but Members of Parliament at home expected to be told from time to time what he was doing, and to be allowed to say whether he was doing right or wrong. Under the Governor-General were judges and tax-collectors and magistrates and police. It was their duty to see that there was fair play between the Indian peasants and the Indian traders, and also between Indians and Englishmen ; to stop robbery and bribery and murder, and to settle quarrels. John Lawrence was not to be a soldier as his father had been, but to work under one of these judges, to help him to do justice, and keep order ; and to collect the taxes which the Indian people paid to England in return for the help she gave them.

§ 3

For four years Lawrence worked hard in a district round the great Mohammedan city of Delhi. It was a

dangerous and difficult post. Only a few years before, the country round about had been ruled by a race of people called the Marathas. Some of their chiefs used to ride out from their towns and villages into the States around them, burn the little wooden villages, murder men, women, and children, and carry off rice and corn and buffaloes. Their neighbours had asked the English for help, and in the end the Marathas had been conquered and their province had come under English rule.

Lawrence would sit in the hot law-court, where the great fans or punkahs scarcely moved the heavy air. A little brown-faced, wizened farmer would come in. He would tell a piteous tale of how a merchant to whom he had once owed money had come and driven off his plough-oxen. The merchant said he had taken them in payment of the debt, but the little farmer would have the English sahib believe that he was sure he had paid that debt months ago—years ago he had paid it. Would the English sahib please order the merchant to give him back his oxen? Or a merchant, a town-dweller, crafty-looking and unsmiling, would tell a tale of how the English tax-collector had cheated him and taken more than was his due. Sometimes Lawrence had to decide these cases himself. Sometimes he listened while his chief decided them.

When he had time he would mount on horseback and gallop over the country-side. He would stop in the little villages surrounded by mud walls, and talk to the people. He learnt to like them. He liked the dignified Brahmans and the magnificent Rajas. He liked, too, the toiling peasants and the busy merchants. He knew they believed many things which seem strange to Englishmen, but he had the wisdom to understand that these differences did not make them less loyal to the things which they believed to be right.

§ 4

As he watched and worked and listened and rode about, he thought that many of the Englishmen who were living in India were very stupid. Instead of trying to understand their Indian neighbours they despised them, did not try to get to know them, and thought that because they were different from Englishmen they were no good. They forgot that there had been poetry and art and great teachers in India long before there were any English people in England at all.

After four years, John Lawrence was given a great district of India to look after as chief judge. He lived in a town called Panipat, which is seventy miles north-west of Delhi. In the country round about were large villages, where the peasants lived in wooden houses. When they went out to plough their fields or to herd their cattle, each man carried a shield upon his left arm and wore a sword upon his thigh. Now, if you are carrying a sword, and meet some one who makes you angry, you will very likely wound or kill him. There was a good deal of fighting and killing and robbing in the country when Lawrence came there.

Very soon the peasants who were following their ploughs, or weeding and watering the rice fields before the heat of the day, became used to meeting a tall, thin Englishman riding at a gallop across the fields, followed by his dogs. He would pull up sharply at sight of them, and his anxious, rugged face would wrinkle up into a smile. He would talk about the crops and the chances of a good rainy season. He would make jokes which they could understand. They soon discovered that they could not deceive him. "Jan Larens," they said, "knows everything."

He not only knew everything but he went everywhere.

The men who worked in his office—Indians and Englishmen—trembled in their shoes when he was angry. His voice, they said, was then like a tiger's roar. The kind of thing which made him angry was to find a man who was slack or lazy, or who took presents from the Indians as a bribe to let them off taxes or punishment, or who was unjust to women or poor people, or those who could not defend themselves.

All through the hot days Lawrence worked steadily. When evening came, he would mount his horse and ride out into the country-side. Sometimes on his rides he would visit the forest haunt of a band of robbers, or pay a surprise visit to some young Englishman whom he thought was doing his work badly. Then, as the stars rushed out and the air became a little cooler, he would turn his tired horse home again. By-and-by there would be a noise of shuffling slippered feet in the dust of the compound or courtyard of his house. An old grey-bearded Indian had slipped in to chat.

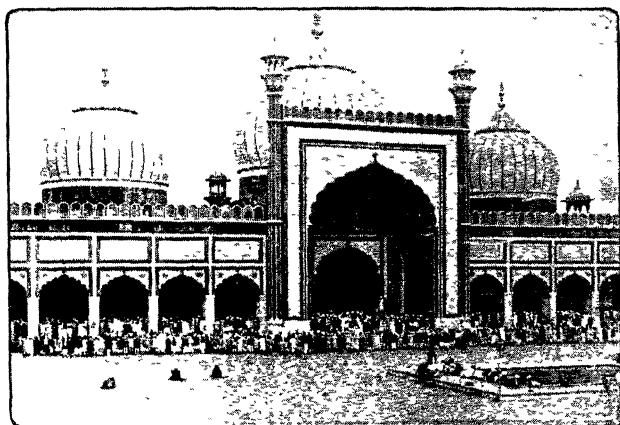
He would find Lawrence on the veranda, his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbows, his feet on a chair, a pipe in his mouth, and a bowl of tea on a table beside him. The Indian would wish him peace, and squat upon his heels on the ground in Eastern fashion. In a few moments another would come in, and another and another, until, as the evening deepened and the great moon rose in copper-coloured splendour behind the roofs, quite a little crowd of dark squatting figures would be gathered round the long Englishman who still sprawled upon the chairs.

And the talk! Quiet voices rose and fell. They talked of crops, of buffaloes, of famine and flood, of conquering princes, or daring robberies. Lawrence talked and listened, and smoked, and smiled his kind smile, while the splendid moon rose higher and higher in the vast purple sky, and a little cool breeze sprang up, and the clock struck midnight.

Then he would yawn and stretch himself, and his



SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.



JUMMA MUSJID (DELHI).
(Photo by Johnston and Hoffmann.)



A FORT IN THE KHYBER PASS.

(From a water-colour drawing by W. Simpson in South Kensington Museum.)

courteous guests would get up and slip away as quietly as they had come. They liked Lawrence, and they respected him too. Once a village refused to pay its taxes. Other English judges would perhaps have called out soldiers to force the people to obey. Lawrence only brought policemen. He put them by night in little parties across each of the tracks which led to the cattle pastures. When the farmers tried to drive their cattle out next morning they could not pass. All morning they tried in vain. Then they sent a message to tell Lawrence that they had no money. Lawrence knew this was not true. He waited patiently. The police rested by the track-ways. The cattle grew hungrier and hungrier. At last, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, the money was brought. The track-ways were opened, and the hungry cows went out to pasture. Not a shot had been fired or a drop of blood shed.

After eight years Lawrence was sent to another district. He did not like it. There was so little work to do that he fell ill, and at last the doctor sent him home; but he was only in England for a short time. As soon as he was well enough he returned to his beloved Indians. Queen Victoria and the English Parliament and the East India Company knew that he was the kind of servant India needs. At length they made him Lord Lawrence of the Punjab.

Perhaps if all Englishmen in India had been as wise as Lawrence, and had understood and loved the Indians as he did, there would never have been the terrible disaster which is known as the Indian Mutiny. However that may be, Lawrence believed that English rule was on the whole good for India; and when the Mutiny came he became a soldier and helped the English army. But that is another sad story which you will read some other day.

21. GARIBALDI

§ 1

ONE day rather more than a hundred years ago a party of boys were very busy down by the seashore. Before them lay the blue Mediterranean, behind them the city of Nice, which is now part of France, but in those days belonged to Italy. The lads were about fifteen years old. Most of them were dark-haired, brown-eyed boys, but their leader had blue eyes which turned dark violet when he was excited. His hair fell on to his shoulders, and was thick and curly and golden brown in colour.

His name was Giuseppe, or, as we should say, Joseph, Garibaldi. All the other boys obeyed him the moment he spoke. He was their leader and hero, and now he longed to do something adventurous. When they had been little boys it had been adventure enough to play truant now and again, to wander off into the country hunting, or to get the fishermen to take them to the sardine catch, or even to lie for hours on the sweet-smelling grass in the hot sun and dream and write poetry. But now, he said, they were big lads, and all that must be left behind. They must seriously seek their fortunes.

They would go to the city of Genoa, where Columbus had lived as a boy. When they got there they would find some splendid adventure, no matter what. No sooner said than done. The others all agreed. They seized one of the fishing boats pulled up on the shore, and soon they were busy filling it with fishing tackle and provisions for the voyage. No one seemed to notice

what they were doing. They pushed off and hoisted the sail. Their hearts thrilled with joy and exultation as the boat rose and dipped upon the waters, and the wind filled her lovely coloured sail. She flew along. There was no one like Giuseppe for managing a boat, and as he worked he sang in a strong and lovely voice the songs he had learnt from the sailors on the quays and the peasants among the hills.

Not long after the boys had pushed off from the shore another boat had set out from Nice. At first they did not notice her, but little by little she overhauled them. And then she turned and hailed them. Her skipper shouted to them angrily. He said they had stolen the boat, and that they were bad boys, and Giuseppe's father had sent him to bring them back. It was a dreadful ending to a lovely day. Giuseppe turned pale with indignation. He felt he had betrayed his friends. He was old enough to seek his fortune, and now he was being treated as a little boy. He hated the skipper. He felt he could not face his father. He could never go back to dreary lessons again.

But Giuseppe's father was not really angry with his son. He was a sea captain himself. He saw that though the boy loved poetry and stories, he did not really want to become a scholar. He decided that he was old enough now to choose for himself what he would do, and so Giuseppe forgot his shame and went off to sea as a cabin-boy:

§ 2

During the next ten years he served in many ships. It was a rough life. The seamen's quarters were cramped. The food was bad. Any day they might meet a pirate ship. Then there would be fierce fighting with strange, dark-faced men, armed with long knives. Three times in those ten years Giuseppe's ship was captured and

robbed. Yet he loved the sea. He worked hard, and learned to bear hunger and cold and danger. He learnt also something else.

As the ships went in and out of the ports of Italy, he met young men who told him tales which wrung his heart. Italy was a sad country in those days. Her own people loved their sunny land with its grey-green olive orchards and dark cypresses, its lovely lakes and great snow-capped mountains, its little towns, whose crooked streets of pink and yellow houses climbed the hillsides. But they were ruled by cruel governments. In the north were the Austrians—strangers who spoke a different tongue from their own. Farther south, from sea to sea, the Pope ruled. He was an Italian, but was friendly to the hated Austrians.

§ 3

As he sat in the open cafés by the quay-sides and watched the light fade, and stars come out in the quiet sky, Giuseppe Garibaldi talked of these things with young men who lived in the coast towns of Italy. He talked especially to one of them, another Giuseppe—Joseph Mazzini, a grave young man just two years older than himself. They yearned and planned to “save Italy.” Garibaldi remembered how, on one of his voyages, he had seen Rome, and how the sight of her beauty had stirred him deeply. Rome ought to be the capital of a free country. He, Giuseppe Garibaldi, vowed to fight for her, to give his life, if need be, to set her free.

But the rulers of Italy heard what these young men were planning. They pasted notices on street walls and houses, saying they were condemned to die. Garibaldi knew that his death could not help Italy yet, so he took ship and sailed away westward to South America. There he found another people striving to be free, and he helped them.

He loved the free life on the great grassy plains, where there were hardly any men. He loved the antelopes and the wild cattle, and wild horses with their glossy coats shining in the sun as they galloped away at his approach.

He had many adventures by land and sea. On one occasion he was shipwrecked, and only escaped because he was a magnificent swimmer. His dearest friends were drowned or died fighting, and he became very sad and lonely.

One day he was on board his ship, looking through the telescope across a quiet lagoon to a little town straggling up the hills on the other side. There he saw a girl. Something in the way she stood and moved called to his heart. He ordered the ship's boat to be launched. He reached the other shore, and breathlessly climbed to the little town. Eagerly at first, then desperately he searched every street and alley. There was no sign of her. At last a friend persuaded him to come to a café to rest. Lo and behold! there she was—slight and dark and eager, and altogether lovely. They gazed at each other, and Giuseppe exclaimed, "Thou oughtest to be mine."

The girl's name was Anita. Her father wanted her to marry a man she did not love. Garibaldi carried her off secretly to his ship, and as soon as possible they were married. Never did two people love each other more. Anita was small and slight, but she was strong. She could ride a horse magnificently. Like Giuseppe, she was as tender-hearted as she was brave. As long as he remained in South America she shared his adventurous life.

§ 4

At length news came that the Pope was dead. The new Pope cared greatly for his people, and wanted them to be happy and free. Garibaldi thought that Italy's

hour was come. He sent Anita with their babies to his own mother in Nice. As soon as he could he followed, bringing with him the men who had fought for him and shared his adventures in South America. They wore red shirts instead of coats, and by degrees people began to call them the "Red Shirts." The people of Italy had heard of the great deeds they had done in South America. They welcomed them as deliverers, but still all Italy would not rise.

At length Mazzini, who was in Rome with his friends, proclaimed a Republic.

Then the French and the Austrians determined to march upon Rome and drive out these Republicans. In April 1849 the French were only forty miles from the city. There was great excitement. On the 27th, Garibaldi and his Red Shirts marched in. The streets were crowded with welcoming citizens. Women and children leaned from the windows. How they talked and laughed, and cried and sang. The sun set, the stars came out. The spring night fell, and still they talked. It seemed as though no one went to bed that night. Three days later the French arrived. There was a great battle, and the French were defeated. They made a truce and marched away.

Garibaldi knew they would return. All through May he was busy with preparations. At last the French sent notice that the truce was to end, but they said they would not attack "the place" till the 4th of June. Garibaldi thought this meant there would be no fighting until that day. His troops remained scattered, and the officers were quartered at a distance from their men. But the French had meant that they would not attack the city itself when they spoke of "the place."

Long before dawn on the morning of the 3rd they fell on one of the fortified villas outside. Garibaldi was ill in bed in a distant part of the city. At three in the morning an officer rushed into his room, shouting "Rome

is attacked." As he sprang out of bed, he heard the first dull sound of cannon.

So began a terrible siege. Many of the bravest of Garibaldi's friends were killed. All through June they fought and died.

§ 5

At length Anita, waiting in Nice, could bear it no longer. She set out alone on the 26th. Garibaldi was busy defending a house which was almost riddled with shot. Something made him look up from what he was doing. There, in the doorway, stood Anita. With a cry of joy he rushed forward and took her in his arms.

But the struggle was useless. The Red Shirts knew that all that was left to them was to surrender or die fighting in the streets, or to escape as hunted fugitives across the mountains of Italy, until a brighter day should dawn when they could return to set their country free.

Garibaldi and Anita chose the last course. With about four thousand brave men they escaped, and, travelling night and day, hunted by armies of Austrians and French, they made for the mountains.

Some day you will perhaps read for yourselves the story of that terrible journey. They were nearly captured between two armies, and Garibaldi had to disband his gallant followers. At last, with Anita and two hundred men who refused to leave him, he reached the coast. At dawn they dashed into a little fishing town, and, rousing the unwilling sailors from their beds, forced them to take them out to sea in their boats. The Austrians saw them from the shore, and followed them upon the sea. They captured all the boats but three.

Then Anita became terribly ill, and Garibaldi had to put ashore and carry her through the marshes. They would have been captured, but a friend met them and guided them to a lonely farmhouse. There Anita died,

and Garibaldi, distracted with grief and loneliness, barely escaped the Austrians. He had to flee back again right across Italy to the western coast, where friends received him and helped him to escape on to a ship.

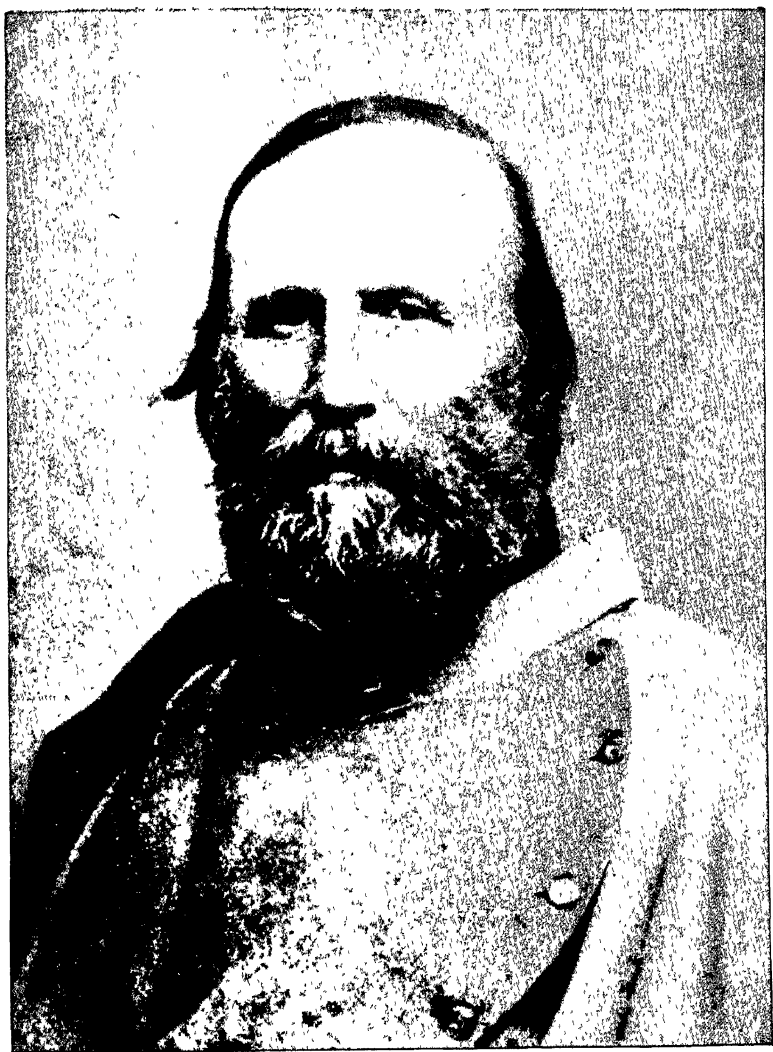
When they pressed round him to say good-bye, he exclaimed: "Nothing could be a recompense for what you have done for me. But I hope to find you again in happier times." And they replied, "A piece of your handkerchief is reward enough for each of us. We shall leave it as an heirloom to our children. Our object was to save you in order to preserve you for Italy."

"On the sea," cried Garibaldi, "I fear no one. We shall meet again."

He was right, for ten years later he came again, and he was one of the foremost of the men who set Italy free and made her a united kingdom under an Italian king.



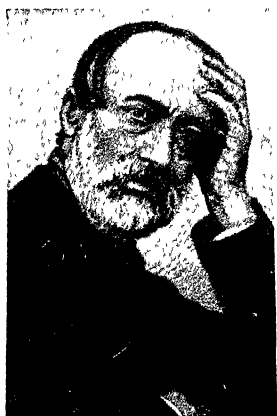
VICTOR EMMANUEL II.



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.



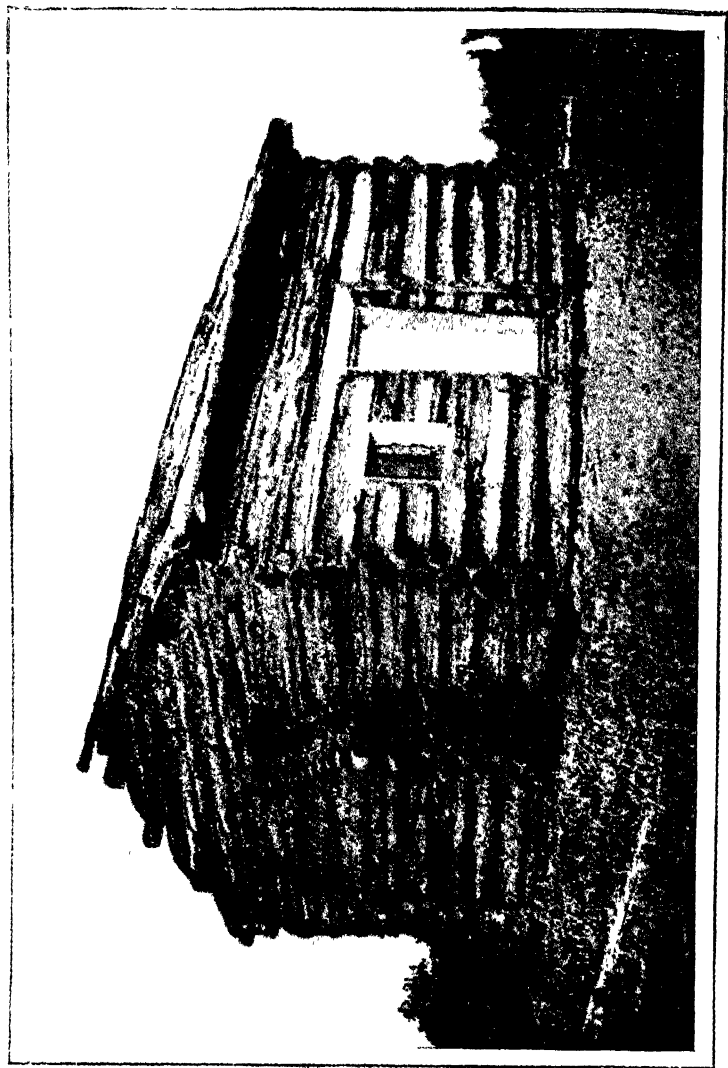
THE MEETING OF GARIBALDI AND HIS KING,
VICTOR EMMANUEL II.



When you come to read more
about Garibaldi and his times,
you will find that the writings
of this man, Joseph Mazzini,
had a great influence on the
famous Italian leader.



GARIBALDI BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THE "RED SHIRT" HEROES
WHO FOUGHT FOR HIM.



This picture shows the original wooden hut or shack in which Abraham Lincoln lived as a boy.

22. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

§ I

LESS than a hundred years after William Penn died, a great quarrel broke out, as you have already read, between the English king and the settlers who had gone from England to live in the American colonies. You will remember that the American colonists said that the king and his ministers were making laws for them, and imposing taxes on them, to which they had never consented. Many of them had gone to America for the sake of freedom. They could not now submit to what they considered the "tyranny" of King George III. in distant England.

There was war. England was defeated. The American colonies ceased to belong to England, and became the United States of America. They chose George Washington to be their President. Instead of ruling as a king or emperor does, for his whole life, he was to rule for four years only. Then the Americans would choose another President. They might choose the same man for another four years, or they might choose some one else.

Now by this time there were so many European people in America that they could not all have farms or make a living in the thirteen States which lay between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean, and which formed the United States. Men who loved adventure had taken their wives and families and crossed the mountains. They travelled up the unexplored rivers. They cut paths for themselves through forests known only

to the wild beasts and the Red Indians. They made clearings and built log cabins to live in. They cut down the forests. They ploughed up the ground and grew corn or rice, or tobacco, or fruit, or whatever crop the soil would bear.

In one of these lonely settlements, rather more than a hundred years ago, there lived a boy named Abraham Lincoln. He was a long-legged creature, always growing out of his clothes. And such odd clothes as he wore too. He had a shirt of "linsey-woolsey," and his mother made him moccasins, or cowhide shoes; and because he had no stockings she made him deerskin leggings, partly to keep him warm, but still more to keep his legs from getting torn and scratched when he worked with his father clearing woods and thickets. On his head he wore a cap made from the skin of a coon, with the tail hanging down as an ornament behind. The buttons on his shirts were made of bits of cork from the trees, and when he had no buttons his clothes were fastened with thorns.

Abraham, or Abe, as his friends called him for short, was a happy and busy lad. Sometimes he helped his father to cut down trees, or build or repair their home. Sometimes he would hear of a schoolmaster teaching not many miles away, and he would trudge off through the forest and learn whatever he had to teach. Sometimes his mother or father would send him to buy cloth or nails or salt at the store, six or seven or more miles away.

The men lounging at the door would perhaps be talking of a wonderful preacher who was holding services on Sundays not very far away. Abraham would go to hear him.

There was no church anywhere in that lonely land. Men, women, and children sat under the open sky to hear the service. The great branches of elm and oak were their roof. The old hymns, which had been sung by Christian worshippers for many generations on both sides of the Atlantic, were sung without organ or choir.

The preacher's voice, strong and clear, reached to the farthest member of the crowd. It was splendid to sing and pray with all those folk. Abraham would trudge home with a glow of happiness in his heart.

But best of all the happy times of his childhood were the evenings. The day's work was done. Dusk had fallen. Abraham and his sister Sarah, tired and happy, lay or squatted on the ground outside the cabin in summer, or near the hearth in winter, while their mother, with the firelight playing on her dark hair and gentle face, told them tale after tale—stories of adventures with Indians, and, better still, fairy tales and legends, of which she had an unending store. Abraham thought his mother the most wonderful person in the world. She was fearless, and could shoot bears and the wild deer they needed for food. Moreover, she could dress the animals' skins, and make shoes and clothes. Above all, she was so dear, and loving and wise, and had such laughing eyes.

When the stories were over and the two children nearly asleep, she would send them off to bed in a corner of the cabin. They slept soundly on their mattress stuffed with dried leaves, with their heads on a pillow of corn-husks.

§ 2

When Abraham was eleven years old his mother died. It was October. The harvest was reaped. The woods were beginning to burn with crimson and gold. They buried her under a sycamore tree. Her little son never forgot her. "All that I am or hope to be," he said years later, when he had grown to be a famous man, "I owe to my angel mother."

By this time some young cousins had come to live with the Lincolns. Sarah, who was only twelve years old, kept house for them all. Abraham and his young cousin Dennis worked with Mr. Lincoln, or played and

wandered in the woods. Abraham knew all the trees and their juices—which were poisonous, which would heal you if you were sick or wounded, which were good for food. He learnt legends and fairy tales from the Indians who lurked in the forests. He thought that every rock and tree was the home of some fairy creature with power to help or harm.

He had three books—*Æsop's Fables*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and the Bible. They were his dearest possessions, and he could repeat long passages from them by heart.

Sometimes he managed to borrow a book from a neighbour. He would bring it home, hugging it under his coat, and read it at night by the light of a home-made tallow dip, or of the fire. Then with a bit of charcoal he would write out the parts he liked best, in a book he had made for himself from thin boards of wood. In this way he read the life of General Washington, and how he had fought for the liberty of the Americans in the days of King George III. "I recollect thinking, boy as I was," he said later, "that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for."

One day when he had grown to be a big lad of sixteen, he and his cousin Dennis had gone to town on an errand. Something took them into the Court House. There a poor man was being tried for murder. His lawyer stood up and made a great and moving speech. Abraham listened spell-bound. When he came out at last into the street he knew that what he wanted to do was to be able to speak like that—to hold a great crowd so still that you could hear a pin drop; to move them to tears or laughter; to make them feel as you felt; to show them and make them love justice and fair play. From that day he began to practise speaking. He would gather his young cousins and friends round him and make long speeches. Sometimes they would have debates. Perhaps Dennis would make a speech, and then Abraham would answer him.

Then all the others would join in. They had splendid and exciting arguments, and all the time Abraham was learning.

§ 3

By-and-by he gave up his work on his father's farm. He made himself a boat, in which he carried goods for a neighbouring storekeeper down the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers to sell in New Orleans. It was when he got to the lower reaches of the Mississippi that he first saw negro slaves. The black men and women were toiling in the cotton and rice plantations under the burning sun, or going to the towns to carry heavy loads from the landing-stages to the steamers. White men were in charge of them. If they stumbled or idled for a moment in the heat, they beat them with blows that cut and made them bleed. Abraham felt sick with misery and shame. He said hardly anything, but he never forgot what he had seen.

He did his work so well for the storekeeper that after a time he was made manager of a store in one of the little towns which were growing up in the "backwoods." People soon learned to love him. He was so strong and tall, he could throw any one of his own weight, and out-walk and outrun the best. Like his mother, he was a splendid story-teller. In the evenings men and women would gather in the store, and Abraham would tell tale after tale.

Sometimes it would be one of Æsop's Fables, sometimes the story of some ridiculous adventure which had befallen himself. He made ordinary things seem so absurd that all who heard him rocked with laughter. The light would fade and the stars come out. Some one would light a candle, but still his visitors stayed on, held by the fun or the pity of his stories and the wonder of his voice. Often the clock struck midnight before the last of them went home.

There were other reasons why folk loved him. One evening a woman came from a distance to buy some tea. Next day, when he was opening his store, he picked up the weight he had used. It was surely light. He tested it and found it was. He packed up more tea, and left everything to take it to the woman. Imagine her surprise, when the hatless and breathless young store-keeper arrived with his parcel. She had not discovered that he had, without knowing it, given her short weight.

§ 4

But there was other work waiting for Abraham Lincoln. He went to a town and studied to be a lawyer. His early practice in speaking now stood him in good stead. People listened to him gladly. He could easily move them, but would never willingly plead for any one he knew had done wrong. If, even in the middle of a case, he found that the man he was defending had committed the crime of which he was accused, he lost all heart. Little by little people began to trust and admire him more.

At last his State chose him to be their member in Congress, or, as we should say, Parliament. Some people shook their heads at this. They said that it was all very well for people to love and admire him in a little country town, but what would happen if he tried to speak in the great cities? He was so tall and awkward, and his clothes fitted him so badly, people who knew the world would never listen to him. But they were wrong. He was asked to make a speech in New York. He was to speak of a matter which had troubled him now for many years—the question of the negro slaves.

Perhaps there may have been some people in that great hall who had come ready to laugh at the long-legged, ill-dressed country lawyer. If there were, they did not

laugh for long. Perhaps there were also some who thought it was not their concern if black men and women in the South were flogged and bought and sold, and separated from their children as if they had been cattle. If there were, before they left that hall Lincoln had made them feel that the condition and sorrows of the slaves were the concern of all Americans.

People began to talk more and more about this matter. The men of the South said they could not do the work of their plantations without slaves. Moreover, many of the black men were kindly treated, and loved their masters. The men of the North, led by Lincoln, said that whether they were kindly treated or not, it was wrong for one man to own another, and to be able to sell him as he would sell a house or a cow. Then the men of the South grew very angry. They said that if this was what was being said, they would secede—which means that they would no longer be a part of the United States, and would have a separate Government and President of their own.

§ 5

It was in the year 1860, when men's minds were troubled and excited by this matter, that America chose Abraham Lincoln for the first time to be her President. He was sad and anxious. It would be a bitter and a terrible thing if the South really seceded. He felt it would mean war; and of all wars perhaps the most terrible kind is when a country is divided into two parties, and one party fights against the other. Men who have been friends may have to kill each other. Women may have friends fighting on both sides. If only he could keep the peace! And yet the thought of the slaves lay heavy on his heart. He could not be unfaithful to their cause.

So days and weeks passed anxiously. The people of the South still said they would secede. Lincoln waited.

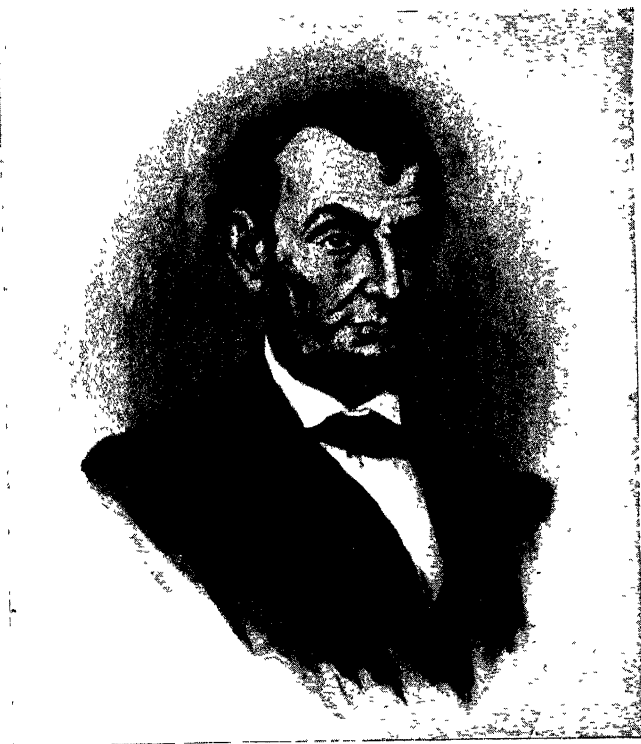
He would not begin to fight against his own countrymen. Then terrible news came. The Southerners had got an "army" together, and had captured a fort where soldiers of the United States were stationed. They had thrown down and insulted the American flag, the "Stars and Stripes." The war had begun.

For four years, with varying fortune, fighting went on. Men knew that if the North won there would be no more slaves in America. They knew, too, that if the South won, there would be no more United States of America. The Southerners would have slaves and the Northerners would not. It would be very difficult to prevent wars from constantly breaking out, and the greatness of that great country they were building up together in that new land would perhaps come to an end. The men of the North felt that if any one could save the "Union" it was Abraham Lincoln. In 1865, when his four years of office were over, they elected him President again.

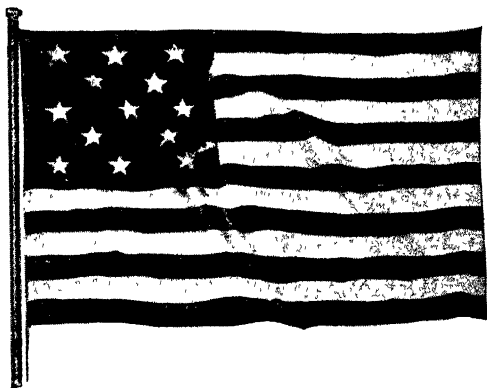
And now the war showed signs of coming to an end. The South was tired out, and at last her general and her army surrendered. When the news came on Palm Sunday evening to the White House in Washington, where the President of the United States lives, the crowds in the streets stood still. Peace had come at last. It meant safety for sons and brothers. It meant that the cause of the slaves was won. Some one began to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The whole crowd took up the hymn. From the very hearts of those people, at last relieved from fear, the solemn words and rolling tune poured out upon the evening air.

Five evenings later, the President and Mrs. Lincoln went to the theatre. Suddenly a shot was fired. Lincoln fell forward. The man who had fired it sprang from the box on to the stage, shouting "The South is avenged." In a few hours America's great President was dead, but his work lived after him.

Generations of black citizens of the United States



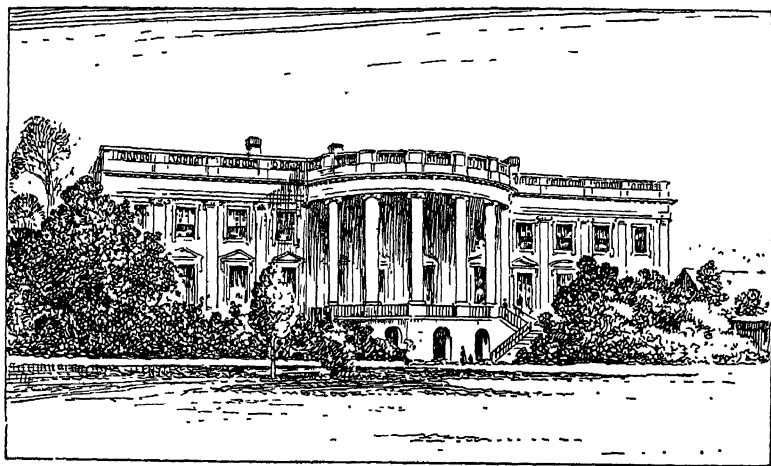
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



The flag is the "Stars and Stripes" of the United States, showing thirteen stars and the same number of stripes, because the original number of States was thirteen. In Lincoln's time there were thirty-three States, and therefore thirty-three stars, but only the original number of stripes. There are now forty-eight stars, but still only thirteen stripes.

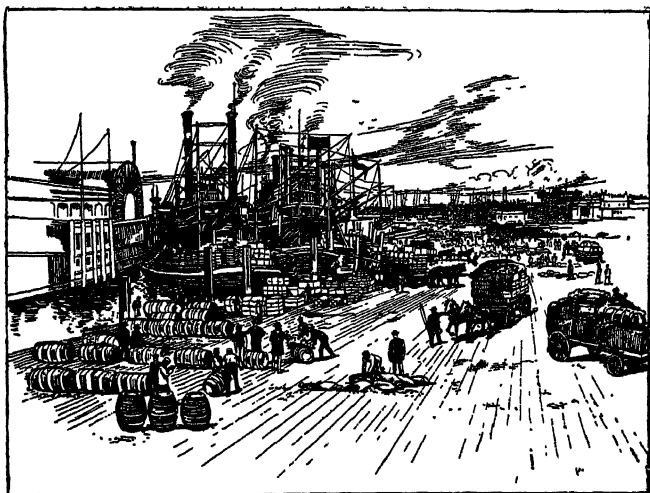


LINCOLN READING AT NIGHT BY THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE.



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

owe their freedom to him. The South and the North are still one nation. Americans are proud to remember Lincoln's great words spoken to them after the war—"With malice towards none, with charity for all, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the burden of the day, and for his widow and orphans."



WHARF AND LEVEE, NEW ORLEANS.

As a young man, Lincoln made a trip down the Mississippi in a flat boat which carried produce down to New Orleans.

23. LOUIS PASTEUR

§ 1

It was winter-time in the year 1814. A young soldier trudged wearily up the street of the little village of Dole in France. He had come back from Napoleon's wars in Spain, and he thought his heart was broken. His Emperor for whom he had fought so gallantly, his Emperor who had decorated him for his bravery with the Cross of the Legion of Honour—was an exile in Elba.

The young soldier's name was Jean Joseph Pasteur. His father and his grandfather before him had been tanners. He went back to work in the tanyard by the stream, but all day long his mind turned to the past. He saw again the ghostly faces of his comrades in the regiment. He felt the thirst and the weariness of marches under the burning sun of Spanish skies. He longed to see the Emperor riding by.

But it is difficult, when we are young, to stay sad for ever. Little by little Jean Joseph began to notice things around him again. Sometimes as he worked he would glance away from his work across the stream. On the opposite bank was a trim flower garden. As the spring came round, and the sun shone and the birds sang, he watched a girl who worked in the garden. He noticed her quick, eager movements, as she sowed her seeds or tied up flowers which had been beaten down by the rain. He thought she had the kindest, brightest face he had ever seen.

How he began to talk to her I do not know, nor does

it matter, but one day he asked her to marry him. They loved each other very dearly. They had not much money, but they were very happy. By-and-by they had a little baby, but it soon died, and they were very sad. Then another baby came, a little girl; and then another, this time a little boy, whom they named Louis. He is the hero of this story.

Jean Joseph had been given very little schooling, but he wanted his children to have the very best education that he could give them. When Louis was old enough he went to school. In the evenings after work, father and son sat down together over the boy's lesson-books and learnt from them together. The masters at the school did not think Louis was a clever boy, but he worked hard and was very gentle and serious. He was very happy with his mother and father and little sisters, and with his school friends.

At last, when he was sixteen, he was sent to a school in Paris. He set off in the coach with a schoolfellow named Jules, taking with him the clothes his mother had carefully mended and pressed for him. His father was too poor to pay much for his school fees, but Louis had such good reports for steady work that a Monsieur Barbet, who was a friend of his first schoolmaster, took him into his school for very little.

The journey from home was long. Even in those days Paris was a great city. The jostling crowds of people, the hackney coaches, the shops, the gay fashions of the rich, and the ragged misery of the very poor who crept out of dark alleys to beg or steal, sickened the heart of the country boy. He longed for the voices and quietness of his home. He longed even for a "whiff of the tannery." He began to look so sad and ill that his master wrote and told his father.

One day Jean Joseph, very anxious and disappointed, arrived in Paris. He took Louis home with him. After that the boy was sent to a college in Besançon, a town only

thirty miles from home. There he was happy, and made a friend. In their spare time they went for long walks together. They read the same books, and talked of what they read. The world seemed a wonderful place, in which there were endless things to see and talk about. Then there were happy days when Louis's father came over to the town on business. Sometimes he would bring his mother or one of the girls. Then there would indeed be wonderful things to tell. Louis had to hear all the news of home—all about his mother's garden and his sisters' lessons, and he had to tell of all the wonderful things he himself was learning, and all the walks and talks he had had with his friend Charles. He told his father that he wanted to be a chemist

§ 2

If he was really to be a great chemist, his master said, he must not stay in Besançon but must go back to Paris. He was older now, and had learned to live away from home. He had become accustomed to strangers and to the crowds and noise of a town. This time he went to the capital full of eagerness and delight.

Imagine his father's pride when the mail came in with a letter from Louis to say he had not only qualified as a chemist, but had also taken his doctor's degree. People began to notice that though Louis sometimes seemed to take a long time to make up his mind about anything, the conclusions he did come to were nearly always right. He was so careful and patient in the way he studied, that he often discovered or understood things that quicker people did not notice or did not understand. If, when he had gone a little way in a piece of work, he thought it was not right, he would go back quite cheerfully and begin all over again. He never lost interest because anything that he was doing took a long time to understand.

He was also very tender-hearted. He could not bear to see people poor or hungry, or sad or in pain. In doing his work he had to go into hospitals and see doctors do things to their patients which gave them pain. Pasteur could hardly bear to watch their suffering, yet he knew that if he was to help to discover ways to make that suffering less, he must watch what was being done in these operations. He made himself do so without flinching.

Once he was travelling in a part of France where the people lived by weaving silk. On all the hillsides were orchards of mulberry trees. The silkworms were fed upon the mulberry leaves, and then spun cocoons of fine yellow silk round themselves. Men, women, and children earned their living by selling the silk when it had been woven to the great manufacturers in Lyons and other cities. They were prosperous, happy folk.

Next time he came to that part of the country, Pasteur's heart was grieved. The mulberry gardens were untended. The men were lounging in the village with nothing to do, and they and the women and children were hungry. Their clothes were ragged, their houses falling into decay. The silkworms had some strange disease, and were all dying. There was no more silk. People had tried to cure the worms but they could not. Then some one had said, "If any one can help it is Dr. Louis Pasteur." So they had asked him to come and see what he could do. He could not bear to think of such distress, and set to work at once. He said it was no use trying to cure the disease until he had found out what caused it.

§ 3

Day after day, week after week, month after month he worked. Once he thought he had found what he wanted, but he proved to be mistaken, and he had to

begin all over again. It took him six years to make his discovery, but at last he had done what no one else had been able to do. He had discovered what it was that made the silkworms ill, and he taught people how they might always have plenty of healthy worms. It had been wonderfully exciting to try one thing after another, to know year by year, and day by day, that he was getting nearer the truth. But the best thing of all, to Pasteur's mind, was that the people now had work and food and happiness once more.

Now he began to wonder whether the discovery that he had made about the silkworms' illness might explain a good deal of human illness too. One thing which he had proved was that there are in the world numbers of little tiny living creatures, so tiny that no eye can see them, which sometimes get into our blood and make us ill. This is what happens when we "catch" colds or influenza or other infectious illnesses from other people. This, too, is what makes cuts and sore places fester if we do not keep them clean.

Before Pasteur's time, people who had to undergo operations very often died in hospital, because their wounds were not kept clean. A great Scottish doctor named Lister read of what Pasteur had discovered. It made him think that many lives could be saved if everything which was used when operations were performed was made as clean as it could possibly be. He taught the doctors and nurses who worked with him in performing operations to wash their hands and all their instruments and all bandages with disinfectant. This was, at that time, a new thing to do, but since Lister's day it has been the rule among all doctors and nurses. In 1874 Dr. Lister wrote to Pasteur and thanked him for what he had learnt from him, and asked him to come and see his hospital in Edinburgh.

One day a little boy of nine years old was brought to Pasteur. He had been bitten by a mad dog. Every one

said that the little boy was almost sure to get the terrible disease called hydrophobia, from which no one had ever recovered. Pasteur knew that the reason for this was that, when the dog had bitten the child, some of the tiny living creatures, or "microbes," which had made the dog go mad, would have passed through the wound into the little boy's blood. He believed that he knew a way of preventing the disease, which was very much like vaccination.

But he had never tried it before. His tender heart was dreadfully anxious. He found a place for the child and his mother to stay, and began the treatment; he knew that one "vaccination" would not be enough. The "dear lad," as he called him, had to come to him again and again. Pasteur could not sleep at night for fear that he might fail. He knew too well what that would mean for his little patient. But he did not fail. The treatment ended. The weeks passed. The boy remained well.

Pasteur had not only saved his little friend, but he had made a discovery which meant that men, women, and children, if they would come at once to be treated, need never die of that terrible disease again. After that many people came to him to be cured. People were so grateful for what he had done that they determined to build hospitals in many places so that the cure might be given without patients having to go to Paris. They are called Pasteur Institutes.



LOUIS PASTEUR.

24. DAVID LIVINGSTONE

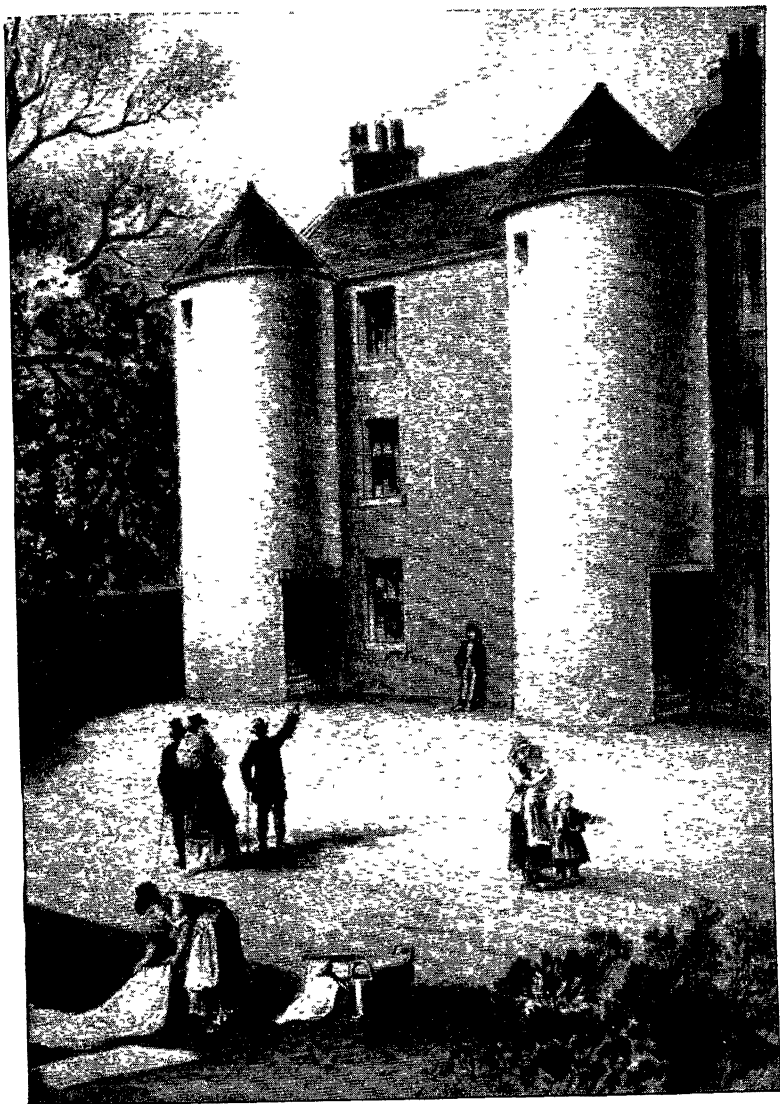
§ 1

THIS is a story about a man who could make bricks, build houses, cure sick people, or invent a way of making ink in the heart of an unknown country. He was the first white man to travel through the heart of Central Africa ; he fought with lions and other wild beasts ; and in thirty-eight years of travelling amongst African savages he never fired his revolver at one of them.

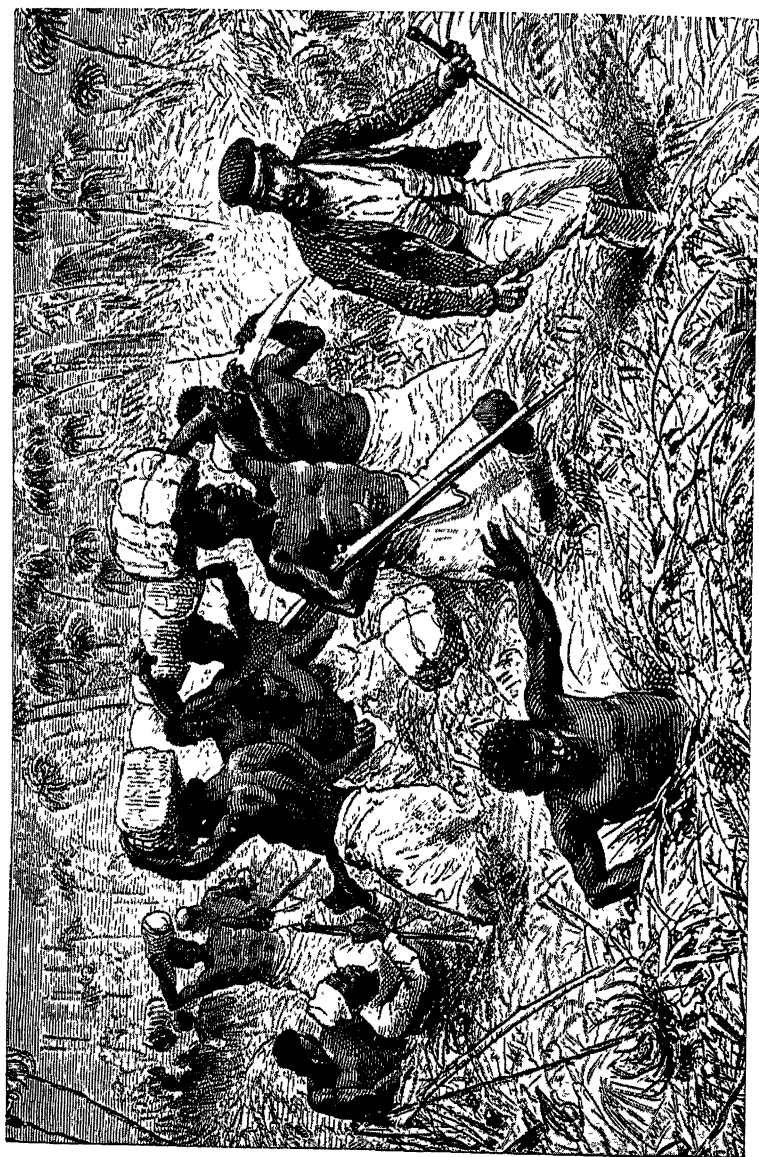
David Livingstone was a little boy in a cottage by the waters of the Clyde in Scotland, in the years when Louis Pasteur's father was beginning to work in the tannery at Dole. He was two years old in the summer days when Napoleon Buonaparte was defeated at Waterloo and sent to the island of St. Helena.

He and his grandfather and his mother and father and his four brothers and sisters all lived together. His father, whose name was Neil Livingstone, sold tea. He did not make very much money, and in the days when David was a growing boy and the war with Napoleon was just over, clothes and food cost a great deal of money. So when he was ten years old David went off, like Robert Owen and many other boys and girls in these days, to earn his living. He worked in a cotton mill, whose machines were driven by the great river near his home.

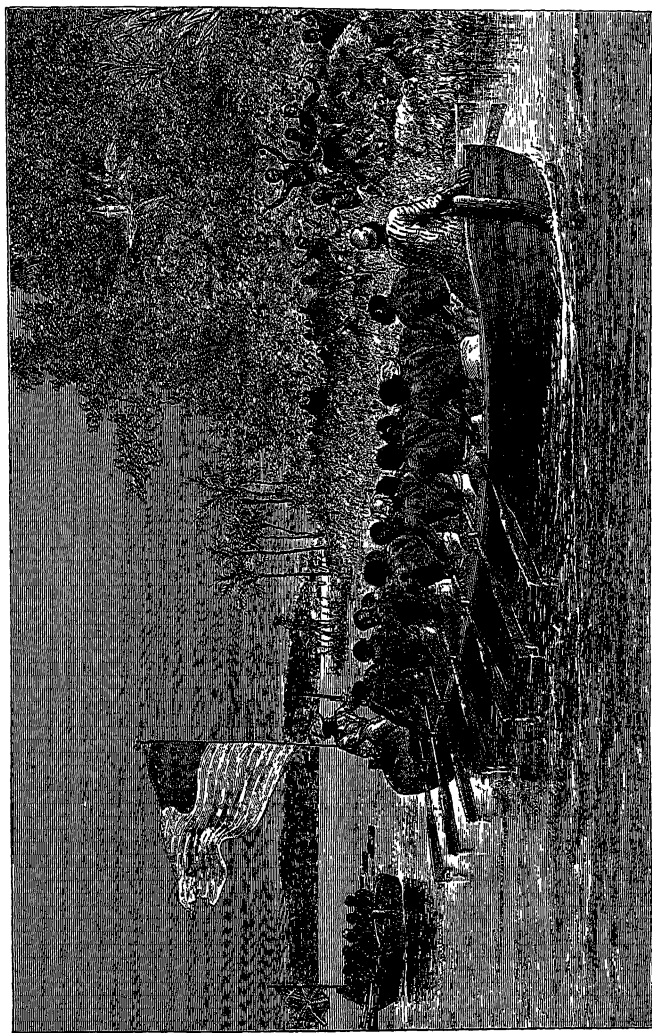
On cold winter mornings, when the stars were still shining, or in summer when the sun came peeping up behind the house roofs, David was up soon after 5 o'clock, for he must be at work in the mill by 6. All



LIVINGSTONE'S BIRTHPLACE AT BLANTYRE (LANARKSHIRE).
This is a block of flats or tenements, and the Livingstone family lived in one of them.



LIVINGSTONE AND HIS NATIVE "BEARERS" CROSSING AN AFRICAN SWAMP.



LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY EXPLORING LAKE TANGANYIKA.

(Remembering that Stanley came from the United States of America, say which boat is his)



THE LAST MILE.

day he had to run to and fro beside a great spinning machine, piecing the fine threads when they snapped. It was dull work, but David was very proud when he drew his first week's wages.

On his way home he went into a bookshop where second-hand books were sold. He bought himself something which he had long wanted—a Latin grammar. He carried the change home to the cottage and gave it to his mother. It meant more porridge and oatcakes, and better mended shoes for five hungry boys and girls.

The next week, and for many weeks after, David took his book to work with him. He propped it up on the machine and learnt the grammar as he passed to and fro. "*Amo*, I love ; *amas*, thou lovest ; *amat*, he loves," he would chant to himself as he stopped to tie the broken threads. He had time to learn quite a lot in a day, for work did not stop till eight o'clock in the evening—but it was not enough for David. As soon as he had eaten his supper and washed himself he went off to the night school ; and after that he would come home and pull out his books and read by the dim light of a candle. Sometimes the clock struck midnight and he was still reading. Then his mother would blow out the candle and send him off to bed.

David's head was full of the most wonderful stories. There were stories his grandfather had told him of the farm where he and his father and grandfather before him had reared sheep and grown a little corn, hard won from the shallow soil. This farm was on an island of the Hebrides, where the air tastes salt with spray, and sea-birds wheel and call, and day and night the Atlantic breakers thunder on the shore.

Then there was the tale of how his great-grandfather had left his home and his wife and little ones to fight for Prince Charlie amongst the mountains and the moors ; and his mother's tales of her forefathers who had been Puritans—Covenanters as they were called in Scotland—

and had been forced to worship God in the wild hills amongst the purple heather, hiding from soldiers whom the king sent to capture them. Or there were tales from books—tales of travel across Europe and through Persia or India—above all, tales of China and the yellow-skinned blue-coated people working in the rice fields.

These things David read about and thought of as he went backwards and forwards to work. On holidays there were many things to do. There were games of rounders and marbles, of smugglers and hunters, and better still, when there was a whole fine day, the most splendid rambles with his brothers.

The river flowed between rocky banks where ferns and mosses grew. There were field paths and hill paths, where green beetles, and little blue or brown butterflies, and flowers and birds of many kinds were to be found. There was a stone quarry not far off. Here sharp eyes could discover the fossils of snails and other creatures that had lived and died long, long ages ago.

David was like a sturdy little mountain pony for strength and tirelessness. He could walk and run for miles, and swim and jump. He had sharp eyes too. There were few things out of doors he did not notice. He loved to know the names of all the flowers and trees about his home, where they grew best, and to learn the songs and how to tell the eggs and nests of every bird.

§ 2

When he was nineteen he read the story of a man named Dr. Gutzlaff, who had gone out to China as a doctor. He had taken books and medicines, and had told the Gospel story, which the Chinese had never heard before. It seemed to David a splendid thing to leave friends and home and go to a far-off land, facing unknown dangers, and even death itself, in order to heal people who

knew nothing of the wonderful things which the doctors of Europe can do.

He determined that as soon as he could he would leave the spinning mill and do the same. But in order to do this he would have to go to college to learn to be a doctor. His father could not afford to help him, so David saved every penny he could. By the time he was twenty-three he found that if he worked in the mill in the summer, he could save £12, which was enough money to allow him to go to Glasgow University in the winter.

It was five years before he was ready to go to China; and then, just as he had finished his course of study, news came that a terrible war had broken out there. It was impossible for any more Englishmen to go.

One day, just after this news had reached him, David went to a missionary meeting. He sat looking sadly over the heads of the men and women packed in the hall, towards the platform. The lecturer came in—a great tall man, very strong, very kindly, his broad chest covered by a flowing beard. His name was Mr. Moffat. He had come back from Africa, a land, in those days, mysterious and all but unknown. Its northern shores, lapped by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and the lower course of the great river Nile, had been known since the earliest days of history. Its western coasts had been explored by Prince Henry of Portugal, known as “the Navigator.” Dutchmen and Englishmen had made their homes in the south; but the whole of the centre was blank upon the maps. Men said it was a vast and trackless desert, where no European could penetrate.

Mr. Moffat told of the brown-skinned men and women who lived there. He told of the terrible fears in which they lived—fears of demons and of witch doctors and of evil gods. He told how he and other white men were trying to help them by taking medicine and books

to them, and, above all, teaching them of one God who is Love.

When the lecture was over Livingstone was allowed to go up and speak to Mr. Moffat, who told him much more of what the missionaries were doing. He said, "There is a vast plain to the north, where I have sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been." Here was a great chance. Here was an unknown land to be explored, strange plants and flowers and animals to be seen. Here, too, were people who had neither doctors nor teachers nor books. "I will go to Africa at once," said Livingstone—and he went.

It was five o'clock on a November morning, in the year 1840, when his mother got up to make him his last cup of coffee before he left home. Her heart must have ached to let him go to a land unknown, peopled by savages, but her eyes smiled—she spoke no word of anxiety or fear. He and his father trudged into Glasgow together, and on the quay they gripped each other's hands for the last time. Then David turned and walked up the gangway of the ship, and Neil Livingstone, a little bowed and tired-looking, trudged home to the cottage by the Clyde.

For three months the steamer *George* ploughed her way southward. The planets of the northern hemisphere were lost to sight. The Southern Cross appeared. The ship crossed the Equator, and, moving ever onwards across the waters of the Atlantic, at last rounded the Cape of Good Hope and steamed into Algoa Bay. Here Livingstone left the ship and travelled in a jolting ox-cart across the African veldt for seven hundred miles to Kuruman, the place where the English missionaries lived.

Now for the first time, as the wagon bumped and jolted up mountain sides, or across the broad grassy veldt, or forded the Orange River, David's quick eyes watched the tiny sunbirds flash and dart, saw the wild

antelopes leap into the air, and the great ostriches on their long legs race across the plain. But he had not come to work in Kuruman.

Ever before his mind's eye he saw the smoke of those thousand villages shimmering across the sun-burnt plain. He wanted to push on another two hundred and fifty miles, into a country where no white missionary or doctor had ever been before. So he just stayed to rest his oxen and give the news from home to the Englishmen at Kuruman, and then set out again. He had no white man with him now.

Brown-skinned Africans drove the ox-wagon and showed him the way. They came at last to the land of the "People of the Crocodile," with whom he stayed for six long months. They lived in huts whose round walls were made of mud, roofed over with boughs of trees interlaced with long grass. In the daytime, the men went out to hunt lions or buffaloes, or to fight some other tribe. The women stayed at home and cooked, and dug in the gardens and fields, and carried water. They worked much harder than the men. They were very brave, and thought it shameful to cry if they were hurt or ill. The little brown boys and girls played about outside the huts, snaring birds and laughing and tumbling in the hot sun.

But sometimes there was weeping and wailing in the huts. The men had gone out to fight and had been defeated. Only half of them returned. Or perhaps the rain had failed, and the vegetables were dying in the fields. The witch-doctor had been sent for. He said that the mother or father in a certain hut had bewitched the fields. He or she must drink poison and would surely die. Six little brown boys and girls would be left fatherless or motherless.

Livingstone's heart ached over these things. In one place, with only one broken spade, he dug a little canal which brought water to the dying vegetables, and stopped

the witch-doctor poisoning the people he called witches. He gave medicine to the folk who were sick. He took out thorns from naked brown feet, and bound up the wounds and kept them clean. When he was told that some of the men in the neighbourhood had just murdered a European traveller, he went fearlessly to visit them, sat round their fire, and shared their food and even fell asleep while they watched him.

§ 3

Soon people from hundreds of miles away came to see the strange white man who never fought nor quarrelled. They came straggling into the villages of the People of the Crocodile, carrying sick folk on their back.

Livingstone got out his medicine-chest. He gave quinine to those who had the terrible fever of those parts. He washed ugly festering sores with disinfectants, and bound them up with clean white bandages. He set broken bones. When evening came he would sit near the camp fire and hear stories of African braves of olden days, or laugh over some tale of how a man had outwitted his crafty neighbour.

He, too, had a tale to tell—a tale of Palestine and of how Jesus went about from dawn to sunset healing sick people, and cheering sad people, and was never afraid even when men tried to stone Him to death; no, not even when they hung Him on a cross to die in pain and shame. Shadowy brown figures sat round, very still in the gloaming; strong teeth and the whites of dark eyes gleamed in the firelight as the story went on. That was a brave Man, they sighed. Who ever dared to die like that?

Sometimes when Livingstone had lain down to sleep in his tent, he would be suddenly awakened by the terrible roar of lions. The People of the Monkey, amongst whom he was living at the time, were terrified,

and dared not kill the animals. The lions grew so bold that they even came in the daytime to carry off sheep. Livingstone knew that if he could kill one lion the others would be frightened and go away.

One day he saw the lions on a little hill. He got the People of the Monkey to make a circle round the hill. He and another man called Mebalwe took guns, and the latter fired and missed. The lions were furious, and, growling horribly, two of them rushed through the circle of men and escaped. Then Livingstone fired and hit a lion in the shoulder. He stopped to load and fire again.

Before he could do so he heard a shout. He turned, and saw the wounded lion close beside him. It sprang upon him, caught his shoulder, and pulled him down to the ground. Then it shook him as a cat shakes a mouse. Mebalwe took aim again. The dying lion left Livingstone, rushed and caught Mebalwe by the thigh, then turned and tore the shoulder of another man—lost its grip, rolled over, and died. The other lions fled. Livingstone's left arm was crushed to splinters. He could never lift it properly again. In the flesh there were eleven tooth marks, which he showed years after to a little sick boy in a hospital in England.

A few months later Livingstone went back to Kuruman. Mr. Moffat had come back from England, and his daughter Mary had come with him. She was as gallant-hearted as Livingstone. She loved the African country and the African people as much as he did. They were married and went back to Mebotsa, the place where Livingstone had been living with the People of the Monkey.

It took Mary a fortnight's travelling in a rough wagon to get to her new home, and when she got there with her husband there was no house ready for her. There were no shops where she could buy food or clothes, or soap or candles—only the great mountains and the river, the roar

of the lions in the hills, and the lovely valley of trees and flowers and little gardens where the village lay.

Here Livingstone set to work to build his house. He made bricks of clay, and baked them in the sun as the men of ancient Babylon used to do. He cut down trees in the forest, and made doors and windows. Mary made candles from fat and the wax of the wild bee, and soap from the ash of plants, which she burnt in the fire. The People of the Monkey gave them milk from their cows, but they had no butter. David and Mary put the milk in a jar, and shook it and turned it till butter came. Then they made a little garden for themselves. It was rather like playing at Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss Family Robinson.

Livingstone had to turn blacksmith, and with his own hammer and anvil mend the spades and hoes, the kettles, and the frying-pans. They were very happy and very busy. For they not only did their own work, but David healed sick people and taught the men and boys, and Mary had a school for the girls and a needlework class. By-and-by a little white baby came to them, and Mary was busier still. The brown-skinned People of the Monkey held their sides and laughed when they saw its white skin and straight fair hair. They had never seen anything like it before.

§ 4

And now Livingstone determined that it was time to find out whether all the central part of Africa was really a great desert. He did not believe it was so. He believed it must be possible to make a way from the heart of that land to the coast. Down this road doctors could come with medicines; teachers could come with books; traders could come with the gay cottons the Africans loved, and the tools they needed for tilling their fields.

Livingstone felt that if the African people were taught,

they would cease to be terrified of witch-doctors and of demons. He thought that if they had better tools their crops would not so often fail for want of rain. Moreover, he wanted to know what lay in the mysterious heart of that great unknown country, just for the sake of knowing, and because he loved adventure.

He made friends with another tribe called the Makololo. Their chief loved Livingstone, and thought him strong and wise. He gave him men to go with him on his journey to the centre of Africa. So he said good-bye to Mary and their babies, and set out to try to find a way through the heart of Africa to the coast. It was a wonderful journey.

They passed through sandy desert, where they were short of water for days at a time. They saw dancing waves and green trees, and came up to what they had believed to be a lake, only to find it was a mirage made by the sun's rays dancing on the white sand of the desert. They made friends with the little Bushwomen who stored water underground in ostriches' eggs.

They came through the desert to a land of forest and of mountain, and to a great river where lived a tribe of Africans who spent nearly all their time in canoes, each dug out of a single vast tree-trunk. They came at last to the shining waters of a great lake—Lake Ngami the Africans called it.

At length Livingstone returned, but only for a time. He set out again and reached the river Zambesi, with tall palms lining its banks, elephants crashing and trumpeting in the forests, and fat hippopotami sunning themselves on its shores or swimming and squirting fountains in its waters. They crossed cataracts. They heard little green parrots shrieking from the trees, saw the scarlet flamingo and the white pelican fishing in the shallows.

They saw also a very terrible thing which filled Livingstone with a great resolve. This was a gang of

brown slaves, the men in couples with their heads fastened to either end of a long tree pole, the women and children chained. They had been caught and carried off from their villages by Arab slave-dealers. Their homes had been burnt. Some of them died by the way, and their bones were left to bleach in the sun.

Livingstone knew that if he could find a path through the heart of Africa, and could get European traders and doctors, and missionaries and teachers, to come and live and travel there, these terrible things must cease.

So in spite of fever and danger he pushed on. Once his faithful Makololo lost heart. He heard them saying they would desert him—yet they stayed. Angry tribes, thinking he was a slave-trader, threatened to shoot him. He fired his rifle over their heads. He opened his shirt and showed them by his white skin that he was no Arab. Then he sat down to make friends.

On again they went. They were caught by floods. They were overtaken by rains such as we never see in England. Their sleeping blankets were soaked, their guns rusty—Livingstone was so ill with fever that he could hardly walk. And then at last, at the end of six months, they saw the blue line of the sea, and the houses of a Portuguese town by the coast, and European steamers riding in the harbour.

Livingstone had found his path through Africa. The Makololo were amazed. They thought they had come to the edge of the world. "We had marched along with our father," they said, "believing . . . that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished, there is no more of me.'"

§ 5

The Portuguese were very good to the adventurers. They nursed Livingstone back to health. They gave

the Makololo blue cotton coats and red caps. They begged Livingstone to go home to England to get rested and become well again. But he had promised to take his Africans to their homes. He would not desert them, but set out once more on his march of one thousand five hundred miles, back to the heart of Africa.

This is the story of only the first of Livingstone's great journeys. Of his others, and of discoveries of great lakes and mighty falls, of his writing to people in Europe asking for help to stop the cruel slave-trade, you must read some day in Livingstone's own book of his travels.

You must also read the story of how he was lost in the heart of Africa for many years. He was alone with five brown-skinned friends. The slave-traders, who feared and hated him, managed to steal his letters to England, and the letters and supplies which had been sent to him from home.

Livingstone was now grey-haired, bent and ill for want of food. One day one of his Africans came rushing to the door of his hut. "An Englishman!" he cried. "I see him!" It was indeed a young white man called Henry Morton Stanley, who had been sent by an American newspaper to find the lost explorer. He brought letters and food. Stanley wanted Livingstone to go home with him, but he would not.

"I must finish my task," he said. So Stanley went home alone with the tale of that gallant grey-haired man. Not quite two years later Livingstone died, in the heart of Africa, alone with his five faithful brown-skinned friends.

They carried him to Zanzibar, marching with their precious burden for ten months, facing danger and death at the hands of hostile tribes.

Livingstone lies buried in Westminster Abbey. Here are some of the words graven on his tomb-stone :

“ Brought by faithful hands
Over land and sea
Here rests
David Livingstone
Missionary
Traveller
Philanthropist

For 30 years his life was spent
in an unwearied effort
To evangelize the native races
To explore the undiscovered secrets
To abolish the desolating slave-trade
of Central Africa.”



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

25. CAPTAIN SCOTT

§ I

YOU will see that the most splendid people in this book are those who on the one hand spent their lives in trying to serve, and on the other in trying to discover. Indeed, the two things are very much the same. Those who discovered did also serve, and those who served were often led, like Louis Pasteur, to discover. The world is so wonderful that every new thing men find out seems to open the door to other unknown things which need to be discovered ; and though there are no great continents which we now put only in outline on our maps, there are still many things we want to know about their mountains and rivers, their people, the animals and the birds that inhabit them.

This is specially true of those two cold parts of the world where men cannot live, and which we call the North and South Polar Regions. Men from England, from Norway, from America, and Italy have risked or lost their lives in trying to bring us tidings of these strange lands and oceans. This is not because men can ever hope to live there, as far as we know now, or to get any wealth or profit from them, but just because of that wonderful thing in us which makes us want to know, and keeps our minds restless until we find out.

One of the greatest Englishmen who gave his life to finding out about the South Pole was Captain Robert Falcon Scott. When he was a little boy he lived in Devonshire. Con, as they called him, was the elder of two brothers and had several sisters. He was a very

small boy, and often a very dreamy little boy too, so that his father called him "Old Mooney." But when he was not dreaming Con was all alive, planning and carrying out the most lovely games and adventures.

The Scotts' home stood in a large garden with a stream at the bottom of it. There were all sorts of games which could be played in and across the stream. You could jump across it, though sometimes you fell in, as Con did one day when he was six years old, and was showing some friends how splendidly he could leap across. You could play "touch" across it, and this, too, sometimes led to a wetting. It could be a broad river, if you had a make-believe mind, in whose mighty waters sailed an enemy fleet.

When he was seven years old Con was given his first knife. He was out with his father when he gave his word that he would not open it. But what is the use of a knife that you may not open? He saw a sapling which would make a lovely switch, and begged to be allowed to cut it. "Very well," said his father; "but remember, if you cut yourself, don't expect any sympathy from me." The knife was beautifully sharp, and Con was not very deft. He cut the sapling, but he also cut his hand very badly. It must have hurt him, and all his life he hated to see blood, for it made him feel sick. But he remembered what his father had said, so he stuffed his hand into his pocket and walked on, saying nothing.

The next year he went to a school which was seven miles from his house, and he rode there each day on his pony Beppo. One day he got off Beppo's back and went to look over a gate. The view through the gate was so lovely that he forgot everything and stood dreaming. As the minutes passed the pony got tired of waiting, and when at last Con turned round, Beppo was gone. There was nothing for it but to walk the seven miles home; but, small boy as he was, he had the good sense to stop at the police station and describe his lost pony.

§ 2

There was one thing that troubled him. From the time when he was a tiny boy playing at admirals by the stream or on the field pond, he meant to go to sea, but the doctors said he was too small, and would never be strong enough. They were wrong. By the time Con was thirteen he was strong and well. He became a cadet on the training ship *Britannia*, and was chosen to be Cadet Captain by his masters and fellow cadets.

He was still a dreamy boy. He did not like work, and it was very hard for him to be tidy as sailors have to be; but he longed so much to do well at sea that it seemed worth while to him to force himself to do difficult things. By the time he was twenty he passed his sub-lieutenant's examination, with four first-class honours and one second.

It happened about this time that Scott was in San Francisco, on the western coast of America, and had to go to join his ship at a port in British Columbia. He went by sea. The ship he travelled in was crowded with passengers. There were so many women and children and babies that there were not enough cabins for them to sleep in, so some were allowed to sleep in the saloon. No sooner had the ship got into open water than she ran into a gale. Every one was ill—the stewards were too ill to do their work; the cook was too ill to get the meals; the mothers were too ill to wash or dress or feed their children.

Every one was cross and miserable except Scott. He persuaded a few people who were well to help him, and for the rest of the voyage he washed and dressed and fed the babies, brought food and medicine to the sick women and children, settled everybody's quarrels, and went about thinking everything such good fun that before long other people began to laugh at their troubles too.

§ 3

In June 1899, Scott was spending a short leave in London. One of his friends told him that an expedition was to be sent to try to make discoveries about the South Pole. This seemed to Scott to be a finer thing to do than to become an Admiral of the Fleet. He asked to be allowed to lead the expedition. He was just the man who was wanted—a gallant officer, a good seaman, one whom men loved and obeyed without question, and full of interest in all the wonderful and exquisite things of the out-door world.

It took two years of hard work to get everything ready, but in July 1901 the good ship *Discovery*, which Scott had helped to plan, put out from the London Docks and sailed slowly down the Thames. She had on board, as well as Captain Scott, a number of sailors and other men whom Scott had specially chosen for their knowledge of and interest in plants and animals and the way that rocks are made. They took with them dogs and sledges and skis, for they meant to leave the ship and explore the great continent which lies in those South Arctic regions.

It was a wonderful adventure. For three winters the *Discovery* was held fast in the ice of the Southern Seas. Often the explorers were hungry. The sledge dogs fell ill, and one after another died. The men were frost-bitten. Scott and two others fell into a crevasse and hardly escaped with their lives. The second winter a relief ship was sent out, but when it was time for this ship to go home, the *Discovery* was so fast in the ice that she could not go with her. Scott and all but eight of his men stayed. They would not leave their ship. Moreover, they felt there was still much work to do.

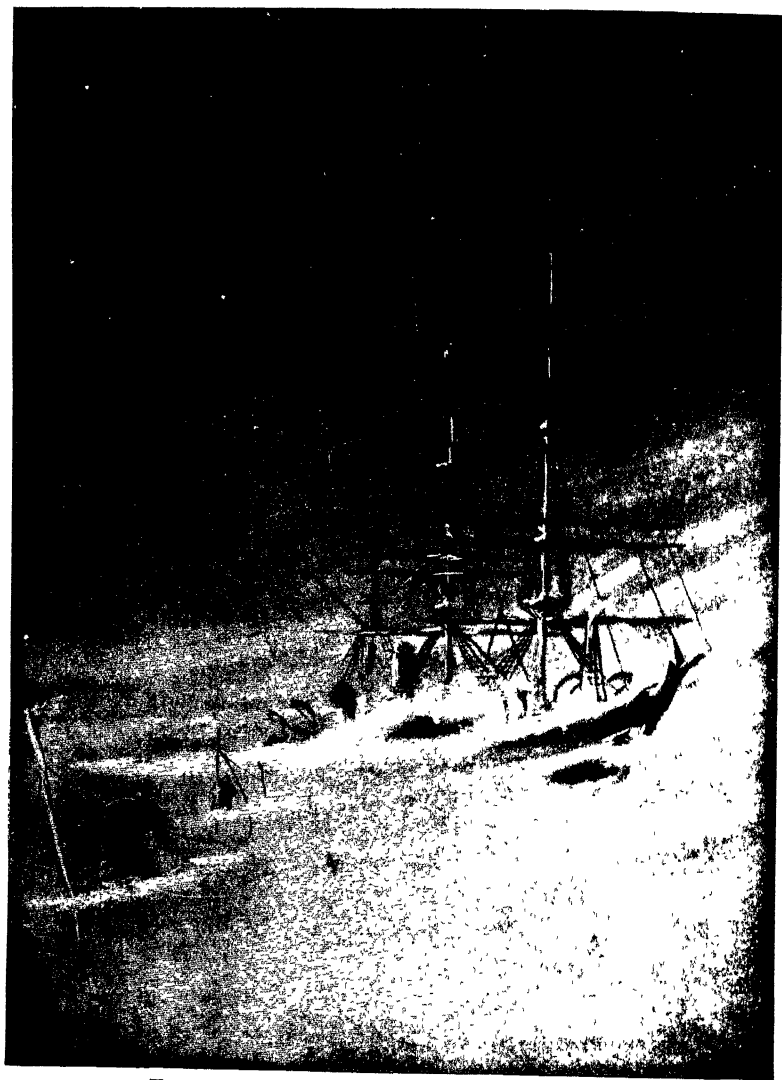
In the third winter relief ships came out again. This



CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT.

Equipped for the great attempt. Mount Erebus can be seen in the background.

(Photo, H. G. Ponting.)



THE "DISCOVERY" IN THE ANTARCTIC.



AT THE SOUTH POLE.

One of Amundsen's party and his team arrive at the goal.

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CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN TAKING SIGHTS AT THE SOUTH POLE.
(From a photograph, by permission of Mr. John Murray and the "Illustrated London News.")

time Scott knew that if the *Discovery* was still held fast he must leave her and go home in the other ship, for there was no more money to spend on the expedition. This he could not bear to do. Day after day he watched the ice anxiously. No change came. At length there were only six weeks left before the relief ships must go. Sadly Scott told his men what must happen. A week passed, yet another week. Suddenly, on the 28th of January, the ice began to sway very slightly up and down. Hopes rose and fell again.

Then on the 14th of February a great shout arose. The ice was breaking up like torn sheets of paper. The relief ships were through. The *Discovery* was saved. That night the three ships lay side by side in the open water. And so at length, on the 9th of September 1904, the *Discovery* came home again. Her crew had wonderful things to tell. They had proved that the land around the South Pole is a great continent covered with ice and snow. They had discovered a range of mountains which they called the Victoria Mountains. They had found volcanic islands in those seas of ice. They had found the nests and eggs of the Emperor Penguin, a great bird which stands four feet high and weighs as much as eighty or ninety pounds. But though they had done so much, they had not been to the South Pole itself.

§ 4

Six years later Scott set out again. This time he left behind a wife and a little son, Peter, who was nine months old. He and his companions had with them ponies, dogs, and sledges. They hoped to be the first men to reach the South Pole itself.

They reached the polar seas in safety, and early in the New Year put up a hut at a place they called Cape Evans. There they divided into three different exploring parties:

Scott himself with four others—Petty Officer Evans, Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bowers, and Dr. Wilson—were to go to the south in the hope of reaching the Pole. They had not yet left their base when the news reached them that a Norwegian named Amundsen had been seen setting out with dogs on a much shorter route.

Scott's heart sank. He and his men were so very keen that Englishmen should be the first to get to the South Pole. But they had work of discovery to do on the way, and the path they had chosen to the Pole was the longer one. They could not shirk their purpose for the sake of winning a race.

They set out, and were overtaken by a terrible snow-storm. The wind blew, but the air was warm so that the snow melted and the ponies could hardly move. They took so long to cover the ground that rations began to fail. At last there was no food left for the ponies, which were utterly exhausted and had to be shot. The men pulled on alone. Slowly they dragged themselves along, mile after mile. On Christmas Day they camped and had a great meal—pemmican and horse-meat flavoured with onion and curry powder, a pudding of arrowroot, cocoa and biscuit, a plum-pudding, and then cocoa and raisins, and dessert of caramels and ginger. For the first time for days they had enough to eat, and fell asleep warm and comfortable.

On the 15th of January they had only twenty-seven miles more to cover—would they reach their goal before Amundsen? Suddenly sharp eyes detected a dark mound upon the white waste of snow. Half an hour later they discovered a flag tied to the remains of a sledge. Their hearts fell. They knew that they were beaten in the race. The Norwegians had reached the Pole before the Englishmen. They carried the Union Jack to the place where they calculated the Pole to be, and left it fastened to a piece of stick.

“Well,” wrote Scott in his diary, “we have turned

our back now on the goal of our ambition, and must face our eight hundred miles of solid dragging—and good-bye to most of the day-dreams.”

§ 5

On the 17th of January 1912, they set out to meet the dangers of the march back. Day after day they faced biting blizzards. The wind blew, and the snow blinded and baffled them. Their skis were wearing out. Petty Officer Evans was ill with frost-bite, and for the first time he seemed worried and depressed. The tracks they had made on the way out were all covered by the fresh snow. Then the weather improved and their spirits rose. They found fossils which proved that there had once been plants where now was nothing but ice and snow. Laden with the additional weight of the fossils, they pressed on, but little by little disaster overtook them. Petty Officer Evans became more and more ill, and his slowness of movement delayed them. Yet they could not leave him behind. The surface of the snow was soft, so that they sank into it. Their feet were frost-bitten. They suffered such pain as would make walking on good ground impossible to us. They had left tins of oil at points along their southward march to heat their food on the way back, but a great deal of it had evaporated. They could not cook or even warm their food. The cold was intense.

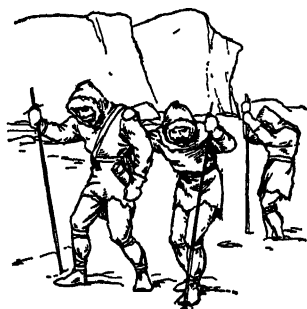
Petty Officer Evans died. Days passed. Oates, knowing that he could march no farther, walked out alone into the blizzard to meet his death, so that he need no longer delay the party. “Oates’s last thoughts,” wrote Scott, “were of his mother ; but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death.”

Eleven miles from safety ! On the 21st of March a blizzard overtook Scott, Wilson, and Bowers, and on

the 29th Scott wrote in his diary, "Last entry. For heaven's sake look after our people."

Eight months later, when the Antarctic winter was over, their bodies were found in their tent. They had died there of hunger and cold. Captain Scott had written letters to many friends. Thinking of his little son he wrote to his wife: "Make the boy interested in natural history. It is better than games. . . . Make him a strenuous man." And then there was a letter written to all English men and women, boys and girls:

"For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the wind howling around us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. . . . Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman."



QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR HANDWORK, ETC.

(Revision Exercises, with references to the earlier
books in this series)

I. CAXTON

1. Look at a picture of a mediæval shop. Get a cardboard box and set it up on end, and with waste material such as match-boxes, old cotton reels, and cardboard, and a little plasticine or glitter wax, make such a shop for yourself.
2. Find the "Low Countries" (Holland and Belgium), Bruges, Cologne, the river Rhine, in your Atlas.
3. Describe a town street in Caxton's time.
4. Show how Caxton's hobby became the most important part of his life's work.
5. Write a paragraph on :
 "Printed at the sign of the Red Pale
 In the City of Westminster,
 1476."
6. If you would like to read more about printing and other inventions, get *Pioneers of Invention*, by W. and S. Nida, from the library.

2. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

1. Look at a map of the world. Find Genoa in Italy. Find the Mediterranean Sea, India, China. Remembering that no one had as yet sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, trace with your finger the way by which you think silks and spices and ivory were brought from India and China to Genoa in the days when Columbus was a boy.
2. Look again at the story of Marco Polo in *Pilgrims and Adventurers*, Part I.
3. Find and copy for yourself a picture of a ship of the fifteenth century, and then try to make one with brown paper, sticks, twine, and white paper.

4. Trace a map of Europe and America. Put in a red line to show the direction of Columbus's voyage.
5. Prepare to give an oral account of Columbus's life before he undertook his voyage in 1492.
6. Write a letter as though you were a member of the crew of the *Santa Maria*, giving your impressions of the voyage.

3. ERASMUS

1. Find pictures of the dress of men and women in the time of Erasmus. Make a picture for yourself, showing Erasmus in the dining-hall of Lord Mountjoy's house.
2. Find out who was the first King of England to order a Bible in English to be placed in every parish church. Try to think out for yourself why it was not such a good translation as the one Erasmus made and Edward VI. placed in the churches.
3. Prepare to give as full an account as possible of any one of these stages in the life of Erasmus—
 - (a) Before he went to the monastery.
 - (b) At the monastery.
 - (c) At the university.
 - (d) In England.

4. SIR THOMAS MORE

1. Find and copy for yourself a picture of a little boy of the time of Henry VII.
2. Write a little play about Sir Thomas More and his children at Chelsea.
3. Shut your book, and, without looking at it again, try to write down in your own words why you think Sir Thomas More was imprisoned in the Tower.
4. Why did Sir Thomas More put on his best clothes on the morning of his execution?
5. Tell how gentlemen's sons were educated in the early part of the sixteenth century.
6. Suppose you were Meg, More's daughter, writing a short account of her father, what would you say?

5. ST. TERESA

1. Look again at the story of Mohammed in *Pilgrims and Adventurers*, Part I. Make a list of some of the things he had taught people to believe. Find Arabia and Spain in your Atlas.
2. Who was Charlemagne? Why did people in the Middle Ages write romances about him?
3. Get some one to read to you Chaucer's description of the Prioress.
4. Why did Teresa want to found a nunnery for herself? How was it different from the one to which she went to be educated? In which of the two would you have liked to live?
5. Describe a day in the life of a nun in the sixteenth century.

6. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

1. Find and copy for yourself a picture of a Spanish galleon. Read John Masefield's poem called *Cargoes*.
2. Find the Isthmus of Panama and the Pacific Ocean in your Atlas.
3. Try to write a piece of poetry about Drake seeing the Pacific Ocean for the first time. If you cannot do this, write a scene of a play about any part of this story. Look up the costumes your characters should wear, and describe them carefully before you begin to write the conversational part of your play.
4. What do you know of the following: John Hawkins; Philip of Spain; Nombre de Dios?
5. Was Sir Francis Drake a pirate? If so, was that *all* he was?
6. Tell the story of the attack on the treasure train.
7. Suppose you were Drake, and that you had to give Queen Elizabeth your reasons for your actions in 1572-73, what would you say?

7. WILLIAM HARVEY

1. Look again at the story of Drake. Why did the Spanish ships chase English ships in the days when William Harvey was a boy?
2. What other men have you read about who studied Greek in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries? What books had they specially studied and translated?

3. How many of the people you have read of in this book so far were discoverers? Make a list of the things they discovered. Which discovery do you think was the most wonderful?
4. Tell what you can of the great discovery which Harvey made.

REVISION I.

1. Write a short paragraph on three of the following: Abraham; Alexander the Great; St. Augustine; Hereward the Wake; Simon de Montfort; Wat Tyler.
2. Write a short paragraph on three of the following: The Pyramids; Athens; Iona; Bec; Jerusalem; Crécy.
3. Tell all you can about one of these: The Ancient Egyptians; the Babylonians; the Ancient Greeks.
4. Tell how Joan of Arc saved her country.
5. When did Caxton live, and why is he remembered?
6. Give dates for Columbus and Drake respectively. Tell the story of one of them.

8. THE PILGRIM FATHERS

1. Write down in your own words why you think the Pilgrim Fathers decided to go to America instead of staying in England or Holland.
2. Trace a map of the coast of North America. Put in the state of Virginia, and the town of New Plymouth.
3. Write an imaginary letter from one of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England to his brother who had stayed at home.

9. JOHN BUNYAN

1. Find and copy for yourself a picture of a Puritan of the time of James I. Notice how his clothes differ from those of the other people of his day. Why do you think he dressed differently from other people?
2. Find out the difference between a fair and a market. Why did people get more news on market or fair days in the sixteenth century than at other times? What way have we of getting news every day that they had not?
3. Why did Bunyan become happier after he began to go to hear Mr. Gifford's sermons?
4. Write out from memory six of the changes which took place when King Charles II. came back to England. Now look back in your book and see if you are right.
5. Tell of the life of John Bunyan—
 - (a) Before 1660.
 - (b) After 1660.

10. WILLIAM PENN

1. (1) Find and copy a picture of a "four-post" bed. Make a model with brown paper, match-sticks, and pins, or with a small cardboard box and its lid.
- (2) Describe or make a model of a seventeenth-century bedroom, or any seventeenth-century furniture which you have seen in a museum or in an antique furniture shop.
2. On which side had Bunyan fought in the war which broke out between King Charles I. and his Parliament?
3. Find and copy a picture of one of the fashionable ladies of the days of Charles II., such as those with whom Penn's father hoped that his son would make friends.
4. Write a note on some of the laws and customs which made Pennsylvania different from England and other English colonies in those days.
5. Put Pennsylvania State and the city of Philadelphia into the map you have already made of North America.
6. Write notes on: Quakers; Samuel Pepys; Newgate.

11. LA SALLE

1. Put the places and rivers mentioned in the story into your map of North America.
2. Read part of Longfellow's poem of *Hiawatha*—remembering that it is a story written by an American poet about Red Indians.
3. Make a list of the people in this book who hoped to find a way to the Far East by travelling westward. Did any of them succeed?
4. Try to find, and copy into your notebook descriptions of all the trees, animals, and birds mentioned in this story.
5. Tell in your own words the story of La Salle.

12. JAMES COOK

1. Tell the story of Cook's life up to 1769.
2. Close your book and make a list of the reasons why it was more dangerous to go to sea when James Cook was young than it is to-day.
3. (a) Trace a map of the South Pacific and put in the places mentioned in this story.

- (b) Write notes on the following names: New Zealand; New South Wales; Botany Bay.
- Find these places in your Atlas or elsewhere: Torres Strait; Dampier Archipelago; Dirk Hartog Island; Tasmania; Flinders Island; Cook's Strait. These are all named after discoverers. Can you find to which nation each man belonged, and when each lived?
 - Tell the story of Cook's life after 1769.
 - Make a list of the things which we owe to James Cook.

13. GEORGE WASHINGTON

- Look again at the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, and say why the people of Virginia kept slaves.
- What two languages would you expect to find in daily use if you went to travel in Canada?
- Find and copy for yourself a picture of a gentleman of the time of George III.
- Shut your book and try to write down in your own words why the American colonies fought against King George III. What did the king and his friends at home think about the matter?
- What is the national flag of the United States of America? Make a coloured sketch of it.
- Tell the story of George Washington—
 - Up to 1776.
 - After 1776.
- Read "Brother Squaretoes" in Kipling's *Rewards and Fairies*, and learn some verses of the poem "If" at the end of that book.

14. NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

- Shut your book and write an imaginary letter from Napoleon when he was in school in France to his mother, or to a friend at home.
- Mark in your map of Europe all the places mentioned in this chapter.
- Keeping your book shut, make a list of the things which would have troubled you if your father had been a French peasant in the days when Napoleon was a young man.
- The English king mentioned on page 151 of this story is shown on page 134. What have you read about him in another story?

5. Write notes on : Corsica, Elba, St. Helena, Moscow, Waterloo.
6. Tell the story of Napoleon's life—
 - (a) Up to the time he was made First Consul.
 - (b) After he was made First Consul.
7. Did Napoleon do France any good ? What was his great fault ?
8. Sing *Ye Mariners of England* and *The Marseillaise*.

REVISION II.

1. Who were : Nebuchadnezzar, Xerxes, Hannibal, Charlemagne, Becket, the Lion-heart, St. Francis of Assisi ?
2. Tell a story connected with one of the following : Thermopylæ, Rome, St. Albans, Hastings, Runnymede, Orleans.
3. Tell all you can about one of these : The Romans, the Normans, the Turks.
4. Tell the story of any famous building or book of which you have read or heard.
5. Describe the conquest of England by William I., or the Conquest of Wales by Edward I.
6. Write short notes on Erasmus, William Harvey, William Penn.

15. ROBERT OWEN

1. Shut your book and write down some reasons why it would have been exciting to be alive when Robert Owen was a little boy.
2. Find and copy for yourself a picture of a stage coach such as was used about the year 1780.
3. Write an imaginary letter from Robert Owen, when he lived in Stamford or in London, to his father in Newtown.
4. Shut your book, and make a list of as many good things as you can remember which Owen did for the workpeople at New Lanark.
5. Explain : News-letter, postmaster, sedan-chair.
6. Describe a worker's life in the early days of cotton mills.

16. ELIZABETH FRY

1. Look again at the story of William Penn. Write down in your own words what the Quakers believe and teach.
2. The London of Elizabeth Fry's day looked quite different from London in the days when William Penn was a baby. This was because of something which happened in the year 1666.

See if you can find out what it was, and what differences it made.

3. What have you read about Botany Bay in an earlier story?
4. Do you think Elizabeth Fry was a Pilgrim in the sense in which we use the word on the title-page of this book?
5. Make a picture or a play of any scene in this story, taking great care to clothe the people correctly.
6. Suppose you had an interview with Mrs. Fry. Write down an account of it. [Introduce it by a description of her and her home, and then give your questions and her answers.]

17. GEORGE STEPHENSON

1. Write an imaginary conversation between Bill Thirlwall and George Stephenson.
2. Write an account of the opening day of the Darlington and Stockton Railway, *or* a letter from an old lady whose son proposes to come and see her by train in the year 1830.
3. In this story you read of another Quaker who has helped mankind. Who was he and what did he do?

18. LORD SHAFTESBURY

1. What use do you think it was for Lord Shaftesbury to go and call on the doctors who had seen the climbing boys when they were ill or hurt?
2. The work of Lord Shaftesbury among poor children was like the work of another good man of whom you have read. Who was this man, and what did he do?
3. Tell all you can about Lord Shaftesbury.

19. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

1. Find pictures of the Parthenon at Athens, or Swiss mountains, the Palace of Versailles, or the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and tell of some of the wonderful things which Florence Nightingale saw when she was still quite young.
2. Shut your book, and write an imaginary letter from Miss Nightingale at Kaiserswerth to Dr. Howe.
3. Find Constantinople and the river Alma in your Atlas.

4. Write an imaginary letter home from a soldier in hospital at Constantinople after Miss Nightingale had come out.
5. Tell in your own words the story of Florence Nightingale.
6. Read the account of her in A. T. Quiller-Couch's *Roll Call of Honour* ; also Longfellow's poem *Santa Filomena*.

20. JOHN LAWRENCE

1. Find out all you can about the English East India Company in the days of Queen Elizabeth.
2. What is a clipper? Find and copy a picture of one. Now compare the pictures of all the ships you have drawn since you began to read this book. Make a drawing of a steamer. Try to find the date when the first steamer crossed the Atlantic Ocean.
3. Trace a map of India and put in all the rivers, mountains, and towns mentioned in this story.
4. Describe John Lawrence's boyhood, and show that it prepared the way for his future work.
5. Describe his voyage to India, and then tell something about the India he saw.

21. GARIBALDI

1. Make a picture of Garibaldi and his companions going to seek their fortune in Genoa.
2. Find and look at as many pictures of Rome as you can. Tell of Garibaldi's defence of Rome.
3. Tell all you know of Garibaldi.
4. Describe Garibaldi's life in South America.
5. What is a *patriot*? Illustrate your answer from the life of Garibaldi?
6. Can you mention a Scottish, a Welsh, a French, a Swiss, and an American patriot who might be compared with Garibaldi?

22. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1. Try to say, without looking back in this book, who wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress* and what it is about. If you have read it, try and say why you think Abraham Lincoln liked it.
2. Describe life in the "backwoods" of America in the middle of last century, using Abraham Lincoln's life as your example.

3. What is "civil war"? Give an example from the history of the United States of America, and one from England's history. Say what each was about, and how it ended.
4. Sing *John Brown's Body lies a-mouldering in the Grave*. Your teacher will tell you why, and he will tell you the story of John Brown. (See *The Roll Call of Honour*.)
5. Tell what you think of Abraham Lincoln.

23. LOUIS PASTEUR

1. Why did Louis Pasteur set off to school in Paris by coach? Look carefully at the date of the beginning of this story, and at your Time Chart.
2. Shut your book, and try to write down in your own words what it was for which Lister thanked Pasteur.
3. Describe Pasteur's work for the silk farmers of France.
4. Have you seen any advertisements about "Pasteurized Milk"? What kind of milk do you think this will be, and why is it so called?

24. DAVID LIVINGSTONE

1. Look at a map of Scotland, and find the places mentioned in the first part of this story.
2. Trace an outline map of Africa, and put in the places which Livingstone visited. Get some one to show you which parts of Africa were already known.
3. Think about the story of Pasteur, and write down clearly why Livingstone washed the sores of the sick people with disinfectants. Look back and see if you are right.
4. Write down in your own words why the African people loved Livingstone and called him Father.
5. Have you read anything about David Livingstone which reminds you of John Lawrence?
6. Describe the happy and busy life led by Livingstone and his wife.
7. Describe Livingstone's first journey of discovery from the heart of Africa to the coast.

25. CAPTAIN SCOTT

1. Write an imaginary letter from Lieutenant Scott to his sister, describing the voyage from San Francisco to British Columbia.

Questions and Suggestions

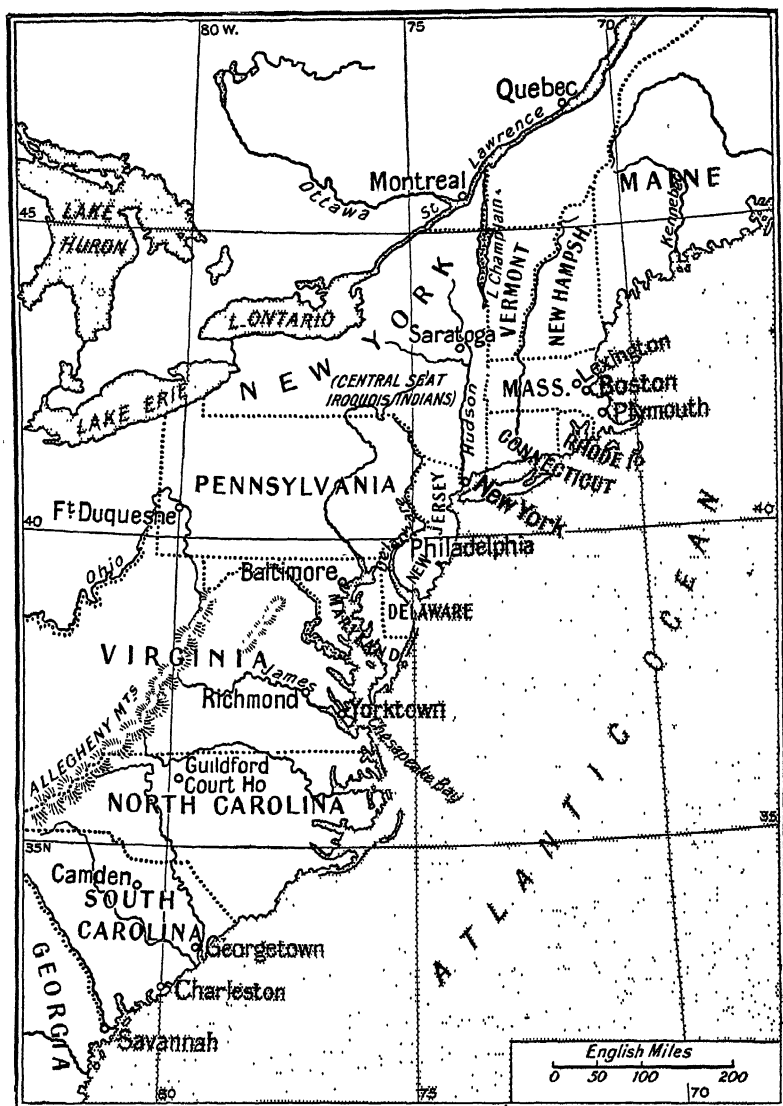
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Before you begin, find these places on the map of North America.

2. Find a picture of the *Discovery*, and copy it. Add it to the collection of ship pictures you have already made.
3. Try to write down in your own words why Scott thought it would be a more wonderful thing to discover the South Pole than to become an admiral in the British Navy.
4. Tell the story of the race to the South Pole between Scott and Amundsen.
5. Tell of Scott's return journey from the South Pole.

REVISION III.

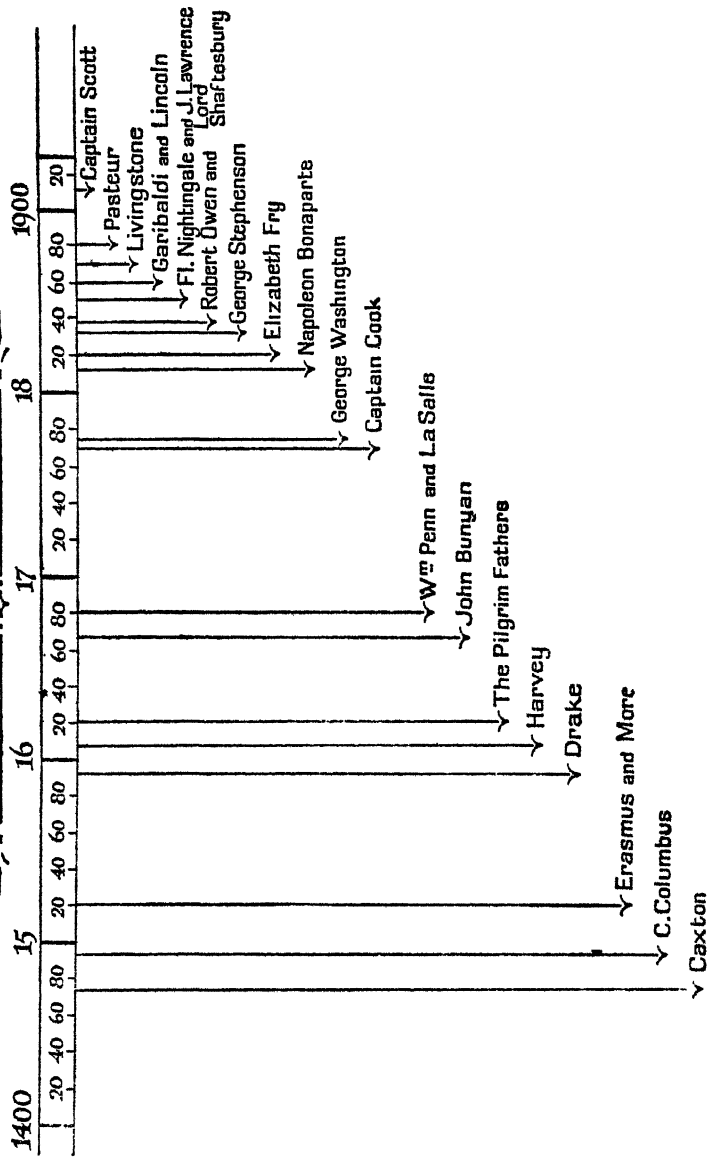
1. Who were : Socrates, Julius Cæsar, Mohammed, Canute, Anselm, Marco Polo ?
2. Choose one of the following subjects and write about it—
 - (a) The Vikings.
 - (b) The Crusades.
 - (c) Monks and Friars.
3. Tell the story of any famous woman in history.
4. Show why King Alfred is called " the Great."
5. Write about any man or woman who is remembered in history for having tried to improve the conditions of life for the poor.
6. Were Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale as brave as Joan of Arc ?
7. Which would you have been : Garibaldi or Lincoln ? Why ?
8. Compare the life and work of Dr. Livingstone with that of Captain Scott.



This Map will be useful when you begin to read about George Washington on page 135.

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Mounting the Stair-case of Time towards our own day.



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